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THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

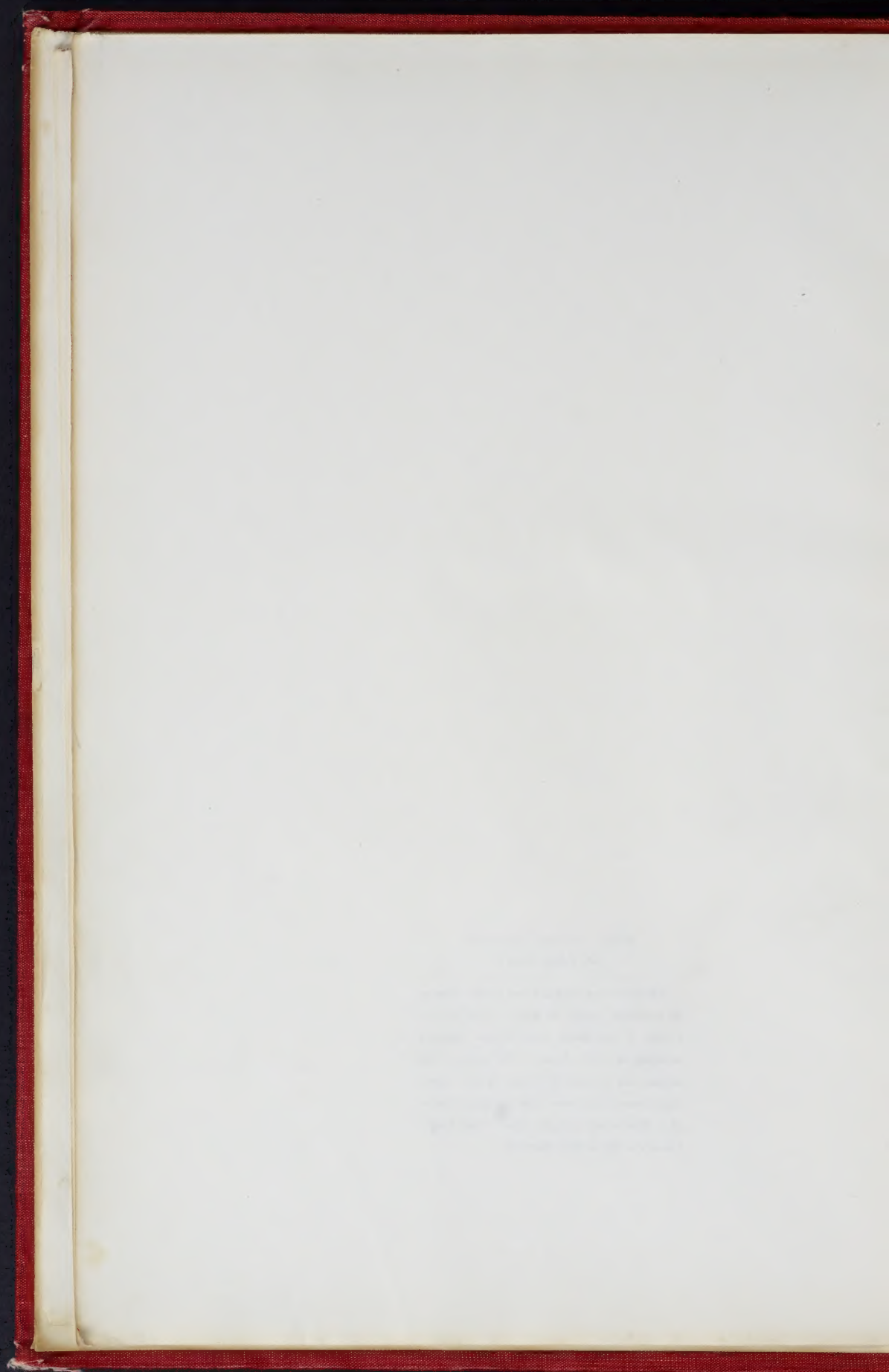
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE
BRITISH COLONIES IN AMERICA TO THE
PRESENT TIME. BY JAMES OUSELEY,
ESQ. OF THE BARR, AT THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE. LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH-YARD, 1773.

THE STUARTS

BY THE REV. JAMES CALVERT

NOTE ON THE BINDING OF THIS BOOK

The interesting anagram and cipher forming the ornament within the panels of the back of Volume I. are taken from a folio formerly belonging to Mary Stuart. The sides of both volumes and the back of Volume II. are reproduced from a book formerly belonging to Charles II. Both works are preserved in the King's Library at the British Museum.



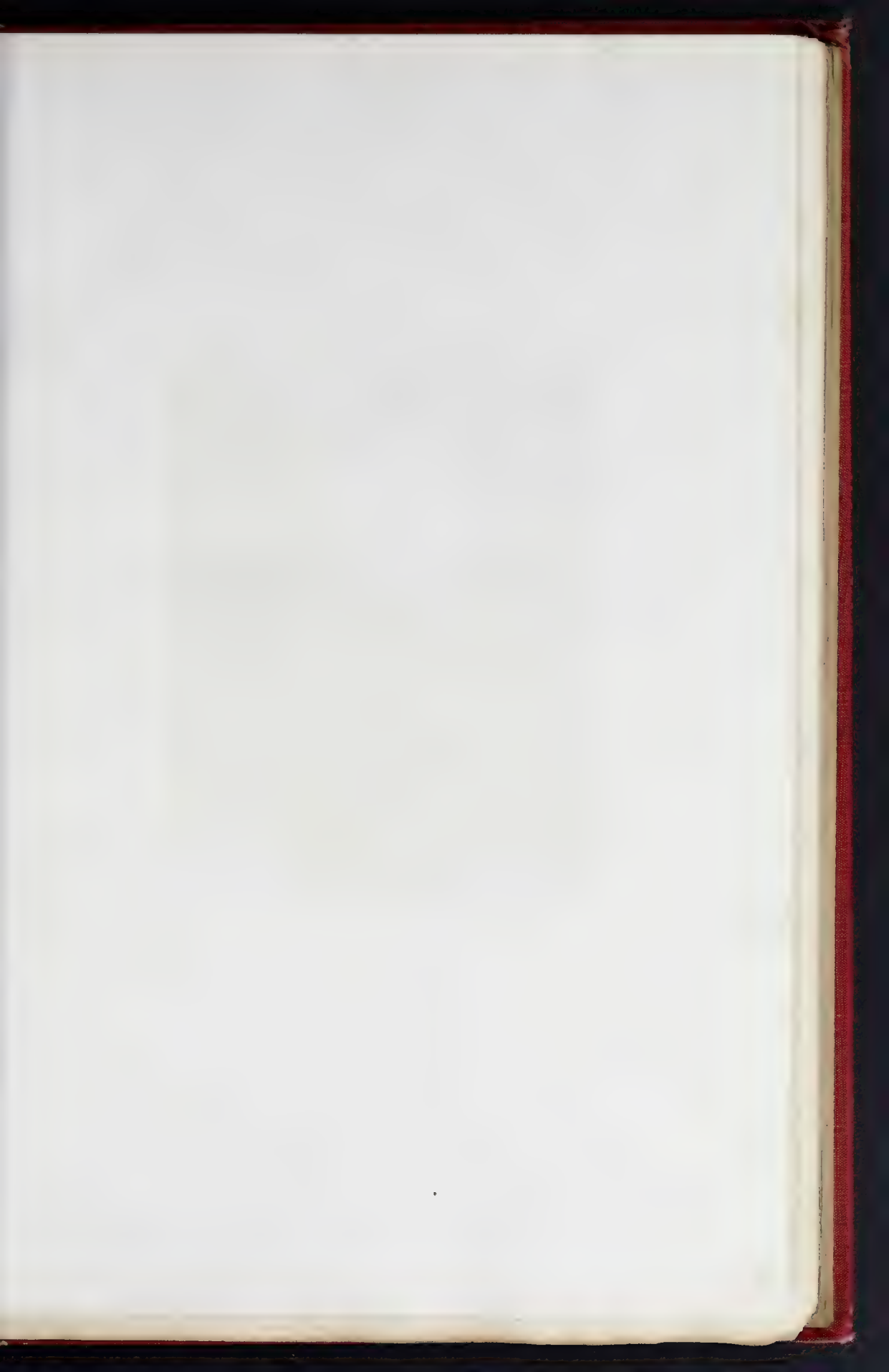
THE STUARTS

IN

XVITH, XVIITH AND XVIIITH CENTURY ART



*The Author's Edition
of this work
consists
of
Five Hundred and Fifty Copies
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No. / 2*





THE STUDIES

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L.

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS.
H. Bone, R.A., after Sir Antonio More.

THE STUARTS

BEING ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PERSONAL HISTORY
OF THE FAMILY (ESPECIALLY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS)
IN XVITH, XVIITH AND XVIIITH CENTURY ART

PORTRAITS, MINIATURES, RELICS, &c.

FROM

THE MOST CELEBRATED COLLECTIONS

BY

J. J. FOSTER

AUTHOR OF

"BRITISH MINIATURE PAINTERS AND THEIR WORKS"

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

DICKINSON'S

Fine Art Publishers to Her Late Majesty The Queen

114 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

MCMII

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

HELEN

DUCHESS OF ALBANY

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT

J. J. FOSTER

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

HER MAJESTY, the late Queen Victoria, having been pleased to accept the dedication of my book on Miniatures, graciously permitted me to have access to the Art treasures of Windsor for this work also, in the subject of which her Majesty, herself of Stuart blood, took, as is well known, a deep interest.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany has honoured me by accepting the dedication of these volumes, and has lent some valuable objects from Claremont.

A heavy debt of gratitude is due from me to the owners of the numerous pictures and relics which illustrate this book. The high quality and authenticity of the originals contribute in no small degree to whatever interest and value the work may possess.

When so many have generously placed their treasures at my disposal it would be invidious to particularise any. At the beginning of each volume I give a list of the owners, to all of whom I tender my grateful thanks.

To Mr. Richard Holmes, the King's Librarian at Windsor; to Mr. Grueber, of the Department of Coins and Medals, and to the officials of the Print Room at the British Museum, I am indebted for much courteous assistance.

As to the literary framework, the pages of De Grammont, of Evelyn, and of Pepys have been freely drawn from; such well-known authorities as Miss Strickland, Macaulay, Carlyle, Froude, Hosack, Sir John Skelton, J. R. Green, and Gardiner, and, amongst living writers, Professor Hay Fleming, Messrs. Andrew Lang, Frederic Harrison, R. S. Rait, and Fea have been consulted, and some of the fruits of their research set before the reader.

I have to thank Mr. Algernon Swinburne for kind permission to print some lines from the translation of Mary Stuart's last poem.

In the columns of the "Athenæum," in the catalogue of the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery; in those of Welbeck and Woburn Abbeys, and in that of the Tercentenary Exhibition of Mary Stuart at Peterborough, I have found criticism and information of which I have gladly availed myself.

In passing the book through the Press the experience and taste of Mr. Wallace Crowdy have proved invaluable.

Finally I must express a sense of obligation to my numerous correspondents who have furnished me with many valuable facts and suggestions during the progress of "The Stuarts."

J. J. FOSTER.

Offs House,
Upper Tooting, S.W.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND OWNERS

<i>No. of Plate.</i>	<i>No. of Subject.</i>	<i>Title.</i>	<i>Artist.</i>	<i>Owner.</i>
<i>Frontispiece.</i>	1	Mary Queen of Scots	H. Bone, R.A., after Sir Antonio More	Duke of Wellington
II	2	James I. of Scotland	Pinturicchio	The Cathedral Library, Siena
III	3	James IV.	D. Mytens (copy)	A. Stirling, of Kier, Esq.
IV	4	James III.	Ascribed to H. Van der Goes	H.M. The King, Holyrood
	5	James IV.	" "	" "
	6	Margaret of Denmark	" "	" "
V	7	Mary of Guise	Unknown	National Portrait Gallery, London
VI	8	James V. and Mary of Guise	Unknown	Duke of Devonshire
VII	9	The Cradle of Mary Stuart		Theodore Napier, Esq.
VIII	10	Mary of Guise middle-aged	Janet	British Museum
IX	11	Palace of Linlithgow, Mary's reputed bed-chamber	Etched by C. Boucher	
X	12	Mary Stuart when Sixteen	Unknown	Duke of Devonshire
XI	13	Mary Stuart as Dauphine	Janet	H.M. The King
XII	14	(a) Jewelled Spinning-Wheel belonging to Mary of Guise (b) Book of Hours belonging to Mary Stuart		W. Murray Threipland, Esq. " "
XIII	15	Mary Stuart when Young	Janet	Bibliothèque Nationale Paris
XIV	16	Mary Stuart when Young	Unknown	Lord Battersea
	17	" "	"	Marquis of Ailsa
XV	18	Mary's Bedroom at Holyrood	Etched by C. Boucher	
XVI	19	Queen Elizabeth	Unknown	Duke of Devonshire
XVII	20	Francis II. when Dauphin	Janet	H.M. The King
	21	Mary Stuart and Lord Darnley	Coin, 1565	
	22	Mary Stuart	Enamel by H. Bone, R.A., after Sir A. More	Baroness Burdett-Coutts
XVIII	23	The Arms of Mary Stuart		Duke of Devonshire, at Hardwick

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND OWNERS

<i>No. of Plate.</i>	<i>No. of Subject.</i>	<i>Title.</i>	<i>Artist.</i>	<i>Owner</i>
XIX	24	House at St. Andrews, dwelt in by Mary	Etched by C. Boucher	
XX	25	James, Earl of Bothwell	Unknown	Hon. Mrs. Boyle
	26	Jane, Countess of Bothwell	"	" "
XXI	27	Kirk o' Field	From a Drawing in the State Paper Office	
XXII	28	Silver Gilt Casket		Duke of Hamilton
XXIII	29	Lock Leven Castle, Mary's Tower	Etched by C. Boucher	
XXIV	30	Cabinet belonging to Mary Stuart		H.M. The King
XXV	31	Sheffield Manor	Etched by C. Boucher	
XXVI	32	Bolton Castle, Mary's Chamber	" "	
XXVII	33	George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury	Unknown	Duke of Devonshire
XXVIII	34	"Bess of Hardwick," Countess of Shrewsbury	"	" "
XXIX	35	Queen Mary, aged Thirty-Six	P. Oudry	" "
XXX	36	Tixall	Etched by C. Boucher	
	37	Chartley	" "	
XXXI	38	Tapestry: The Judgment of Solomon	The Work of Mary Stuart	Duke of Devonshire
XXXII	39	Mary Stuart	From a Miniature	Duke of Portland
XXXIII	40	Tutbury Castle	Etched by C. Boucher	
XXXIV	41	Wingfield	" "	
	42	Chatsworth, Queen Mary's Garden	Etched by C. Boucher	
XXXV	43	Announcement of the Date of Execution to Mary Stuart *	Unknown	Duke of Devonshire
XXXVI	44	Warrant of the Execution of Mary Stuart		Lord Cheylesmore
XXXVII	45	Mary Stuart Memorial Portrait	Unknown	Blair's College
XXXVIII	46	Effgy on Mary's Tomb in Westminster Abbey	Cornelius and William Cure	
XXXIX	47	Fotheringhay Castle, the Mound	Etched by C. Boucher	
XL	48	Timepiece belonging to Mary Stuart		Sir T. W. Dick Lauder, Bart.
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XLII	50	Lock of Mary Stuart's Hair		General Ian Hamilton
	51	St. Andrew's Jewel of the Order of the Thistle, belonging to the Regent Moray		Earl of Galloway
XLIII	52	Relics of Mary Stuart		Duke of Norfolk, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and others

* This work is now called the story of Penelope.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND OWNERS

xi

<i>No. of Plate.</i>	<i>No. of Subject.</i>	<i>Title.</i>	<i>Artist.</i>	<i>Owner.</i>
XLIV	53	The Gunpowder Plot Conspirators	Old Print	National Portrait Gallery
XLV	54	James I. and VI. when Eight Years Old	Unknown	Duke of Devonshire
XLVI	55	James I. and VI.	Unknown	National Portrait Gallery
XLVII	56	Arabella Stuart	Peter Oliver	Captain Edwards Heathcote
	57	Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset	John Hoskins	H.M. The King
	58	Anne of Denmark	Isaac Oliver	" "
XLVIII	59	Henry, Prince of Wales	P. Van Somer	National Portrait Gallery
XLIX	60	Charles I. as a Boy	Unknown	Duke of Portland
L	61	Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia	Mireveldt ?	" "
LI	62	Frederick Elector Palatine	"	" "
LII	63	George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham	Unknown	" "
LIII	64	Frances Howard, Countess of Essex and Somerset	Marc Gheeraedts	Charles Butler, Esq.
LIV	65	Anne Carr, Countess of Bedford	Sir A. Van Dyck	Duke of Bedford
LV	66	Arabella Stuart, Aged Thirteen	Unknown	Duke of Devonshire
LVI	67	James I. and VI. as a Boy	"	George Wentworth Fitzwilliam, Esq.
LVII	68	Charles, Prince of Wales, Aged Fourteen	Oliver	Duke of Rutland
LVIII	69	Three Heads of Charles I.	Sir A. Van Dyck	H.M. The King
LIX	70	Henrietta Maria	" "	Duke of Northumberland
LX	71	Charles I. in Armour	" "	Duke of Norfolk
	72	Holograph Letter of James I. and VI.		British Museum
LXI	73	Henrietta Maria on Horseback	H. David	"
LXII	74	Henry, Duke of Gloucester	Simon Luttechuys	"
	75	Princess Elizabeth	S. Cooper	H.M. The King
	76	A Daughter of Henrietta of Orleans	P. Mignard	" "
	77	Percy, Earl of Northumberland	J. Hoskins	Lord Aldenham
LXIII	78	Charles I. and James, Duke of York	Sir A. Van Dyck	Duke of Northumberland
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LXIV	80	Three Children of Charles I.	Sir A. Van Dyck	Pinacotheca, Turin
LXV	81	View of the Banqueting House, Whitehall	Old Print	Pepysian Library, Cambridge
LXVI	82	Princess Henrietta Anne, Daughter of Charles I.	Sir A. Van Dyck	Duke of Devonshire

A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY OF THE SOVEREIGN STUARTS

The House of Stewart, afterwards Stuart, in Scotland

- ROBERT II. Born 1316. Succeeded his uncle, David II., in 1371. Married Marjory, eldest daughter of Robert I. Died 1390.
- ROBERT III. Born 1340. Succeeded, on abdication of his father, in 1390. Married Annabella Drummond. Died 1406.
- JAMES I. Born 1394. Prisoner in England for eighteen years. Succeeded in 1406. Married Joan Beaufort, daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, son of John of Gaunt. Murdered at Perth, 1437.
- JAMES II. Born 1430. Succeeded 1437. Married Mary of Gueldres. Killed at siege of Roxburgh, 1460.
- JAMES III. Born 1453. Married Margaret of Denmark. Slain at Bannockburn, 1488.
- JAMES IV. Born 1473. Succeeded 1489. Married Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII. Killed at Flodden Field, 1513.
- JAMES V. Born 1512. Succeeded 1513. Married (i) Magdalen of France; (ii) Mary of Guise. Died a few days after Battle of Solway Moss, 1542.
- MARY. Born 1542. Succeeded her father when but a few days old. Married (i) the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II.; (ii) Henry Stuart, Earl of Darnley (1565); (iii) James, Earl of Bothwell (1567). Returned from France to Scotland in 1561. Fled to England, 1568. Beheaded at Fotheringhay, 1587.

Union of the crowns of England and Scotland

- JAMES I. and VI. Born 1566. Proclaimed king, in Scotland, 1567. Succeeded to throne of England, 1603. Married Anne of Denmark, 1590. Died 1625.
- CHARLES I. Born 1600. Succeeded 1625. Married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, 1625. Took up arms against the Long Parliament, 1642. Beheaded January 30, 1649.
- CHARLES II. Born 1630. Fled to France after Naseby. Crowned at Scone, 1651. Defeated at Worcester, same year. Restored 1660. Married Catherine of Braganza, 1660. Died 1685.
- JAMES II. Born 1633. Succeeded his brother, 1685. Married (i) Anne Hyde (born 1637), 1659; (ii) Mary d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena. Abdicated 1689. Died 1701.
- WILLIAM III. and MARY II. Son of William II. of Orange and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. Born 1650. Married 1678, Mary, daughter of James II. and Anne Hyde. Succeeded 1689. Died 1702.—Mary, born 1662. Succeeded 1689. Died 1694.
- ANNE. Born 1665. Succeeded 1702. Married George, Prince of Denmark, 1683. Died 1714.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY xiii

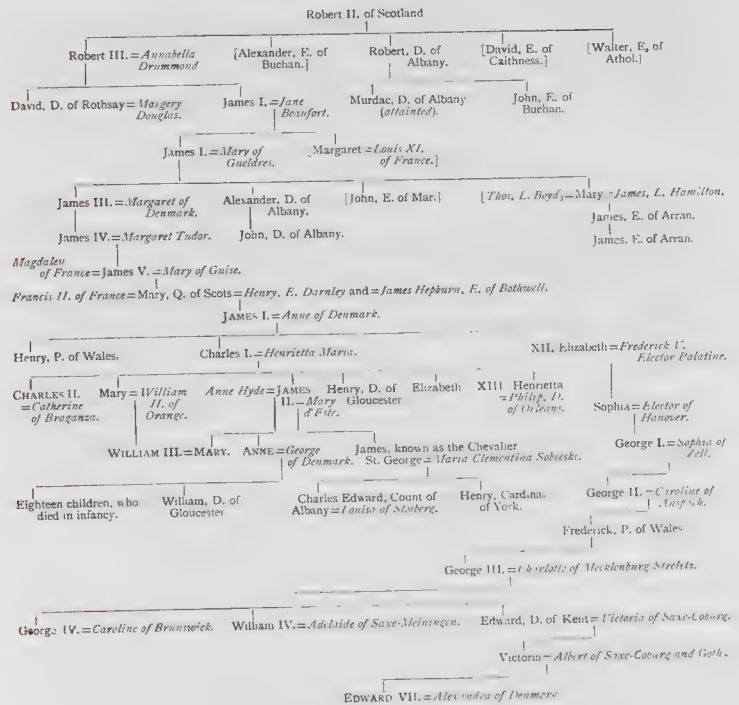
The Roman Catholic Line excluded by the Act of Settlement, 1701

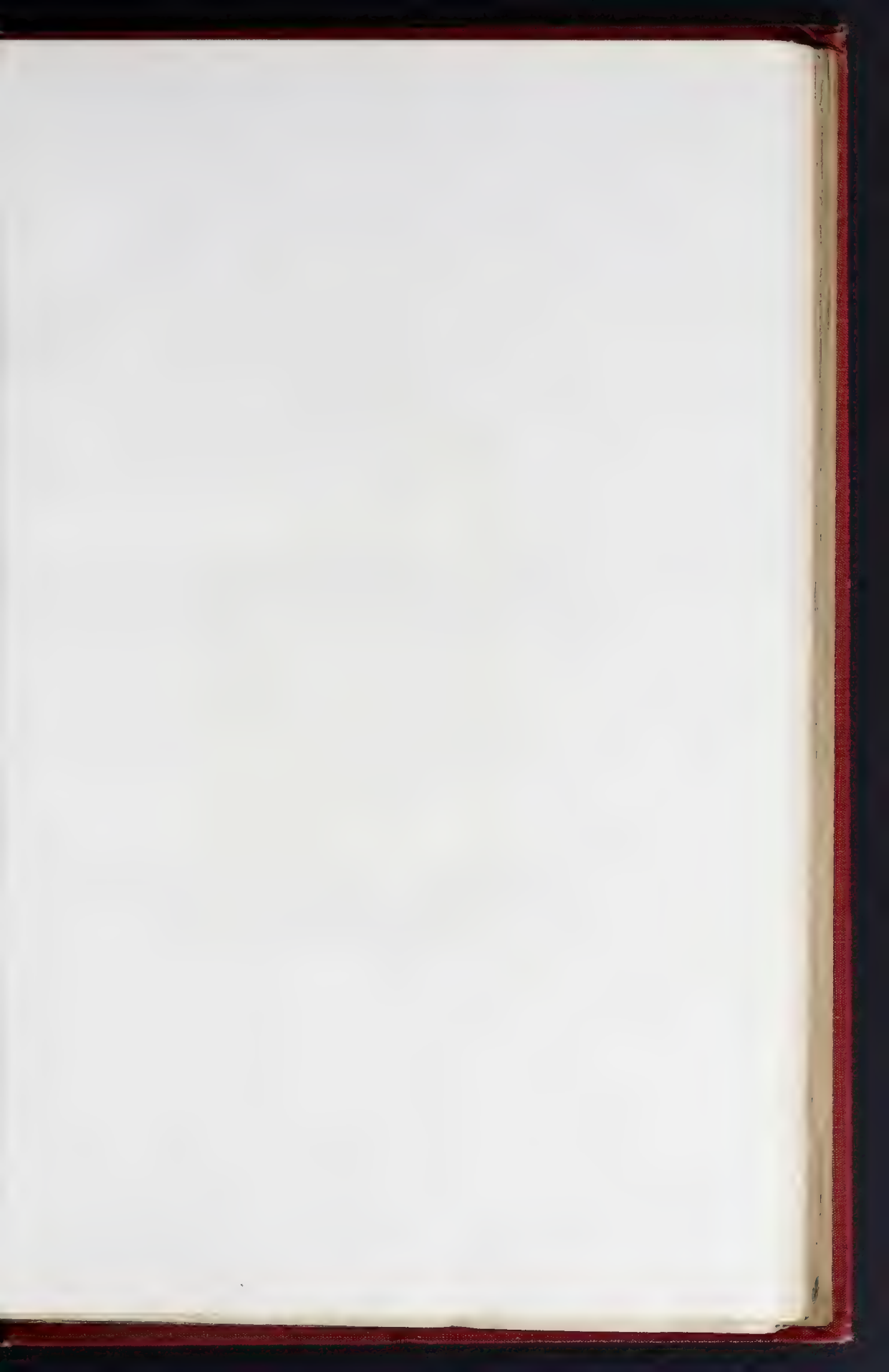
- JAMES III. Born 1688. Eldest son of James II. and Mary of Modena. Married 1719, Maria Clementina, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, of Poland. Died 1766. Styled the Chevalier St. George.
- CHARLES III. Born 1720. Landed in Scotland, 1745. Defeated at Culloden, 1746. Married Louisa, Princess of Stolberg, 1772. Died at Rome, 1788. Styled the Young Chevalier, and Count of Albany.
- HENRY IX. Born 1723. Created Cardinal, 1747. Died at Rome, 1807.

Some other Stuarts referred to in these volumes

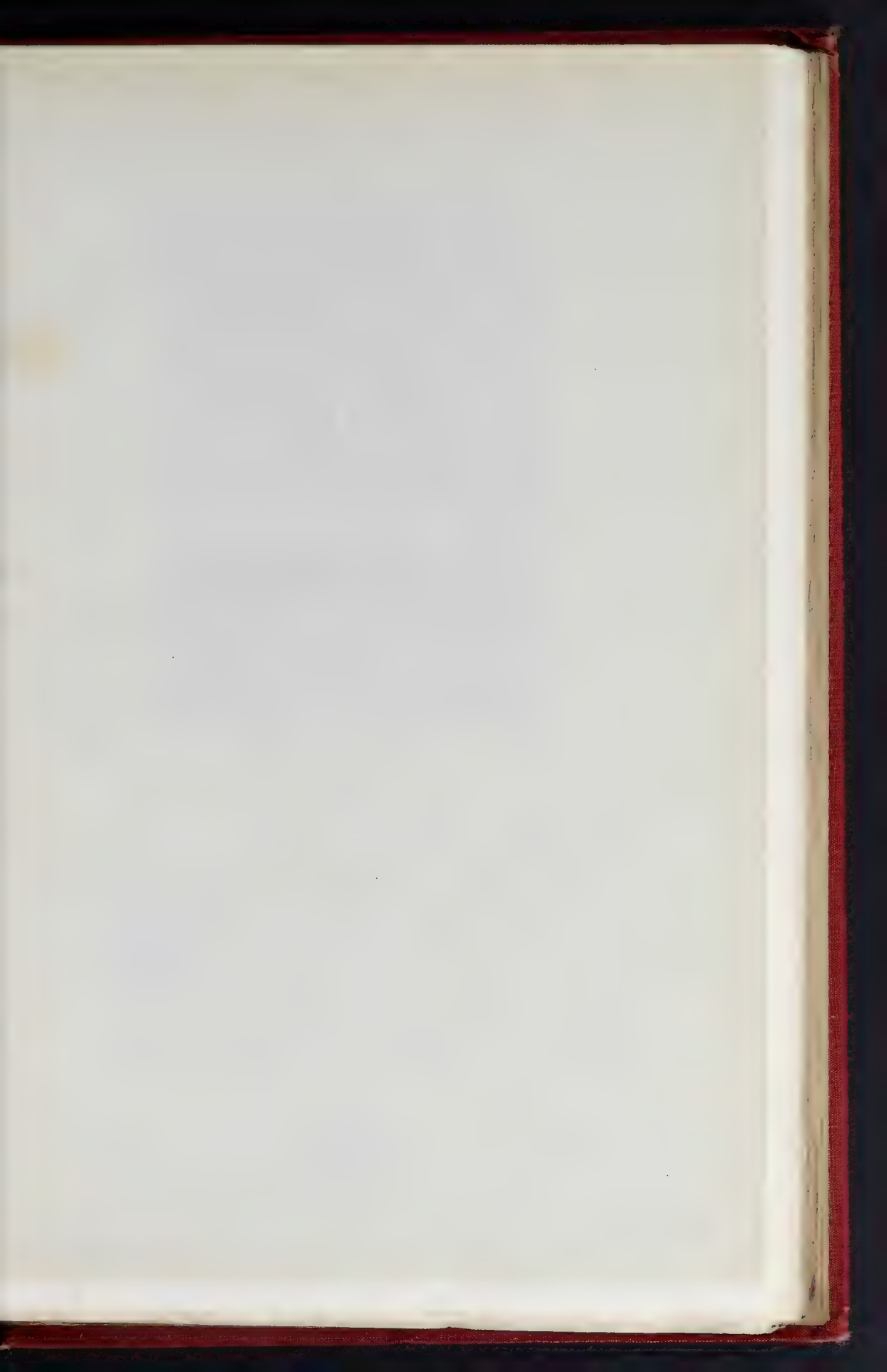
- MORAY. James Stuart, Earl of. Born 1530. Warm supporter of Knox. Opposed his sister Mary, and was made regent when she abdicated. Assassinated by James Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, at Linlithgow, in 1570.
- DARNLEY. Henry Stuart, Lord. Born 1546. Son of Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox. Grandson of Margaret Tudor by her second marriage (with the Earl of Angus). Married Mary Stuart, 1565. Murdered at Kirk o' Field, 1567.
- STUART. Lady Arabella. Born 1575. Daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, and first cousin to James I. Married William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, afterwards Duke of Somerset. Put into the Tower on a charge of aspiring to the throne, where she died, insane, 1615.
- HENRY. Prince of Wales. Born 1594. Eldest son of James I. "The hope of the Puritans." Died 1612.
- ELIZABETH. Daughter of James I. Born 1596. Married Frederick, Elector Palatine, in 1613. Returned to England in 1660 with her nephew, Charles II. Died in London, 1662.
- RUPERT. Prince, of Bavaria. Born 1619. Son of Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine. Took service under Charles I. Died 1682.
- MARY. Princess. Eldest daughter of Charles I. Born 1631. Married William II., Prince of Orange, in 1641. Died 1660.
- ELIZABETH. Daughter of Charles I. Born 1635. Died at Carisbrook Castle, 1650.
- GLOUCESTER. Henry, Duke of. Son of Charles I. Born 1640. Died 1660.
- HENRIETTA. Princess Henrietta Anne. Daughter of Charles I. Born at Oxford, 1644. Married Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., 1661. Died 1670.
- MONMOUTH. James, Duke of. Natural son of Charles II. Born 1649. Defeated at Sedgemoor, 1685, executed on Tower Hill, same year.
- GLOUCESTER. William, Duke of. Son of Anne. Born 1689. Died 1700.
- MARIA LOUISA THERESA. Princess. Daughter of James II. Born 1692. Died 1712.
- BERWICK. James Fitzjames, Duke of. Son of James II. by Arabella Churchill. Born 1670. Died 1734. Marshal of France.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE











II.

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND
Ponturicchio.



III.
JAMES IV.
Unknown.



CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

"The only temper in which a man can write accurately and well is a temper of trust towards the generation whom he describes; the only temper, for if a man has no affection for the characters of whom he reads, he will never understand them."

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S *Plays and Puritans*.



WHEN Louis XV. said of the Stuarts, "*C'est une famille infortunée dont je ne veux pas entendre parler*," he doubtless spoke as he felt, for he had already heard more than enough of misfortunes which bore a sinister resemblance to those which might befall himself, and which, as a matter of fact, did overtake his dynasty in the succeeding reign. But if this "most high, most mighty, et très puissant" Prince did not want to hear the Stuarts spoken of again, posterity is by

no means of his way of thinking, and as long as human nature remains what it is, so long will succeeding generations of readers trace, with unabated interest, the struggle between those opposing forces in which the Stuarts often appear as it were mere shuttlecocks of fortune. Whilst the English language endures, the story of those who played so large a part in the history of our race will remain, as it stands to-day, amongst the most absorbing in our annals.

In the words of one who perhaps did not love the Stuarts overmuch, but who, at any rate, studied their life-story and etched their individualities in his own mordant fashion, according to Thomas Carlyle, "the Fates said to them be kings of talent, but not of talent enough; kings of a deep inarticulate people, in whose heart is kindled fire of Heaven, which shall be unintelligible and incredible to you. Take these heroic qualities, this sort of gypsy black. Let there run in your quick blood pruriency of appetite, a proud impatience—alas! an unveracity, a heat, and a darkness; and therewith try to govern England in the age of Puritanism. That we have computed will be tragedy enough for England and you."

The testimony of great writers, whether adverse to the Stuarts or in their favour, and the witness borne by authentic portraits (which, unlike authors' opinions, we expect to be unprejudiced), taken together should give us reliable presentments of many of the principal characters who figure in our history from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century—a period of surpassing interest, fraught with momentous issues and far-reaching consequences.

In the following pages an attempt is made to illustrate the characters, the persons, and some of the surroundings of the principal members of this ill-fated house; and, incidentally, of their friends and foes, from the days of James V. of Scotland down to those of Prince Charles Edward, in whose person the Stuarts may be said to have made their last appearance as a political force.

Portraits, pictures, and personal relics have been chosen from royal, national, and famous private collections, every one bearing more or less an imprimatur of genuineness. Many of the originals are works of art of the highest quality, and some, it is believed, possess the additional interest of having never been reproduced before.

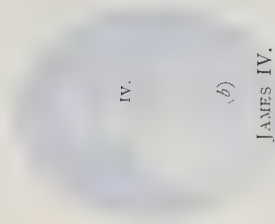
As to the Stuart family, there seems to be, as Voltaire truly remarked, "*une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire, c'est une suite con-*



(a)

JAMES III.

Ascribed to H. Van der Goez

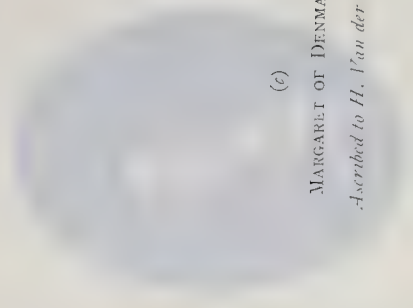


IV.

(b)

JAMES IV.

Ascribed to H. Van der Goez.



(c)

MARGARET OF DENMARK.

Ascribed to H. Van der Goez.



tinuelle de malheurs qui a persecuté la maison pendant plus de trois cents années." In 1542 James V. died broken-hearted, so it is said, through the shameful rout of Solway Moss; in that same year his daughter saw the light at Linlithgow, within the now dismantled walls of that old and most stately palace of the Scottish Kings.

In 1642, Charles I. raised the Royal Standard at Nottingham. Another hundred years brings us to "the '45." To use the words of Lord Macaulay, "What persecutions, conspiracies, seditions, revolutions, judicial murders and civil wars do not these two centuries cover?" Dark and bloody as are, alas! too many of the annals of these fateful years, "great and good deeds were done in them, and there were great and good men there to do them," as Kingsley said of the reign of Elizabeth.

However much we may deplore the excesses inseparable from a fratricidal strife which rent England in two, and brought anarchy in its train, the civil war may be regarded as a furnace of affliction in which the national character rid itself of dross. The passionate loyalty of the adherents of the Stuarts, and the grim determination and fanatic fury of their opponents, fused as it were into an amalgam, and thus our constitution has emerged from its trials with a solidity which other nations may envy. In these pages no attempt is made at any exhaustive inquiry into the complex circumstances which shaped the careers of the leading personages of this great drama; that is a subject in which many eminent writers have found a field for the exercise of their highest powers, and it is a topic which will always attract the moralist, the historian, and the partisan.

In a letter Sir Walter Scott wrote in 1828 upon the appearance of Lodge's portraits of "Illustrious Personages of Great Britain," he says: "I will enlarge no more upon the topic, because I am certain that it requires not the voice of an obscure individual to point out to the British public the merits of a collection which at once satisfies the imagination and the understanding, showing us by the pencil how the most distinguished of our ancestors looked, moved, and dressed, and informs us by the pen how they thought, acted, lived and died."

Substitute "subject" for the word "collection," and limit the application to the Stuart period, and you have the best justification I can offer for submitting this work to the public.

The reader will observe that the book is styled "Illustrations of the

personal history of the family," and accordingly I leave to others the description of the march of political events, of the welling up of those social and religious forces which swept more than one monarch from his throne, which brought a beautiful and gifted Queen to the scaffold, and drove the descendants of a long line of kings into exile and obscurity. I leave to the assailants of the Stuarts, and to their champions, of whom there are not a few, the discussion of such questions as to whether exigencies of statecraft justified Elizabeth in her conduct to Mary, and as to whether Cecil's crooked ways may be forgiven in view of his duty, as he conceived it, to his country and to the great Queen he served. Others may determine whether Oliver Cromwell was a sincere God-fearing man, or a hypocrite; an impostor or a hero. But in addition to these beaten paths of history, there are byways, surely not without their charm, along which some of us are well content to wander. Without once descending into the dusty arena of political or theological controversy, we can find abundance to interest us, and discover illustrations of the careers of the Stuarts, derivable from various sources of never-failing interest and beauty. There are, for example, numberless fine miniature portraits in this country, many of them precious in themselves as historical illustrations (for the life-stories of the originals are inseparably bound up with those of the Stuarts), and admirable also as works of art, having been executed by some of the greatest miniature painters known to fame—the Oliveres and Samuel Cooper, to wit. Moreover, there are other representations of the events with which the times are crowded, and of the places wherein they happened; and, in addition to all these, there is an almost overwhelming choice of relics, religiously preserved, and testifying to the devotion and enthusiasm felt for the persons and the cause of the Stuarts.

It is just these personal things which seem to make the men and women to whom they appertained live and move, and which bring them so close to us. When we look, for example, upon the leading-strings so beautifully worked by Mary Stuart for her baby boy (James I. and VI.), do we not feel a touch of nature, and realise that she must have been one of like passions with ourselves, that she was not merely an ill-fated monarch, but a woman, endowed with the supreme dignity of womanhood, namely, maternity; and does this not deepen the human and pathetic interest of her career? The same thing may be said of many



v.

MARY OF GUISE.

Unknown.

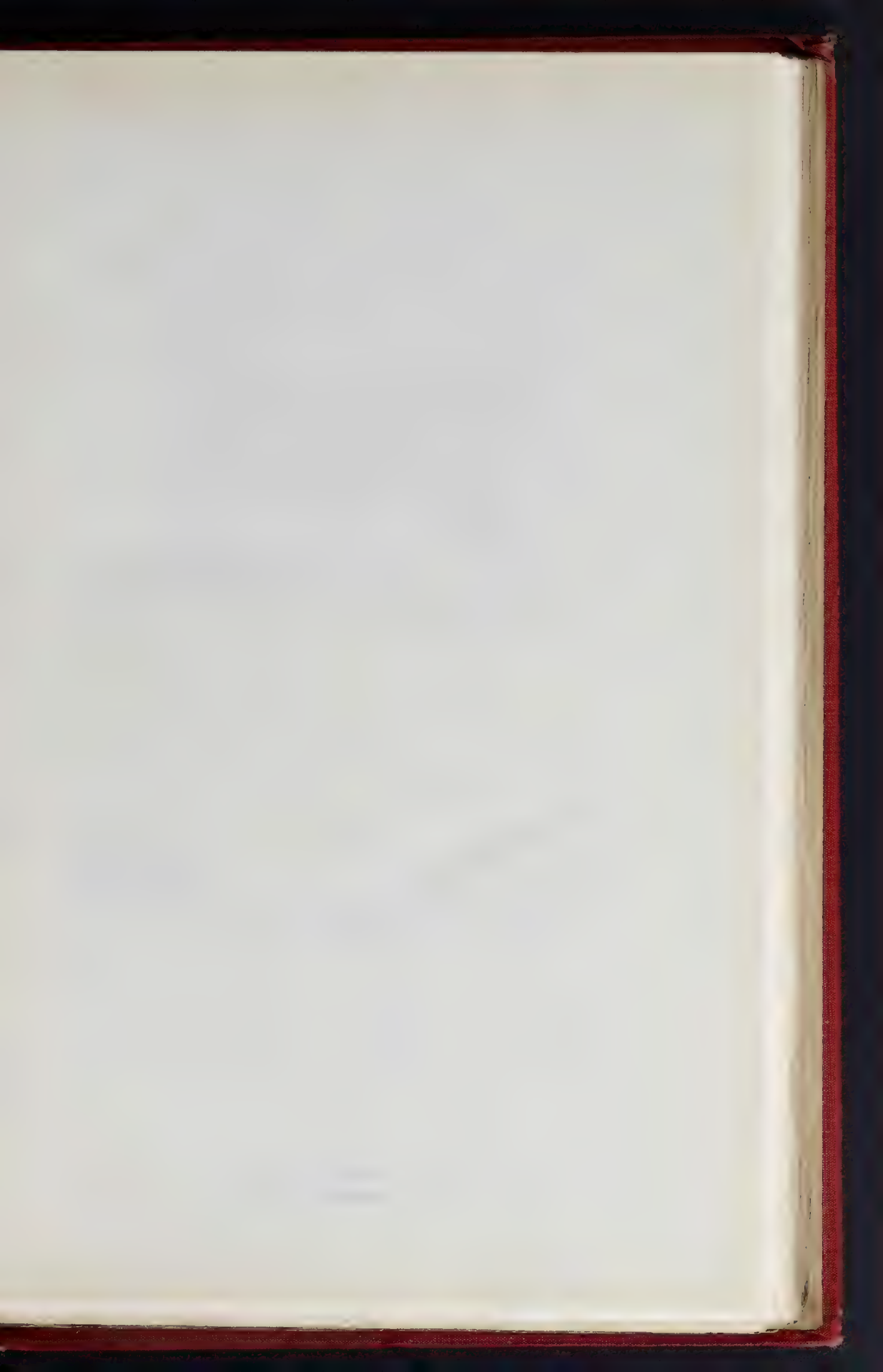


another relic, trifling in itself perhaps, but pregnant with associations which words inadequately express. Are not the dark hours in which Charles I. trod the valley of the shadow of death with such dignity and such resignation, brought vividly before us when we look upon the two watches he habitually wore, and which he gave on the morning of his execution to Sir Thomas Herbert? Or, to come to later times, when we see, as we may do, the "George" worn by Prince Charlie in Scotland, and portions of his disguise as Betty Burke, the serving-maid, which he wore after Culloden, do these not give a final touch of reality to the story of his wanderings and of his escapes?

The period embraced by this work, extending from the days of the Tudors to the Georges, was marked by a series of conflicts between great opposing forces; in the one camp were ranged the Romanists, in the other the Reformers; on the one side stood the champions and defenders of feudal privileges and of the divine right of kings; on the other, the asserters of popular liberties and of individual freedom. But whilst tempests swept across our national life, there were lulls, so to speak, from time to time, and periods of apparent calm; so, too, with individuals of the Stuart dynasty we shall find that even the stormiest career had its quiet moments, and that the morning of the life of some of them was bright, if not joyous. For example, take the story of Mary Stuart; her early days in France stand out by themselves as a time of innocence and happiness, and even the period of her conflict with the turbulent and rapacious nobles of Scotland was chequered by gleams of sunshine, followed by the ever-deepening gloom of imprisonment, and terminating in the darkness of death upon the scaffold. The same may be said of her grandson, around whom tragic interest centres beyond almost any other personage in our history. For many years before the Civil War broke out, Charles doubtless enjoyed the delights of blameless domestic life, of the collection of works of art, and of other pursuits congenial to his refined tastes. To this tranquil time succeeds the stormy period of the Rebellion, and the drama is closed at Whitehall on that memorable winter morning of January 30, 1649. Again, the episodes of 1715 and "the '45" are not merely historical events of moment, but crises in the lives of all concerned. In contrast to these days of storm and strife we have the comparatively uneventful reign of James I.; the period of reaction which may be termed the dominant note of the twenty-five years of Charles II.; the times of

William and Mary, when the foundations of constitutional liberty were laid broad and sure; and the Augustan age of Anne, memorable in the peaceful annals of literature. I shall endeavour to group the principal characters in these respective periods, and to bring the whole subject within the scope of the divisions I have made by following chronological sequence; thus we shall be brought from the August morning on which Mary Stuart landed in Scotland down to the fateful day of Culloden, when the Stuart cause was lost for ever.







VI.

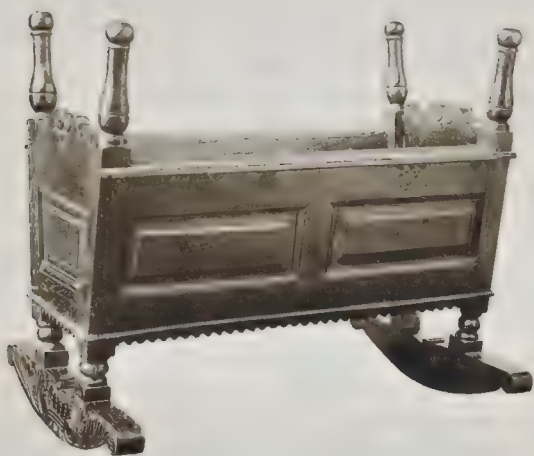
JAMES V. AND MARY OF GUINE.

Unknown



VII.

MARY STUART'S CRADLE.



CHAPTER II

MARY STUART

Childhood and Youth



IN the days of David I. of Scotland, that is to say, about the middle of the twelfth century, there was a Walter Fitzalan, Lord of Oswestry, in Shropshire, who entered the service of the Scottish King of his day and became hereditary High Steward. His descendant Robert Stewart, or Stuart, who married Marjory, eldest daughter of Robert I., mounted the throne in 1371, and is known as Robert II. of Scotland.

The family history of the Stuarts might fittingly be commenced with this first monarch of the race, but to follow in any detail the fortunes of the house so far back would much exceed the limits of this book, which makes no pretensions to deal with the fourteenth century. Moreover, it

would be difficult, from lack of pictorial illustration, to trace the story in the way in which the subsequent period has been dealt with.

Passing by Robert III., a man of weak mind, we come to James I. who was a prisoner in England for eighteen years and was murdered in the Dominican Monastery at Perth. He is represented in a picture by Pinturicchio which is preserved in the Library of Siena Cathedral, and here given. James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon at Roxburgh. James III. was slain at Sauchieburn, and was succeeded by James IV., beloved of his people, and the hero of "The Lady of the Lake": he it was who rushed upon his death at Flodden Field. Carlyle has sketched his portrait for us thus: "A brave enough kingly face, beautiful and stern, his long black hair flowing down in rough floods, carelessly dashed on his head the Highland cap with its feather, a really royal-looking man." James IV. ascended the throne in 1488, dying in 1513, therefore the portrait of him here presented—holding a falcon on his left wrist and in his right hand its padded hood—if contemporary, was probably painted in the fifteenth century. It is said to be a copy by Mytens of an old picture. The portrait at Newbattle ascribed to Holbein, is of finer quality, but as this artist was not born till 1495, it is unlikely he painted James from life.

The portraits of James III. and his wife Margaret of Denmark, and their son James IV., are to be seen in the beautifully painted and admirably preserved triptych which may be called the principal artistic treasure of Holyrood. It was formerly in the church of the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh, and on one of its "volets" the Trinity is represented. The authorship of this noble work is much debated. Formerly it was ascribed to Mabuse, now it is generally given, I believe, to that rare artist Hugo Van der Goes. The influence of Van Eyck seems plain, as an able critic in the *Athenæum* has pointed out, but without stopping to discuss the painter of it, we welcome it as especially valuable from our point of view, viz., that of historical portraiture. The heads of the royal personages are given in our illustrations. The reader who desires to be better acquainted with the whole work, which is full of elaborate detail, will find it figured in Pinkerton's "Iconographia Scotica."

It was shown in the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery in 1889, and must be familiar to visitors to Holyrood, where, a superb example of high finish and exquisite workmanship, it stands in the long gallery, the walls of which are crowded with most preposterous daubs styled portraits of

VIII.

MARY OF GUISE.

/anet



the Kings of Scotland, portraits of a "royal kind of men, but at their best not royal enough, so many inadequate heroes, not heroic enough."

We see then that all the earlier sovereigns of the House of Stuart met with violent deaths, and thus there is a singular dash of tragedy in the whole story, which is one of struggles between enlightened rulers and a turbulent nobility, and of battles in the cause of civilisation.

The end of the fifth James is not less tragic than that of his predecessors; the disaffection of his nobles led to the rout, it can hardly be called the battle, of Solway Moss, wherein 'tis said ten thousand Scots were put to flight by three hundred English horsemen. A few days after this he died at Falkland of shame and grief, muttering "Solway Moss." Probably, however, the broken-hearted king is best known to most of us as the father of Mary Stuart, and it is with the career of his hapless daughter that this work begins.

I make no pretence of disclosing new facts about the Queen of Scots. All the stores of history and tradition, of public records and private collections, have been already ransacked; argument and reasonable conjecture have been exhausted; the fields even of imagination and fancy have been traversed in search of her person and her wit, and to aggravate the horror of her sufferings. Moreover, the long interval of time, and the animosity of parties render the solution of some of the problems connected with her life and conduct almost insolvable, so that, as Walsingham declared three centuries ago, "it is hard to procure an impartial opinion about her, the love and hatred that was borne her being either in the extremest degree." There is, however, no dispute nor much obscurity about her early years. James V. was her father, as we have seen, and Mary of Lorraine, daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, and widow of Louis, Duke of Longueville, was her mother. Heredity is now recognised as a potent factor in the sum of human destiny; the tendencies which ancestors transmit mould the characters of their descendants. As their parents were, so their offspring are likely to be, in greater or less degree; hence, did space permit, it might be instructive to inquire more particularly into the antecedents of Mary Stuart's parentage; as it is, we need not dwell upon James's character further than to remark that it is notorious that "he sowed his wild oats with ungrudging prodigality," and left six or seven bastards who were legitimated by the Pope, some of whom held church benefices. He must have been an orthodox Romanist, since we

read of his being present at an *auto da fé* in 1539 at Edinburgh. Not that too much importance need be attached to this fact, but it is not without significance in view of the temperament of his daughter and of her championship of the Catholic faith.

Of Mary of Guise it may be said that, whilst she has been termed "a noble, just, unfanatical, clear-headed, magnanimous woman," she does not occupy that commanding place in history which has been assigned by universal consent to her daughter; she was doubtless a woman of parts, or she could not have held her own in the troublous times of the Regency. From 1542, the date of her husband's death, to 1560, when fatal illness overtook her in Edinburgh Castle, she had to contend with rapacious nobles and rival religious factions, struggles which to describe would lead us beyond the scope of this work.

Mary's parents may then perhaps be termed notable and distinguished, if not very remarkable, persons, and some attribute her personal beauty to her father rather than to her mother. I am able to reproduce, by the courtesy of the Duke of Devonshire, portraits of each of them. The original picture is now at Hardwick and well merits description. It is painted on a panel about 4 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., and is indubitably foreign work. As may be seen by the inscriptions upon it, it represents James when he was twenty-eight years of age, and his wife twenty-four. One cannot help remarking the sameness, and one may even say the tameness, of the composition, and the ostentatious way in which both are holding jewels. The picture may be dated 1539, as Mary of Guise was born in 1515. The arms at the top of the panel are the king's escutcheon, and below them the shield is impaled with the arms of the King and Queen. The King's hair is light brown rather than red, as it is sometimes said to be, with moustache and beard to match. His coat is cloth of gold, with jewelled wristbands. The Queen's dress is red, richly embroidered with flowers. It is interesting to compare this picture with the one I show from the National Portrait Gallery, which for a long time was regarded as the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, and was so described at the Tercentenary Exhibition at Peterborough in 1887. The lady, who, at any rate, is a Queen of Scotland, and, upon the authority of Mr. Lionel Cust, is Mary of Lorraine, appears literally bedizened with jewels, and her costume is a study in itself. She possesses, undoubtedly, considerable personal attractions: her features are perhaps more regular, and her face more oval,



IX.

PALACE OF LINLITHGOW, MARY STUART'S REPUTED
BIRTH-CHAMBER

Etched by C. Boucher.



than is the case in the Duke of Devonshire's picture. One distinguishing peculiarity is the length of the fingers, and we know that Mary of Lorraine was remarkably tall, "of the largest stature of women," says Sadler. It is surmised that this picture was painted while the Queen Regent was besieged in Leith, a city and castle among the rocks in the distance being thought to represent Edinburgh.

In Mr. F. Mackenzie Fraser's picture of James the hair is more of a chestnut shade, and the eyes hazel, but the moustache, as in the Duke of Devonshire's picture, is light brown. The features are somewhat long, and the nose is aquiline in shape. Thus much for the outward presentment of these handsome parents of Mary Queen of Scots.

It is in the person of the daughter and sole offspring of the pair we have been describing that the Stuarts come into immediate touch with English history. Mary was born at Linlithgow on December 8, 1542. Her father died at Stirling five days after, and she was crowned within a week of her birth, and thus succeeded, when but a babe, to the throne she was destined to find so perilous and so insecure.

Henry the Eighth sought her as a bride for his young Edward before she was out of her cradle. We know how the English King was refused, and how he harried Scotland in revenge; but in other respects the tender years of Mary were not marked by events upon which we need dwell. From Stirling she was taken to Inchmahome, a priory on an island in the Lake of Menteith, and from this remote spot to the rocky stronghold of Dumbarton. The mention of this place of refuge reminds us that in the days we are now considering, that is to say, the middle of the sixteenth century, the dwellings of the upper classes, in England at any rate, began to lose their fortress-like character. The Wars of the Roses being over, men's dread of their neighbours gave place to feelings of more security, and buildings of that stately, pleasant, many-windowed kind known as the Elizabethan sprang up all over the land. The style is well illustrated by Burleigh House and by Hardwick. Of the latter, by the way, there is a common local saying: "Hardwick Hall, more window than wall." In these beautiful old houses and their precincts provision was made for exercise indoors by the gallery, without which no structure of the period was deemed complete, and out of doors by the "bowers." Thus at Wolverton, a mansion in Dorsetshire known to the writer, and with a niche in history as the place in which were laid the fortunes of the

Bedford family (through the meeting of young Russell with Philip the Fair and Joan of Castile), there are, or there were, three separate bowers, —gardens enclosed with hedges of box and thick-growing shrubs for privacy's sake—one known as the gentlemen's, another for the ladies of the house and their visitors, and a third for the women-folk of the household.

Any one who has seen these old-fashioned gardens, with their smooth lawns, and hedges often centuries old, will be able to realise the child-queen's garden which Dr. John Brown discovered (or thought he did) at Inchmahome; and he has drawn a fascinating picture of the little Mary—a lovely child, without doubt—and her companions the four Maries—all innocence and happiness—at play in that bright, peaceful spot. The lowering clouds which were fated to gather over other homes of Mary never reached that island sanctuary. The writer I have quoted draws a striking contrast between the Inchmahome garden and another that Mary was allowed to use in the grounds at Chatsworth, which was moated, walled round, and raised fifteen feet above the park, so that all that went on therein could be fully observed. By the kindness of Miss Fletcher I am able to show an etching of the garden, which I believe is all that is now identified with Mary at Chatsworth. But the reflections called up by the mention of this seat of the Cavendishes belong to the period of her captivity, with which we shall have to deal by-and-by.

From Dumbarton on the Clyde, "the great western seaport of Scotland for several hundred years," she was taken to France, accompanied by her four Maries, and was landed at Brest in August 1548, being then less than six years old. The ten years between her landing in France and her marriage with the Dauphin must have been the happiest days of Mary's life; yet, judged from an ordinary standpoint, at any rate, this period of her youth and girlhood could hardly have been without its drawbacks, partly on account of the formality and strictness of the etiquette exacted in the Court circle of which she was an "appendage," and partly on account of the hostility of Catherine de Medici, a feeling which the Queen-mother seems to have been unable to conceal. The voluminous Memoirs which exist dealing with these times enable us to realise very clearly the monotony and the triviality of the pursuits of the French Court.

"The princess was early accustomed to the ceremony of receiving and dismissing visitors, taught to dispense smiles when she had not the



x.

MARY STUART WHEN SIXTEEN.

Unknown.



privilege to distribute favours, and, almost before she had left the nursery, to enact the pageant of the future queen. In the drawing-room as on the stage a certain step and carriage were among the chief requisites. A diligent application to etiquette was required to enable the *débutante* princess always to use the action suited to the speech, to offer such salutation as the person was entitled to expect, graduating from the sisterly embrace to the scarcely perceptible inclination of the head, from the ardent greeting at the very entrance of the hall, or the gracious approach towards the middle of the apartment, to the advance of a few paces from the chair of State. The artificial divisions of rank had introduced at the Court a corresponding variety of gradations in ceremony, tediously minute and inelegant, but which, perhaps, in some degree relieved the insignificance and enlivened the monotony of diurnal life."

And here a sketch of the daily occupations of the French sovereign and his courtiers may be deemed not without interest, particularly as we are told that many of the troubles which overtook Mary in later life may be attributed to the corrupt and mischievous influence brought to bear upon her when in France; but those who assign this as a reason for what they find fault with in Mary have confounded the character of the Court as it was under the early years of Henry III. with its depravity and corruption in succeeding reigns. A marked distinction may be drawn between the reign of Henri Deux and the regency of Catherine de Medici, when a deterioration as rapid as it is remarkable set in. One has only to name such personages as Anne du Bourg: the exemplary Anne d'Este, the affectionate friend of Mary's mother, and others, to show that learning, decorum of manners, and modesty of costume were still in the ascendant at the French Court, where the daily routine, according to Miss Benger, was much as follows:

His majesty rose at seven and, following the example of his ancestors, held a *levée* in his bedroom till ten, to which visitors from the provinces and those who had lawful business with the king were admitted. At ten he went to Mass, and immediately after to dinner. This over, he regularly visited the Queen's apartments, there to spend a couple of hours with the members of the royal family in the inner chamber in making arrangements for the remainder of the day and so forth. While he was thus engaged the ante-chamber would be crowded by the lords and ladies of the Court, a daily *réunion* to which religion and politics, love and intrigue, lent an

ever-varying interest. The afternoon would probably be devoted to the chase, ever a favourite amusement of Henry's, varied by tennis in the royal gardens, with the Queen and demoiselles of the Court looking on from their balcony. If it were winter, the ornamental waters at Fontainebleau afforded opportunities for skating, and other occupations could be found. Then, for the evening, a ballet was a constant resource, and twice a week there was a regular ball; for, as Catherine sets forth in her instructions to Charles IX., such things were necessary to satisfy the nobility, who, without singing and dancing, could never be kept in good humour. From the age of twelve it was customary to allow the royal children of France to take part in the public functions, and in evening spectacles. Upon a first entry such scenes would appear as belonging to a magic world, compared with the sordid poverty in which France was steeped at that time. Here was a temple devoted to pleasure, poetry, and beauty. But, on a more attentive survey, it was discovered that *ennui* and discontent mingled in every scene, however fair and specious. The perfect conformity of sentiment and taste which was required in this numerous society often imposed restrictions and vexations on the individual not less imperative and even more revolting than the rules of a monastic community. To be constrained to laugh without gaiety, to dance and revel without inclination, was often as irksome as the fast or the long vigil. Such, then, were the scenes among which the early life of Mary Stuart must have been passed, and such the surroundings from which she imbibed those sentiments and feelings which must have influenced her actions in after life, though it must be remembered that it was her holiday-time she passed at Court; the remainder of the year she was in the keeping of her maternal grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchesse de Guise, a lady of stainless repute, who made the widow and the orphan her care, who wore the simplest apparel, appearing even at Court in a serge gown. Thus it came to pass that Mary spent the most impressionable years of her life amongst devout women, over whom the follies and frivolities of the Court had no influence whatever.

We may now proceed to summarise briefly some of the incidents in the career of Mary whilst connected with the Court of Henry. As we have seen, she arrived on the coast of France in August 1548, and by the King's orders was received in semi-royal state. "To whatever place she came the prison gates were thrown open to all criminals," and other

honours and rejoicings marked her progress from Brest to St. Germain. Seeing that her aunt was Abbess of Rheims, and her grandfather Duke of Guise, either the abbey or the palace of her relatives would have formed a suitable residence, but by Henry's express command the "Reinette of Scotland," as he called her, was conducted to a convent where his own daughters were being educated, and here it was, no doubt, that those sentiments of veneration for the Church of Rome which she professed with such ardour in her closing years were imbibed. So responsive did she seem to her spiritual directors that they cherished hopes of her adopting a "religious vocation," and accordingly Mary was promptly withdrawn by her relatives from the convent to the palace, where she had the advantage of the superintendence of her education by her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine. Two years sped by, and the young Princess received a visit from her mother, Mary of Lorraine. The Queen Dowager, with an outburst of maternal affection, shed tears of joy at the sight of her child, whose beauty of person she found wonderfully improved, but accustomed as Mary of Guise must have been to the artificial behaviour of children of that age, even she may have been astonished when her little daughter asked her with the utmost gravity "whether any feuds continued to subsist in the noble families of Scotland, at the same time inquiring by name for those who had evinced most attachment to the ancient faith; if the English still harassed her dear native country, whether divine worship had been preserved in uncontaminated purity; whether the prelates and the priests attended to their respective duties, expressing detestation for all who had forsaken the faith of their fathers." That clerical influence is not far to seek in such a speech as this is obvious enough, particularly in the last sentence, and when we consider that the speaker was but eight years old, it is language which such a child would never use naturally, but, says Sir John Skelton, "there was a mystical vein in her nature . . . she was an apt and willing scholar, and seems indeed to have had that love of learning for its own sake which is by no means common. The ascetic life which she led while with her grandmother does not appear to have been distasteful to her. Her juvenile exercises which have been preserved show considerable force and facility of expression, and the devotional feeling which they manifest is obviously unborrowed. She spoke fluently and readily, she had mastered more than one language, her poetry was praised without reserve by Brantôme and Ronsard, who were critics as

well as courtiers ; the Latin oration which she made before the King and nobles of France when she was barely ten was delivered with a spirit and animation which delighted the Court. She was by nature courteous and considerate, as well as frank and sincere, and she won all hearts by her charm of manner and the grace of her address. Even strangers were captivated by the bright, lively intelligent child, who could yet be so grave and reserved."

In a letter written by the Cardinal of Lorraine to his sister in Scotland in 1553 we get another glimpse of the precocious and attractive girl: "I told you, Madam," the Cardinal writes, "your daughter has grown much taller, and she daily improves in goodness and virtue, in beauty and intelligence. She could not possibly make greater progress than she does in all that is excellent and of good reputation; never have I seen her equal in this realm, among high or low. I must not fail to tell you that so much does the King enjoy her society that he frequently spends an hour in conversing with her, and this is a great pleasure to him, for she talks as well and sensibly as if she was a woman of five and twenty. You may be assured that in her you have a daughter who will be the greatest of comforts to you. In the settlement of her establishment it is my opinion there should not be anything which is either superfluous or mean, for meanness is the thing which of all others she hates most in this world. Be assured that already her spirit is so high that she lets her annoyance be very plainly visible, if she be unworthily treated. Her general conduct is admirable, and nothing can be more satisfactory than the progress she is making under Madame Parroys—the service of God being, as heretofore, carefully observed."

In 1554 Mary writes thus to her mother:

"Madam,—I am very glad to have the means of writing to you my news, being in very great pain from being so long without hearing any of yours. Madam, I have heard that the Governor has put himself at your will, and has restored into your hands the principal places of the kingdom, of which I am very glad, and every day praise our Lord for it; and also that all the princes and great lords have returned unto you. I have come to Meudon to Madam my grandmother, in order to keep the feast of Easter, because she and my uncle—Monsieur le Cardinal—wish that I should take the sacrament. I pray to God very humbly to give me grace,



XI

MARY STUART AS DAUPHINE.

Janet.



that I may make a good beginning. I must not forget to tell you that this bearer has done good and acceptable service to the King.

"Here, Madam, I will present to you my humble recommendations to your good favour, beseeching the Creator to give you in continued health a very happy life.

"Your very humble and very obedient daughter,

"MARIE."

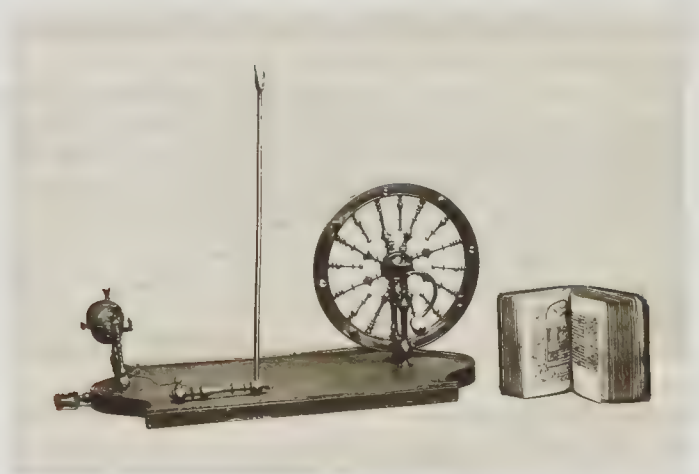
If other testimonies to her attractive qualities at this age be needed, let the following suffice: it is her half-brother Francis of Orleans who writes, "The little Queen of Scotland is found by every one so engaging that the King is more than content;" and Margaret of Savoy says, "The Queen your daughter improves so much in every way that I cannot write enough about her; her honesty and goodness become every day more marked." Anne d'Este, the Princess of Ferrara, is even more enthusiastic: "You have the best and prettiest little Queen in the world; her talk and courage are so discreet that we no longer think of or treat her as a child." And a year or two later, on the eve of her marriage to the Dauphin, Diane de Poitiers confirms the impression of Mary's early tact and reasonableness: "She spoke to the Scottish deputies not as an inexperienced child, but as a woman of age and knowledge: they will tell you this when they return." And, once more, Mary Tudor's Ambassadors to Rome—the Bishop of Ely and Lord Montague—who met her at Fontainebleau in the spring of 1555, were struck by the easy and unaffected simplicity with which she received them.

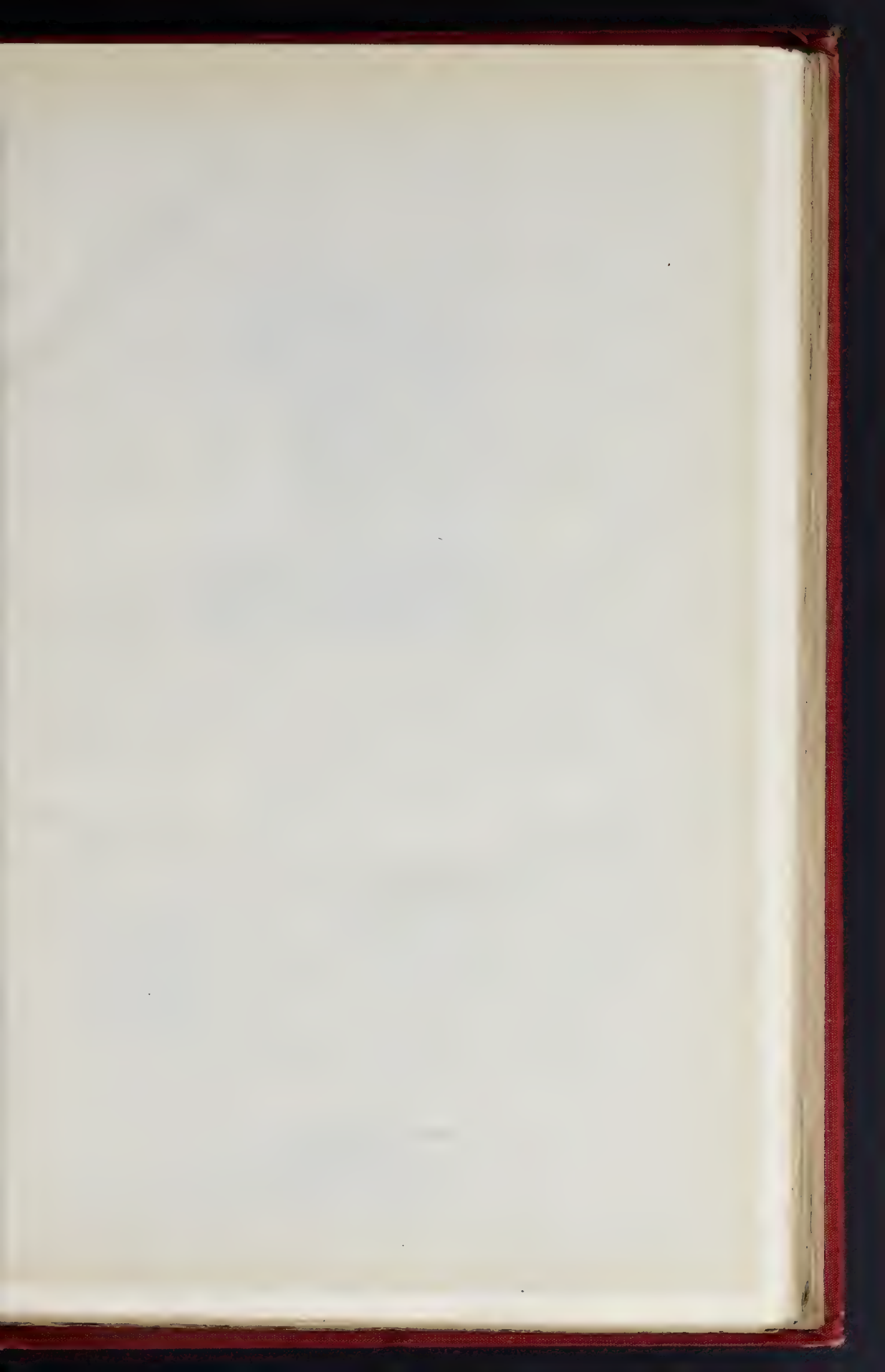
Although the young Queen dwelt in the Royal Palace, it was only on festivals or special occasions that she appeared in public; but we hear of her dancing the *passambo al Espagne*, or minuet, with her father-in-law elect, and there is a tradition of her walking in a religious procession carrying a torch or palm, when her beauty so impressed the onlookers as to lead a woman amongst them to exclaim, "Are you not indeed an angel?" The Spanish Ambassador, Capello, gives us a pleasing account of how he saw the Dauphin and Mary, who as boy and girl seem to have been excellent friends from the first time that they met, "go to the end of the room by themselves to exchange apart from the others their little confidences."

Examples in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, Paris, and the Royal Library

at Windsor enable us to picture the Dauphin as a child, and also as the husband of Mary. The drawing at Paris matches another in the same collection, of Mary as a young woman, in its obvious truth and beautiful handling; it represents him as a mere boy, and he looks but little more in the miniature at Windsor. All these are attributed to Janet or Jannet, "a French limner" as he was called in the catalogue of King Charles I.'s collection, prepared by Van der Dort. He is well known as an artist at the French Court of the day.

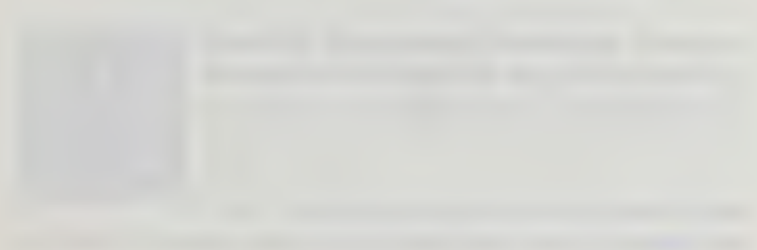
Of portraits of Mary at this age there are several. The one ascribed to Janet, formerly in the Earl of Carlisle's collection, I shall deal with further on—in connection with the difficult subject of her portraits—as I hope to do with a large number of others.





a) JEWELLED SPINNING WHEEL BELONGING TO
MARY OF GUISE.

b) BOOK OF HOURS BELONGING TO MARY STUART



xiii.

MARY STUART WHEN YOUNG.

Janet.



CHAPTER III

MARY STUART IN FRANCE

"I was the queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been!
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en."

"Queen Mary's Lament," BURNS.



ALTHOUGH the materials for painting the life of Mary in France are but slight, and the period in which she was Queen was brief indeed, yet, as an important phase of her existence, it cannot be passed over without notice.

By French law the King attained his majority at the early age of fourteen, and thus the Guises were able to conclude the

nuptials of their niece with Francis II. when he was but a boy. On the other hand, Catherine de Medici, fearful of losing her power over her son, strove for delay on the plea of the extreme youth of the contracting parties. To this the Princes of Lorraine answered that Royal children were often married at twelve years of age, and reminded Catherine that she herself had espoused Henry when younger by some months than her niece. Another reason which had its weight in urging them to hasten forward matters was the fear of the aggrandisement of the family of the Constable; but into these and such like intrigues, of which the times were so prolific, we must not enter.

In the British Museum there is a cast of the obverse of the Great Seal of Francis and Mary. On it each figure is crowned, and each holds a sceptre. It is inscribed "F. and M., D.G., R.R. Francois Scot. *Angl. et Hyber.*" The significance of this inscription is obvious, and throws light on the attitude of Elizabeth to her kinswoman and rival.

From contemporary memoirs, to which reference has already been made, it may be gleaned that, whilst the Prince was of an affectionate disposition, he took but little pleasure in society, and was unfitted for his high position, entailing as it did so much pageantry, by an unprepossessing exterior, and by the shyness and timidity of his manners. He seemed to shrink from the responsibilities of his rank and station, though we are told "his frigidity vanished in the presence of his intended bride," whose grace of manner and charm of person must have furnished a strong contrast.

In the *Epithalamium* of Buchanan we have a delightful picture of her appearance at this time; he expatiates on "the symmetry of her form, on the open brow on which honour seemed enthroned, the mild lustre of her eyes, the captivating smile that mantled her youthful cheeks." He extols "the sedateness of her character, the grave and dignified look that bespoke a prudence beyond her years." Above all he dwells on "that feminine softness, more fascinating than any perfection of symmetry or complexion, by which she was eminently distinguished." Contrast with this the appearance of Francis. In his homely features there was nothing to please the eye, and owing to an unfortunate nasal obstruction he could not speak without offending the ear. His feeble limbs and low stature gave him a meanness of appearance and an insignificance which was not redeemed by any intellectual gifts. He had been in the hands of nurses and physicians from his cradle, and neither physically nor mentally was

he, in any sense of the word, a match for his bride. Notwithstanding all this for fifteen days festivals and fêtes were held in Paris to celebrate the Royal union with becoming pomp. But, splendid though the marriage was that Mary contracted, she soon found that her liberty was not extended in her new position, quite the reverse; and, young as she was, she soon recognised in the Queen-mother a spy on almost her every movement, word, and look. In her consort she found neither sympathy with, nor capacity for, intellectual enjoyment. His favourite amusements were riding and hunting, which she, being at this time of a somewhat delicate constitution, was not well fitted to join, although later in life such things were amongst her greatest delights. The pair were, however, thoroughly in harmony on religious matters, and in all other respects Mary seems to have conformed her habits to his, whilst he repaid her with the utmost devotion of which his nature was capable. This position of splendid constraint was not destined to last long, for Mary was Queen of France only sixteen months. In the autumn of 1560 it was seen that the days of Francis II. were numbered; both in mind and body his weakness increased; before the year was out he took to his bed, and died on December 5, nursed throughout his illness by Mary with the tenderest care. The death of the young King was put down to an imposthume in the ear, and we find Knox exultingly exclaiming, "Lo! the potent hand of God sends unto us a wonderful and most joyful deliverance, for unhappy Francis suddenly perisheth of a rotten ear, that deaf ear that would never hear the truth of God."

Mary's conduct as a wife has been well summed up by one of her admirers and most eloquent partisans—Sir John Skelton—in the following words: "Throughout their brief married life no breath of scandal touched Mary Stuart's name.

"On the contrary, her reasonableness, her prudence, her thoughtfulness, her devoted attention to her husband supplied a theme for many pens. It was a searching ordeal she had to undergo; for this brilliant and vigorous girl, so unequally mated, was the most prominent figure in a society where jealous eyes were keen, and merciless tongues were busy, and where the slightest indiscretion would have been followed by gibe and jeer, yet she came through it unscathed. The *chronique scandaleuse* of Henry's Court is a voluminous record in many volumes, but Mary's name does not appear in it.

"So far as we know she made but one enemy ; but this was a formidable one—Catherine de Medici. Mary had said—so it was reported—that the daughter of a Florentine trader was not the equal of the heir of a hundred kings ; and Catherine never forgave her."

Brantôme gives us his impressions of Mary at this period in her *grand deuil blanc*, "avec lequel," says he, "il la faisoit très beau voir, car la blancheur de son visage contendoit avecques la blancheur de son voile à qui l'emporteroit ; mais enfin l'artifice de son voile le perdoit, et la neige de son blanc visage effaçoit l'autre."

And Suriano has left a picture of Mary after her husband's death. Thus he writes of her : "The little Queen, his widow, was as noble in character as she was beautiful and graceful in person. As she was left a widow while yet a girl, as she has lost a husband she tenderly loved, deprived of one kingdom, and with little hope of recovering her own, it was not surprising that she refused to be consoled, constantly with tears and lamentations recalling her misfortunes. She is constantly pitied by every one." He went a few days later to condole with her, and found her overwhelmed with grief, "almost buried in a room lighted only by a few candles."

It has been well said that when Francis died the ascendancy of the Guises was at an end, and that the rôle of Mary Stuart in France, childless and a widow, was played out—"Cela est fait," as she said herself. There remained, however, Scotland, and it was to this sterile and barren kingdom that the young Queen now turned her eyes. She would go home ; yet even to one of her high courage it must have been a dark outlook ; but her intrepidity struck Throgmorton, Elizabeth's ambassador, who writes of her at this time : "The Queen of Scotland doth carry herself so honourably, advisably, and discreetly as I cannot but fear her progress." And so long as she carried herself in this manner she was, as Throgmorton clearly realised, a menace to her cousin of England. How Elizabeth behaved at this juncture is well known : she refused Mary a safe conduct across the seas "in loud and angry words that had been heard by the whole Court." Mary behaved with far more dignity. "I know not," says she to Throgmorton, "how far I may with my passion be transported, but I like not to have so many witnesses of my passions as your mistress has of hers" ; and with good reason did she add, "It will be thought very strange among all princes and countries that she should first animate

XIV.

(a) MARY STUART.
Unknown.

(b) MARY STUART.
Unknown.



my subjects against me, and now, being a widow, impeach my going into my own country." In her last interview with the ambassador she told him, "If my preparations were not so much advanced as they are, peradventure the Queen your mistress's unkindness might stay my voyage; but now I am determined to venture it, whatsoever come of it. I trust the wind will be so favourable that I shall not need to come to the coast of England; but if I do, your mistress shall have me in her hands to do her will of me, and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end she may then do her pleasure; peradventure that might be better for me than to live. In this matter," quoth she, "God's will be fulfilled."

There can be little doubt that it was not affection for Scotland, nor distaste for France which led to her departure: it was the consciousness that there was no place for her, and that she had an enemy in the person of the Queen-mother. Moreover, the Guises were no longer in power and were very poor, but they were above all things Catholics. At one time the most powerful, always the most intolerant Catholic family in Europe, Mary's uncles may have given a semi-religious, semi-political importance and complexion to her return to Scotland.

She was then but nineteen, and in the eyes of the author of *La Vérité sur Marie Stuart* was a paragon of virtue and purity. Thus he writes: "Contentons-nous de constater qu'au moment où la Reine d'Ecosse quittait la France, dont elle avait été pendant douze ans l'honneur et l'ornement, elle n'était pas seulement la plus charmante et la plus belle, mais la plus vertueuse et la plus pure parmi les plus vertueuses et les plus pures princesses de son époque et de son temps."

As for her fitness for the duties she was called upon to perform, let us hear what Mr. J. R. Green thinks: "Girl as she was, she was hardly inferior in intellectual power to Elizabeth herself, while in fire and grace and brilliancy of temper she stood high above her. She brought with her the voluptuous refinement of the French Renaissance; she would lounge for days in bed, and only rise at night for dances and music. But her frame was of iron and incapable of fatigue. She galloped ninety miles after her last defeat without a pause save to change horses. She loved risk and adventure and the ring of arms. As she rode in a foray against Huntley, the grim swordsman beside her heard her wish she was a man, 'to know what life it was to lie all night in the field, or to watch on the cawsey with a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword.' But in the closet

she was as cool and astute a politician as Elizabeth herself, with plans as subtle but of a far wider and grander range than the Queen's. 'Whatever policy is in all the chief and best practised heads of France,' wrote an English envoy; 'whatever craft, falsehood, and deceit is in all the subtle brains of Scotland, is either fresh in this woman's memory or she can fetch it out with a wet finger.' Her beauty, her exquisite grace of manner, her generosity of temper and warmth of affection, her frankness of speech, her sensibility, her gaiety, her womanly tears, her man-like courage, the play and freedom of her nature, the flashing poetry that broke from her at every intense moment of her life, flung a spell over friend or foe which has only deepened with the lapse of years."

We know what Sir Francis Knollys, the sternest Puritan of his day, thought of her. "She semeth to regard no ceremonious honour beside the acknowledging of her estate regalle. She sheweth a disposition to speake much, to be bold, to be pleasant, and to be very famylyar. She sheweth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies. She sheweth a readiness to expose herself to all perylls in hope of victorie. She delyteth much to hear of hardiness and valiancy, commending by name all approved hardy men of her cuntrye altho' they be her enemies, and she commendeth no cowardice even in her friends."

According to Mr. Green "men knew nothing of the stern bigotry, the intensity of passion which lay beneath the winning surface of Mary's womanhood. But they at once recognised her political ability. Her personal fascination revived the national loyalty, and swept all Scotland to her feet. Knox, the greatest and sternest of the Calvinistic preachers, alone withstood her spell."

Estimates of her character, as widely divergent and sharply contrasted as the foregoing, might be multiplied, for of the writing of books on Mary Stuart there is no end, as a voluminous writer about her has himself observed many years ago; and when we think of the fascination her story has had over such a writer for example as Walter Scott, not to mention others, we feel that there must indeed be some "enchantment in Mary whereby men are bewitched," and that the enchantment not only fell upon the stern and rough men who came in contact with her, but that the spell of it works to this day, so that fresh partisans or fresh opponents arise year by year who fight the battle o'er again.

"Adieu la France, cela est fait, adieu la France, je pense ne vous voir



XV.

MARY STUART'S BEDROOM AT HOLYROOD.

Etched by C. Boucher.



jamais plus!" Thus it is said was Mary heard to exclaim as she stood on the deck of one of the galleys that August night, and watched the French coast slowly sinking out of sight. On the fourteenth, about noon, she left Calais, her ship being white, the other galley red. Her vessel bore a white flag with the arms of France; on the sixteenth they were off Flamborough Head, and on the nineteenth they sailed up the Firth of Forth, having passed the English admiral in a mist. The dense easterly fog, or "haar," as the Scotch call it, which hid Arthur's Seat as they reached Leith, was to Knox a witness of the dolour and darkness she brought into the country with her. It is with the return of Mary to Scotland that her story usually begins for English readers.

"From the unfortunate Mary down to Anne, the last of the dynasty who reigned in England, we find almost all the Stuarts endowed with intellect, knowledge, imagination, refinement, and amiable qualities in abundant measure. The coldness, the measured reserve, the perseverance and the sagacity of the Tudors, however, were often, to the detriment of their fortunes, wanting to the Stuarts." Thus writes one of the most eminent critics Germany has produced.

All her life Mary seems destined to be a victim to the ambition, the hates and fears of others. It is at the stage in her career at which we have now arrived, that the influence of her cousin Elizabeth first makes itself conspicuously felt: here then seems a fitting place to take a glance at the great Eliza, and the able men by whom she was surrounded, and this may be done without any pretension of finding anything new or startling upon a theme which historians have, perhaps, worn somewhat threadbare. But in any work dealing with the friends and foes of the Stuarts it is futile to ignore the English sovereign and her advisers, seeing that they wielded powers which interfered henceforth with every step of Mary's career. Thus it is important to realise clearly the character of the rival Queen, and this by no means lies on the surface; whilst if we wish to be fair to Elizabeth's ministers, and to understand that tangled web, their policy, it is equally important to know something of their aims and their methods.

One of the most graphic pictures of Elizabeth with which I am acquainted is a contemporary one, given in the memoirs of Sir James Melville, which were published by his nephew in 1683. Sir James was a page to Queen Mary when she was but seven years of age, he being then fourteen.

On her return to Scotland as Queen, he was made a gentleman of the bedchamber, and paid two visits to London as ambassador from Mary Stuart to Elizabeth Tudor. The following passages in his memoirs are doubtless familiar to many readers, but they bring out so clearly the rivalry between the Queens, and contain so many touches from the life, that I am loth to omit them. He was in London in September 1564, and relates how "Master Lattoun and Master Randolph, late agent for the Queen of England in Scotland, came to my lodging to convoy me to her Majesty, who was in the garden. . . . I found her Majesty pacing in an alley." Then follows some talk of a meeting of commissioners, of whom Lord Robert Dudley was desired by Mary to be one. Whereon Elizabeth speaks of Dudley as being esteemed by her as "her brother and best friend, whom she should have married herself, if ever she had been minded to take a husband. . . . And to cause the Queen my mistress, to think the more of him, I was required to stay till I had seen him made Earl of Leicester and Baron of Denbigh, with great solemnity at Westminster, herself helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting upon his knees before her, and keeping a great gravity and discreet behaviour. But she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck to kittle (tickle) him smilingly, the French ambassador and I standing beside her. Then she asked me how I liked of him. I said, as he was a worthy subject, he was happy that he had encountered a princess that could discern and reward good service. 'Yet,' she said, 'ye like better of yonder long lad,' pointing towards my Lord Darnley, who, as nearest prince of the blood, bore the sword of honour that day before her. My answer again was that no woman of spirit could make choice of such a man, that was liker a woman than a man, for he was very lusty, beardless, and lady-faced. . . . In the meantime I was favourably and familiarly used, for during nine days that I remained at Court, her Majesty pleased to confer with me every day, and sometimes thrice upon a day, to wit, afore noon, after noon, and after supper. . . . She appeared to be so affectioned to the Queen her good sister, that she had a great desire to see her, and because their desired meeting could not be hastily brought to pass, she delighted oft to look upon her picture, and took me into her bedchamber, and opened a little lettoun (cabinet) wherein were divers little pictures wrapped within paper, and written upon the paper their names with her own hand. Upon the first that she took up was written, 'My lord's picture.' I held the

candle and pressed to see my lord's (Leicester's) picture. Albeit she was loth to let me see it, at length I by importunity obtained the sight thereof, and asked the same to carry home with me unto the Queen, which she refused, alleging that she had but that one of his. I said again that she had the principal, for he was at the furthest part of the chamber speaking with the secretary Cecil. Then she took out the Queen's picture and kissed it, and I kissed her hand for the great love I saw she bore the Queen. . . . Her (Elizabeth's) hair was redder than yellow, curled apparently of nature. Then she entered to discern what colour of hair was reported best, and inquired whether the Queen's or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I said the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I thought fairest. I said, she was the fairest Queen in England, and ours the fairest Queen in Scotland. Yet she was earnest, I said they were both the fairest ladies of their courts, and that the Queen of England was whiter, but our Queen was very lovesome. She inquired which of them was of highest stature. I said, our Queen. Then she said the Queen was over high, and that herself was neither over high, nor over low. Then she asked what sort of exercises she used. I said, that I was dispatched out of Scotland, and that the Queen was but new to come back from the highland hunting; and when she had leisure from the affairs of her company, she read upon good books, the histories of divers countries, and sometimes would play upon lute and virginals. She sperit (asked) if she played well. I said, reasonably for a Queen.

"The same day after dinner my Lord of Hunsden (Huntingdon) drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music, . . . and seeing her back was toward the door, I entered within the chamber and stood still at the door post, and heard her play excellently well; but she left off so soon as she turned her about and saw me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her left hand, and to think shame; alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, her alone, to eschew melancholy; and askit how I came there. I said, as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsden, as we passed by the chamber door, I heard such melody, which ravished and drew me within the chamber I wist not how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the Court of France, and was now willing to suffer what kind of punishment would please her to lay upon me for my offence.

"Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knee beside her; but she gave me a cushion with her own hand to lay under my knee, which I refused, but she compelled me; and called for my Lady Stafford out of the next chamber, for she was alone there. Then she asked whether the Queen or she played best. In that I gave her the praise. . . . She inquired at me whether she or the Queen danced best. I said, the Queen danced not so high, and disposedly as she did. Then again she wished that she might see the Queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convoy her secretly in (to) Scotland by post, clothed like a page disguised, that she might see the Queen. . . . She said, 'Alas! if she might do it,' &c. As we know, she never did do it. Had they come together the fate of Mary might have been very different, and what a meeting that of the rival Queens would have been!

Now let us hear the opinion of a writer who has studied the English Queen closely, particularly with regard to her complicated dealings with Mary. According then to Mr. Hosack, "Elizabeth imposed more successfully upon mankind than any equally conspicuous personage in history. In the eyes of the multitude in her day, she was a great and magnanimous sovereign—the idol of her people and the terror of her enemies. In reality, it is easy to perceive, through all her cleverness and cunning, that she was not only the vainest and the meanest, but the most irresolute and vacillating of her sex. Her capricious and tyrannical treatment of her ministers and attendants, the domineering tone which she could assume with so much effect towards foreign ambassadors, and her occasional sallies of coarse wit, were all, to ordinary observers, so many proofs of her high and courageous spirit. They in reality veiled, though they could not conceal, a radical weakness in her nature, which is abundantly perceptible throughout her whole career. The incredible amount of irresolution which she displayed on every great emergency, and the startling inconsistencies of her policy and conduct, admit of no other explanation; nor is it too much to say that the greatest crimes which stain her memory were committed under the influence of terror. When the insatiable spirit of vengeance, which she displayed after the bloodless rising of 1569, alarmed her best friends; when she allowed her soldiers to die of hunger in the Netherlands, with the deliberate intention of betraying to Philip the people she had sworn to protect; when she would have had her council invent some new kind of tortures, more horrible still than the law allowed, to be employed in the



XVI.
QUEEN ELIZABETH.



punishment of Babington and his companions; when, after a ceaseless struggle of nineteen years, she was finally induced to consent to the murder of Mary Stuart, and when she perfidiously sought to transfer the guilt of the deed to the minister who had faithfully obeyed her orders—we must, in charity, assume that she was the slave of her womanish fears. As her powers of intellect became impaired, the weaknesses inherent in her became more and more apparent; and there is nothing in all history more painfully tragic than the closing scenes of Elizabeth's life. To the very end she was haunted by imaginary terrors, until she died at last, the most fortunate of sovereigns, but the most broken-hearted and the most unlovable of women."

In person Elizabeth was a little over middle height, and when she came to the throne she must have been a beautiful young woman, with a profusion of auburn hair, a broad, commanding brow, and regular features that were capable of rapid changes of expression as her hazel eyes flashed with anger or sparkled with merriment. Her portraits appear to have been all more or less "idealised." The remark as to idealisation is exemplified by her instructions to the miniature-painter Nicholas Hilliard to draw her face without any shadows, and is further illustrated by the interesting portrait of her which is at Woburn, and was clearly painted after 1588, as the dispersal of the Armada is depicted in the background. At this date the Queen had arrived at the mature age of sixty-five; in the picture she does not look more than thirty. As in other portraits of her, the display of jewels is very great, and of pearls excessive. I am unable to glean any particulars as to the painter. No doubt, like so many of the contents of the seat of the Russell family, the picture has been at Woburn since the days when it was painted.

In his "Anecdotes of Painting" Walpole says, upon the authority of Vertue, "I believe that Richard Stevens, an able Dutch artist, was much employed in England about this time; and as the Cavendish family possess receipts of his, it is very highly probable that the curious full-length portraits at Hardwick, of Elizabeth in a gown embroidered with sea-monsters; of the Queen of Scots, and of others, were painted by this Richard Stevens." Thanks to the Duke of Devonshire, I am able to show this interesting picture of Elizabeth, the details of which are curious and elaborate in the extreme, and worthy of careful study: in the black jewelled dress and white silk kirtle covered with emblems of

birds, beasts, and fishes, it fully bears out the description of Elizabeth's person.

Of that illustrious group of which the Virgin Queen is the central figure, none was dearer to his mistress than William Cecil, the ever vigilant Lord Burghley. Although at times she would seem to show a preference for other advisers, in the long run it was Cecil's astute and cautious statesmanship which most commended itself to her. Originally country gentlemen on the marches of Wales, with lands in Monmouth and Herefordshire, the Cecils or Sitsilts, as they were formerly called, gave to English statesmanship, in the persons of Burghley and his son, two of its most distinguished men. Their careers are too well known to need repetition, but it is interesting to compare estimates which have been formed of their characters. Speaking of the elder man, the author of "Mary and her Accusers" says: "The public life of this renowned minister consists of little more than a series of conspiracies against the Catholic Powers. . . . It is notorious that although singularly deficient in the qualities requisite for successful aggression, he was the aggressor in every instance." Mr. Hosack goes on to quote Mr. Morley for proof, and asserts that Cecil "was helpless in the hour of danger. From the influence which he acquired over Elizabeth, and the prominent part he took in the establishment of the Reformation in England, the virtues of this celebrated person have been much extolled, and it must be admitted that in industry and vigilance no minister ever surpassed him. But in other and rarer qualities he will not bear comparison even with contemporary statesmen. He possessed neither the deep impenetrable craft of Murray, the versatility of Maitland, the commanding intellect of Sussex, nor the vigour and dexterity of Walsingham."

Nor is a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1832, whom I believe to be Macaulay, more favourable in his verdict. According to him, "Lord Burghley can hardly be called a great man. He was not one of those whose genius and energy change the fate of empires. He was by nature and habit one of those who follow, not one of those who lead. Nothing that is recorded, either of his words or of his actions, indicates intellectual or moral elevation. But his talents, though not brilliant, were of an eminently useful kind; and his principles, though not inflexible, were not more relaxed than those of his associates and competitors. He had a cool temper, a sound judgment, great powers of application, and a constant eye

to the main chance. In his youth he was, it seems, fond of practical jokes. Yet even out of these he contrived to extract pecuniary profit. When he was studying the law at Gray's Inn, he lost all his furniture and books to his companion at the gaming table. He accordingly bored a hole in the wall which separated his chambers from those of his associate, and at midnight bellowed through this passage threats of damnation and calls to repentance in the ears of the victor, who lay sweating with fear all night, and refunded his winnings on his knees next day. "Many other the like merry jests," says his old biographer, "I have heard him tell, too long to be here noted."

To the last Burghley was somewhat jocose, and some of his sportive sayings have been recorded by Bacon. They show much more shrewdness than generosity, and are indeed neatly expressed reasons for exacting money rigorously, and for keeping it carefully. It must, however, be acknowledged that he was rigorous and careful for the public advantage as well as for his own. To extol his moral character as some have extolled it would be absurd. It would be equally absurd to represent him as a corrupt, rapacious, and bad-hearted man. He paid great attention to the interests of the State, and great attention also to that of his own family. He never deserted his friends until it was very inconvenient to stand by them; was an excellent Protestant when it was not very advantageous to be a Papist; recommended a tolerant policy to his mistress as strongly as he could without hazarding her favour; never put to the rack any person from whom it did not seem probable that any very useful information might be derived; and was so moderate in his desires, that he left only three hundred distinct landed estates, though he might, as his honest servant assures us, have left much more "if he would have taken money out of the Exchequer for his own use, as many treasurers have done."

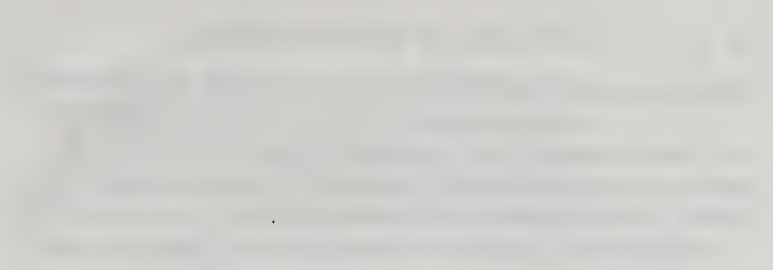
Pride in his ancestry was a foible of Burghley's, and the Jesuits vexed him sore by insinuations of his base origin, as when Father Persons said his (Cecil's) father was a tavern-keeper. His munificence to St. John's College, Cambridge, should be remembered in his favour, and he had, there is no doubt, a genuine love of books and interest in learning. Gardening and heraldry, too, were great hobbies of his. It has been argued, and with reason, that Burghley's treatment of his political tools was the worst side of his character, and his behaviour to Davison, his instrument in the execution of Mary, is instanced; but we must remember

the standard of the political morality of the age. In those days, for example, the prime minister of a great sovereign thought it no discredit to urge a nobleman, the Earl of Shrewsbury, to obtain by artifice proofs of Mary's guilt from her own mouth. Burleigh thus writes to him: "Her Majesty would have you tempt her patience to utter somewhat."

Upon the whole the younger Cecil seems the more attractive character, though physically he could hardly have been prepossessing, for he is said to have been not more than five feet, two or three inches, in height, "with a wry neck, a crooked back, and a splay foot"; but these personal defects are doubtless exaggerated in the lampoons of some of the followers of Essex, his mortal enemy, from which they have been taken. Nor can any credence be given to the scandalous story, which is told by Sir Anthony Weldon, of his dying of the Herodian disease, "for all his great honours and possessions and stately houses, on the top of a molehill near Marlborough."

The portrait of Cecil in the National Portrait Gallery was painted in 1602 by an unknown artist. Very similar pictures exist at Welbeck and at Woburn, that at Woburn being attributed to Marc Gheeraedts. In each of these stands the small pale-faced secretary, whom Elizabeth used to call "her little elf," and James, "his little pigmy and his beagle." But this little man with the sharp eyes was "in his temper, of a sweet disposition, full of mildness, mirth, honesty, kindness, and gratitude, of noble endowments of mind, of a great genius, and perfectly acquainted with the state and interest of his nation; a person of great dexterity, sincerity, and judgment in the despatch of business." He was invaluable to James, of whom he is termed the seducer, since he persuaded the King "that this nation was so rich it could neither be exhausted nor provoked." He is said to have raised £200,000 by making 200 baronets. He was, according to an old writer, "a very wise man, but much hated in England, telling the King he should find his English subjects like asses, on whom he might lay any burden. He caused a whole cartload of Parliament presidents, (precedents) that spake the subject's liberty, to be burnt."

As to the connection of the Cecils with this work, let it be borne in mind that the elder Burghley must have influenced the fate of Mary Stuart in a great degree: that the younger was the trusted adviser of her son James the First and Sixth, and that both were great men who have left their mark deep in the history of the times we are considering. Lord Burghley's close grasp of detail, and minute attention to affairs is



XVII.

(a) FRANCIS II. WHEN DAUPHIN.

Janet.

MARY STUART AND LORD DARNLEY.

Com. 1565.

(c) MARY STUART.

Enamel by H. Bone R.A., after Sir A. More

evidenced in the plan for the trial of Mary Stuart, drawn up by his own hand, of which a facsimile is given in a succeeding chapter.

In the gallery of pictures belonging to the Bodleian Library is a very interesting portrait of Elizabeth's great Secretary of State riding to the meeting of Parliament upon a richly caparisoned mule, holding a rose in his hand. And now to return to the young Queen of Scotland.





CHAPTER IV

MARY STUART IN SCOTLAND

"We be here in a corner of the world, separated, as it were, from the society of men, and so do not every day hear what others are doing abroad in the world."

MAITLAND TO CECIL.



IN the preceding chapter various opinions have been given on the characters of the advisers of Elizabeth, and of the men who exercised such an influence over the fate of Mary; in doing so one cannot but feel that the Scottish Queen was at a great disadvantage as compared with her rival, in this respect at any rate. The men whom she gathered round her Council differed *toto coelo* from those who were the inspirers and the instruments of Elizabeth's policy, and especially in regard to the devotion which they showed to their mistress.

When we think of the friends and the foes of the young Queen, and see how the latter appear to outnumber the former, we realise how absolutely alone she was, not merely when shut up in captivity in English castles, but at crises in her life before ever she crossed the Solway. A mere enumeration of the statesmen who played leading parts in the history of the years 1542-1587 shows the wide difference which marks them off. In England the two Cecils and Walsingham, in Scotland Moray, Morton, and Maitland. No doubt differences in the social



Faint, illegible text, likely a description or commentary on the arms of Mary Stuart.

XVIII.

THE ARMS OF MARY STUART.

conditions of the two countries, will account for a great deal, and due allowances must be made for the wide gulf between the religious parties, and the embittered feeling bred and engendered by such circumstances as the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day on the one side, and by the unsparing, unceasing denunciation of Knox and his followers on the other. But the same *odium theologicum* made its influence felt in England as well. To analyse the causes which led to such a different state of affairs would lead us too far afield, and I must confine myself in these pages to the pointing out the divergences in the personal characters of the statesmen of the period, and shall give in the words of recognised authorities estimates which have been formed of their respective merits or demerits, as the case may be. Before, however, attempting this analysis of Mary's chief advisers, it may be well to take a glance at Scotland and its people in the sixteenth century. If we can realise the mental, moral and physical aspects of her surroundings, we ought to be able to understand more clearly the great difficulties of Mary's position.

When Mary landed at Leith, fresh from the luxury of the French Court, she is reported to have wept when she saw the accoutrements of the Scottish Horse who formed her escort to Edinburgh. And Brantôme has recorded his opinion of the five hundred or six hundred "scoundrels of the town who gave her a serenade with wretched violins and little rebecks." "Ha," says the French Ambassador, "what music and what repose for her first night!"

In the pages of *Blackwood* some years ago a Scottish writer drew a picture of this "corner of the world" as it was in Mary's day, and we cannot do better than follow the outlines he has traced. "Scotland," he says, "separated from the continent by an angry sea, lay out in the dim twilight of the North, and to the happier and richer nations of Europe its history and its literature were as little known as the Icelandic Sagas."

In 1561, the year of Mary's arrival, the population of the whole country probably did not exceed half a million; and these were divided by sharply drawn lines between mountaineer, borderer, and lowlander. "The Western Highlands and islands were occupied by Celts divided into clans. The island Celts were pirates, the mainland Celts were thieves." They were, says their countryman, "an imaginative race . . . and had the virtues of mountaineers. They were brave, simple, hardy and frugal. Hunting and fishing supplied them with the food they needed. They

flayed the deer where it fell, and its skin filled with water served as a vessel to boil the flesh. Wrapped in their plaids, which were the colour of the heather among which they lurked, they braved the severest storms in the open air, sleeping sometimes among the snow."

We may get some idea of what life in the Highlands was like in those days from the English envoy's description of his visit to Inverness in Mary's company. When away from her capital, at St. Andrews, and elsewhere, the Queen was accustomed to lay aside her state, and would be continually in the open air, hunting, hawking and the like. She made a practice of visiting some outlying district each year. This journey Randolph calls "terrible both for horse and man, the country is so poor, and the victuals are so scarce." Yet Mary seems to have enjoyed it all, and this ability to share their daily lot would commend her to her Highland subjects. But such popularity was not to the taste of men like Knox, who says, "Such stinking pride of woman was never seen before in Scotland." The borderers or moss troopers, "arrant thieves all, were mounted on their wiry horses, which could pick their way along the narrow and slippery tracks that crossed the quaking mosses. They could clamber like goats across a mountain pass, or up the bed of a torrent. In darkest night and wildest storms they could be trusted. The troopers could ride forty miles between dusk and dawn. In Falstaff's phrase, 'they were Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.'"

Such then, in the picturesque phraseology of Sir John Skelton, was the land, and such the people the young Queen was called upon to govern. As she looked out of the windows of Holyrood, or gazed down from the Castle ramparts across to the blue waters of the Firth of Forth, she would see that the Edinburgh which lay before her was a city contracted within narrow limits, for its red roofs all stood on the back of the ridge between the Castle, and the Palace of Holyrood. At this time its population is thought not to have exceeded 40,000, but they were "crowded into a space where at the present day it would be difficult to accommodate half the number. From the Castle to Holyrood is not more than 1400 yards, the capital was thus as populous as an ant-hill. From morning to night the street was busy, and much business was transacted in the open air; priests, nobles, and tradesmen jostled each other, and all public acts and municipal duties were transacted before the entire society, which sometimes sallied out like a swarm of angry bees."

We may get another glimpse of Mary's neighbours and subjects in the reliable pages of Mr. Hay Fleming. He says: "The days of the youthful Queen were not mainly spent in dread or displeasure. On Sabbath, November 30, 1561, there was running at the ring, 'six against six—the one half like women, the other like strangers in strange masking garments.' A week after, there was mirth and pastime upon the sands of Leith. In her garden at St. Andrews she shoots at the butts, against the Lord James, the Master of Lindsay, and one of her ladies being of the party, and when her accusers say she ought to have been wailing in secret, she played openly at golf and pall mall."

In her council chamber, says Knox, "she kept herself very grave, but how soon that ever her Frenche fydlaris gatt the howse allone, thair mycht be sean skipping nor verry cumlie for honest women." In private she said she saw "nothing in Scotland but gravitie which repugned altogether to her nature, for she was brocht up in joyusitie; so termed she her dansing and other things thairto belonging."

Let us now look at the men who were at the head of affairs whilst she sat upon the Scottish throne, and we may begin with the ablest of them all, Sir William Maitland of Lethington. He must have been one of the most attractive men of his day. "The flower of the wits of Scotland," Elizabeth called him. His career is of a special interest in connection with this work, for although his political conduct has been taxed with selfish versatility, he may be fairly credited with being the public man of his country who remained longest attached to the interests of Mary. "That he was keen, supple, pliant, dexterous, perennially gay, deft and incisive, has never been denied; that he was also intrepid and tenacious, a political reasoner of the highest order, and a statesman who was as resolute as he was adroit, will by-and-by be admitted." Before she left France she had become aware of his qualities, and recognised in him a kindred spirit. "A true identity drew them together. Between Knox and Mary there lay a gulf that could not be bridged. Knox was as ruthless as a Prophet of Israel, as narrow as a Spanish inquisitor; whereas, Mary and Maitland belonged to the new world," says an admirer of the Queen. "In their lack of fanatical fervour, in their contempt for convention and conventional methods, in their freedom from obsolete prepossessions, their frankness, their urbanity, they represent the modern spirit. The orderly government of Scotland, the reorganisation of a

disorganised society—anarchic nobles on one hand, and arrogant priests on the other, was the aim of Maitland's administration. Till the murder of Rizzio, the relations between Mary and Maitland were of the most cordial kind." "No statesman," says Mr. Hosack, "ever enjoyed among his contemporaries a higher reputation for ability. All men distrusted, yet all deferred to him; and every party to which he successively gave his services tacitly acknowledged him as leader. It was not without reason that he acquired this remarkable ascendancy, for his talents were eminently of the practical kind. He was ready and eloquent of speech, brimful of resources, and, while others hesitated, ever prepared to act decisively and boldly. He was not one of those politicians who look far into futurity, for his sole ambition seemed to be to adapt himself to the exigencies of the hour, and this he did with singular success. His knowledge of men was unerring; and in playing on their weaknesses he showed unrivalled skill. He was a scholar too, and in his diplomatic controversies could cite an apt quotation from Demosthenes, or a witty line from Chaucer, to silence or to ridicule an adversary. Machiavelli recommends his prince not to choose a man of genius for his minister, and no better illustration of the wisdom of the Florentine can be found than in the history of Maitland. Had he possessed less talent and more honesty it would have been far better for his country and himself. He might have been the guide and protector of his youthful sovereign through the countless dangers which beset her at every step. He, and he alone, could have taught her how to rule those fierce and lawless nobles who were sworn enemies alike of the people and the Crown. But a steady and consistent course had no attractions for that restless spirit. In the world of politics he was from first to last a gambler, not from necessity, but choice. He could only breathe freely in an atmosphere of treason; and, if in the prosecution of a cherished scheme, forgery or murder became essential to success, such obstacles, by stimulating his energy and daring, were more calculated to attract than to scare him from his project. The 'chameleon of politics,' as Buchanan nicknamed him, acquired, and to the last maintained, a degree of influence over Elizabeth which his rare powers of intellect can alone explain. There must have been something strangely attractive about the man; for although he was universally known to be the most faithless of politicians, no one seems to have ever spoken harshly of him excepting Knox." Spotswood, who was

made Archbishop of Glasgow by James I., and spoke from personal contemporary knowledge, says of him: "A man he was of deep wit, great experience, and one whose counsels were held in that time for oracles, but variable and inconstant, turning and changing from one faction to another, as he thought it to make for his standing. This did greatly diminish his reputation, and failed him at last."

By way of contrast, let us now turn to John Knox. Foremost amongst the enemies of Mary must always be placed the author of the "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." The bitterness of the man was reflected in his face, his narrowness and superstition constantly shown by word and action. But neither eighteen months in the galleys, nor all the troubles and struggles of his career, ever quenched his fiery zeal or abated his energy. His ardour, his courage, his invective, "animated the friends, and confounded the foes, of the truth."

"It may be conceded that worldly wealth was not the aim of his ambition. The prize for which he toiled and fought was spiritual dominion, and compared with that he regarded everything as worthless. He was the Hildebrand of Calvinism in his own narrow sphere, every whit as intolerant and overbearing as the most ambitious of the Pontiffs."

According to Mr. Hay Fleming, Knox was regarded by Mary before she left France as the most dangerous man in her dominions, and she was determined to banish him. On the other hand, Knox formed an opinion of her which he never relinquished: "If their be not in her a proud mynd, a crafty witt, and ane indurat hearte against God and his treuth, my judgement faileth me;" and he writes to Cecil: "Her hole proceedinges do declayr that the cardinalles lessons ar so deaplie prented in her hart that the substance and the qualitie ar liek to perrishe together. In communication with her I espyed such craft as I have not found in such aige, since hath the court been dead to me and I to it."

It is absurd to speak of Knox as a churl, and of Mary as a defenceless queen. Amongst the leaders of the congregation none were his equal, and, as one who loved him not has been constrained to admit, think of him as we may, his essential greatness cannot be disputed; so that it may be said of him, in the words of Sir John Skelton, "Almost without exaggeration, John Knox was the Reformation." There was a prodigious

elementary force of nature about this Scottish iconoclast which made him a hammer of the monasteries indeed.

But Knox's intellect was constructive as well as destructive. He had no reverence and he had no diffidence. He was willing to make a *tabula rasa* of the past; but then, on the other hand, a quite original theory of the universe—a brand new scheme of doctrine and discipline—was ready on a day's notice to take its place. No timid respect for antiquity, for long experience, or inveterate custom weakened the invention of this audacious artist. Had this Pope of the High Street been less arbitrary, had such words as charity and magnanimity had any place in his vocabulary, more lasting results may have followed the revolt from Rome which he led; and there is probably truth in the remark that had Erasmus or Maitland conducted it, it would have had greater ultimate stability.

Another conspicuous figure of this period is James Earl of Morton, "the dark and dangerous Douglas," elected Regent in 1572. According to Skelton, the man thus raised to the foremost place in the State "was insatiably greedy and rapacious . . . notoriously and shamelessly profligate. He had no lawful issue, but the richest benefices in Scotland were held by a score of (his) needy bastards." "His hatred of the preachers," says Buckle, "passed all bounds. Even in the days of the Regency of Lennox he was the chief manager of everything under him, and Moray and Mar were puppets in his hands." "When any benefices of Kirk vaikit, he keapit the proffet of thair rents sa lang in his awin hands," was common complaint against him. The most powerful noble in Scotland, he "was hard, cruel, unscrupulous." He it was who had promised to put Mary to death within three hours of her landing in Scotland. He had as little mercy for man as he had respect for woman. His rivals died like flies, and his castle of Dalkeith, to which he sullenly withdrew when the evil mood was on him, was, in popular parlance, "The Lion's Den." "But a strong man, of no mean political sagacity, he went straight to the mark. He had immense patience, unflinching firmness, dog-like tenacity." With such determination did he pursue his measures that nothing could have withstood him, "had not God," says Calderwood, "stirred up a faction against him." Whilst Regent "he held Scotland in an iron grip. He brought the lawless borderers to their senses, a matter not heard of nor seen in many ages before."

In spite of his vices, in spite of his crimes, he was the trusted leader

of the Congregation; and although he treated the preachers with cynical insolence, and though his Tulchan bishops were a scandal to the Church, yet in a sense he was always true to the Reformation.

Calvinism may be said to stand self-condemned when such a character as Morton could be regarded by God-fearing men as one of the elect. But as such he undoubtedly was; his greed, his exactions, his filthy life and conversation, were all condoned, for he was one of the chosen, and, do what he would, he could not forfeit his birthright. Whatever was the "exceeding great reward" expected by his co-religionists to await this chosen vessel, erstwhile Regent of Scotland, in another world, his ending here below was pitiful enough. He was condemned to be executed. His head was cut off and put upon the common jail of Edinburgh; his body lay on the scaffold all day covered by a shabby cloak, and when evening came it was carried to the burial-place of criminals.

Amongst the warmest supporters of John Knox was Mary's illegitimate brother, Lord James Stuart, Earl of Moray, the so-called "Good Regent," of whom it was said his avarice was like the bottomless pit, a characteristic one seems able to read in the portrait of him which hangs at Holyrood. A modern writer says: "Moray was an honourable and conscientious man if judged by the standard of his environment—the only fair way of estimating character."

It is somewhat difficult to account for the partiality Mary evinced for Moray, unless we are to explain it upon grounds of affinity of blood. But of the value of his support there can be but little doubt, seeing he was foremost among the great nobles—"the gaunt and hungry nobles of Scotland," as Mr. Froude calls them, many of whom, however, were able to bring a thousand men apiece into the field. Moreover, he was possessed of capacity, kindly heart, undaunted resolution, and unswerving rectitude, according to Professor Beesley; yet this man was engaged in negotiations with Elizabeth for the surrender of Mary at the time of his assassination. The following is another estimate of his character. He was full of personal intrepidity, a patron of learning, zealous for religion; his liberality towards his friends knew no bounds. On the other hand, his ambition was immoderate, his treatment of Mary unbrotherly and ungrateful; the dependence on Elizabeth under which he brought Scotland was disgraceful to the nation. His elevation to dignities inspired him with haughtiness and reserve, and towards the end of his life he was fond of flattery and impatient

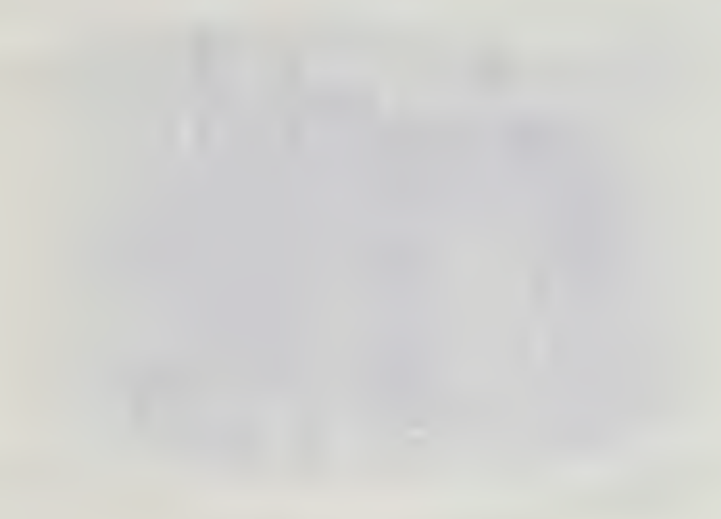
of advice. Dispensing justice with much impartiality, order and tranquillity were established; his administration was extremely popular, and he was long remembered as the Good Regent.

The badge of the Order of the Thistle, the jewel which Moray wore on the fatal day of January 1570, is a relic which I am able to reproduce in fac-simile through the courtesy of the late Earl of Galloway. The Regent had it on his person the day he rode through the High Street of Linlithgow and fell a victim to James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who shot him through the belly as he went by. Moray was taken into the dark little chamber of his porter's lodge, and there he bled to death. Bothwellhaugh owed his life to the clemency of Moray, but his estate had been bestowed on one of the Regent's favourites, who turned Hamilton's wife out into the fields naked, and drove her violently mad in consequence.

Although George Buchanan does not belong to the ranks of the statesmen nor to the warriors, he was a soldier for a short time under the Duke of Albany. His weapon, the pen, was wielded with such effect as to influence the popular estimate of Mary. "First the sycophant, and then the slanderer of his sovereign, his pen was ever at the service of the highest bidder. But his powers were better adapted to flattery than invective. Nothing can be more finished than some of his laudatory verses upon Mary; nothing can be more ridiculous than the gross exaggeration of the 'Detection.' Buchanan had been soured by poverty in his youth; and prosperity, when it came at last, seems only to have hardened his cynical and sullen nature. At bottom a bigoted Republican, he seems to have become, in his latter days, a fanatic in his politics and a free thinker in his religion." He was tutor to Mary the Queen, and to James I. and VI. When reproached with having made the last named a pedant, he replied, "'Tis a wonder I have made so much of him." The false character of the man is strikingly suggested in the portrait of him now in the Bodleian Library, which, though poorly painted, and exceedingly hard, shows he had a good and capacious head. His face and brow are deeply wrinkled, his hair grey, his moustache sandy and grey.

Such then is a brief survey of Scotland as Mary found it, and a rapid sketch of the characters of some of the men with whom she was brought in contact during the five or six years of her reign. It has been said that had she died in 1566, she would have left the record of a happy and prosperous time. Yet all the while she was, as some think, "scheming

THE HOUSE AT ST. ANDREWS,
DWELT IN BY MARY STUART.
ETCHED BY C. BOUCHER.



NIX.
HOUSE AT ST. ANDREWS, DWELT IN BY MARY STUART.
Etched by C. Boucher.

to hurl Elizabeth from her throne, an object for which she never ceased to work till her head was off her shoulders. As niece of the Catholic Guises she was engaged in a plot against Protestantism, and carried it on as an intolerant, aggressive Romanist might be expected to do. But, say her defenders, that is the old story of the wolf and the lamb. Mary was not plotting against Elizabeth, it was Elizabeth and her ministers, with Knox and the Calvinists, who were plotting against Mary."





CHAPTER V

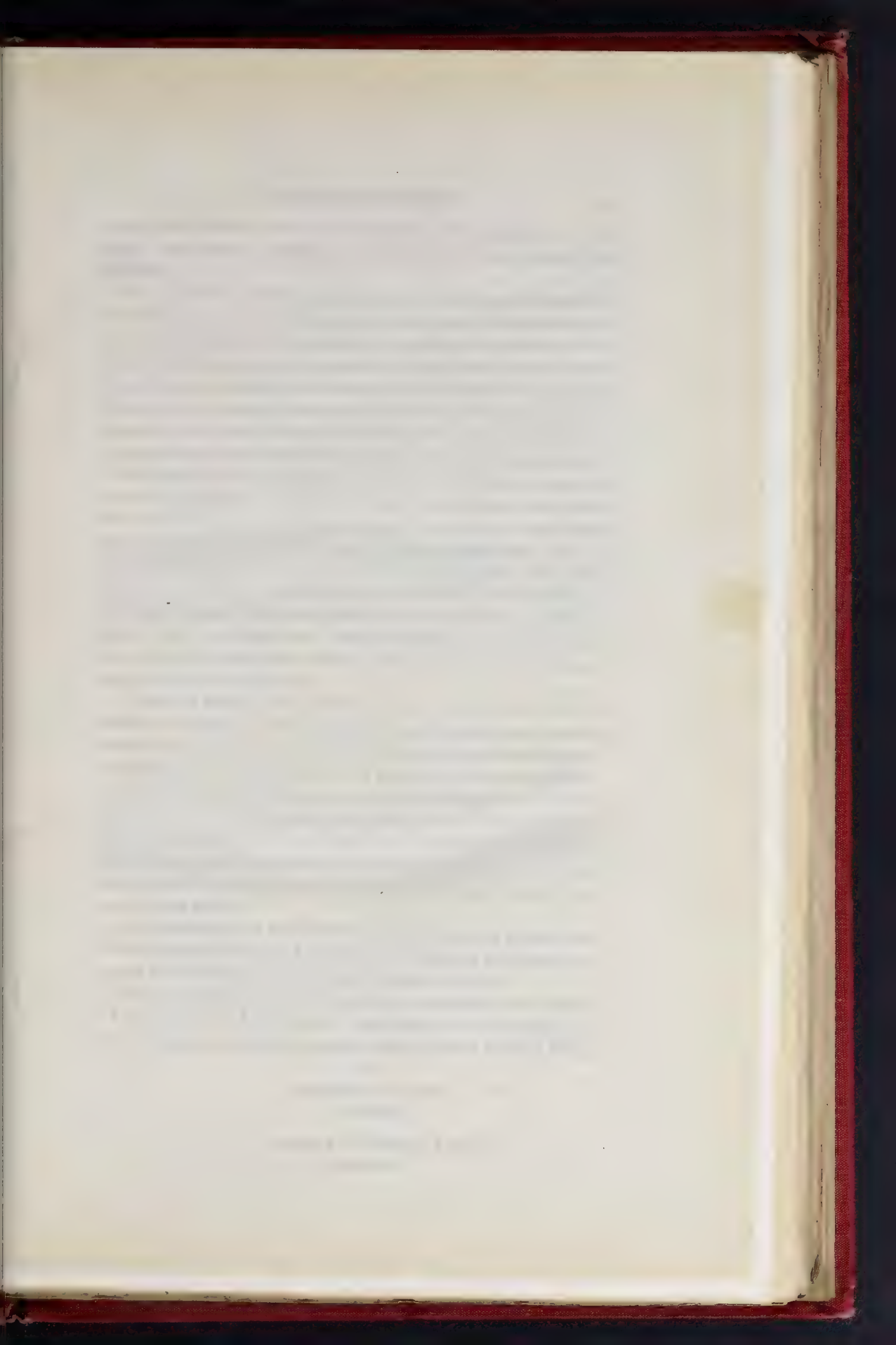
MARY IN SCOTLAND

Rizzio, Darnley, and Bothwell



IN July 29, 1565, Mary married Darnley, "a raw-boned lad of nineteen, foolish, ignorant, ill-conditioned, vicious, and without a single manly quality." On July 29, 1567, she abdicated in favour of her son, and Moray was nominated Regent. Only two years! but in them happened the murder of Rizzio and of Darnley, and the marriage with Bothwell.

Of the first gruesome story, what is to be said except that although "Seigneur Davie" was not actually slain in her presence, it was a brutal outrage in which Mary, soon to be a mother, had neither part nor lot save as a horrified witness? Of the second deed of violence, some would have us believe Mary had no cognizance, much less was *particeps criminis*. Concerning the third damning business, controversy still rages. Some say that Mary was the victim of the notorious profligate James, Earl of Bothwell, a "daring man of desperate fortune," as Hallam terms him;



(a) JAMES, EARL OF BOTHWELL.
Unknown.

b) JANE, COUNTESS OF BOTHWELL.
Unknown.

others contend that it was all the result of an illicit passion for "the fierce, stout-limbed, dare-devil, whom she loved passionately and devotedly."

In the face of conflicting opinions such as these (and they could be multiplied indefinitely), I shall only give a brief outline of the events, and some of the views held by well-known authors, as to the characters who played leading parts in the tragedies. To begin with that of David Rizzio, he was detestable to the Protestants as "the brain of the Queen's clique, and as a low-born foreigner." To get rid of him was part of a scheme to bring back the exiled Protestant lords, to close the split in the Protestant party, and to secure the ascendancy of the Protestant religion.

We know how the bloody deed was done. The year was 1566, the month was March, the day was a fast-day. In the turret at the north-west corner at Holyrood is a tiny apartment, so small that a closet seems its most appropriate name, which served as Mary's supper room; there, or rather at the head of the stairs outside, in the twilight, the "vain, ostentatious Italian," a man of fifty, or, as some say, only twenty-eight, was done to death. The story shall be told in the words of Ruthven, himself one of the conspirators. He had risen from a sick bed, and was, he tells us, "sore filled with sickness, and so wearied with travel that he called for drink in God's name."

"Then her Majesty rose upon her feet, and stood before David, he holding her Majesty by the pleats of her gown, leaning back over the window, his dagger drawn in his hand; and one of the chamber began to lay hands on Lord Ruthven, none of the King's party being there present.

"Then the said Lord Ruthven pulled out his dagger and defended himself until more came in, and said to them, 'Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled.' At the coming of the others the Lord Ruthven put up his dagger; and with the rushing in of men, the board fell to the wall, meat and candles being thereon, and the Lady of Argyle took one of the candles in her hand.

"At this instant the Lord Ruthven took the Queen in his arms, and put her into the King's arms, beseeching her Majesty not to be afraid, and assured her that all that was done was the King's own deed.

"The gates being locked, the King being in his bed, the Queen walking in her chamber, the Lord Ruthven took charge of the lower gate and privy passages, and David was thrown down the stairs from the Palace,

where he was slain, and brought to the porter's lodge, who, taking off his clothes, said this was his destiny; for upon this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and now he lieth a very niggard, ingrate, and misknowing knave."

There is no question that Mary behaved with rare magnanimity after this dreadful deed. Vindictiveness seems to have been foreign to her nature, and "she now scattered pardons right and left with reckless prodigality." M. Le Croc, the French Ambassador, declared that never had she been so beloved, honoured, and esteemed as at this time, October 1566. Yet within a few months she was "a fugitive, charged with murder and adultery." This terrible change destined to occur in her fortunes is attributed by one side to the persistent animosity of Cecil and of Knox, and by the other side, to her share in the murder of Darnley and her infatuation for Bothwell.

Some authorities profess to be in doubt whether Mary ever loved the vain, feeble, vicious Darnley. Thus Skelton considers it "hard to say," but from Thomas Randolph's letter to Leicester (July 1565), it is quite clear that she at one time professed to do so. He writes: "All honour that may be attributed to any man by a wife he hath it wholly and fully, all that may be spoken of him he lacketh not from herself, all dignities that she can indue him with are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him, and what may I say more? She has given over unto him her whole will, to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh. She can as much prevail with him in anything that is against his will as your lordships may with me to persuade that I should hang myself.

"This last dignity out of hand to have him proclaimed King, she would have had it deferred until it were agreed by Parliament, or had been himself twenty-one years of age, that things done in his name might have the better authority. He would in no case have it deferred one day, and either then or never. Upon Saturday, at afternoon, these matters were long in debating, and before they were well resolved upon, at nine hours at night, by three heralds at sound of trumpet, he was proclaimed King. This day, Monday, at twelve of the clock, the lords, all that were in this town, were present at the proclaiming of him again, when no man said so much as 'Amen!' saving his father, that cried out aloud, 'God save his Grace.'"

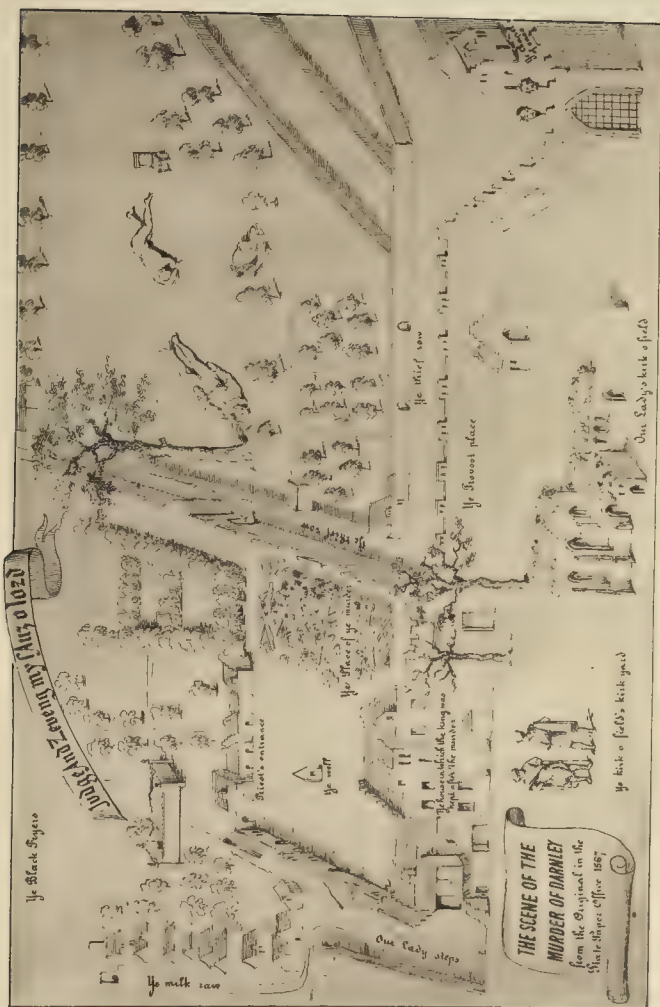
Darnley was a grandson of Margaret Tudor, Queen of James IV. by



XXI.

KIRK O' FIELD.

From a Drawing in the State Paper Office.



her second marriage, which was with Archibald, Earl of Angus; through his mother he was connected with fourteen kings or queens, and it was, according to Mr. Froude, for a great political purpose that Mary married him. In the apparent absence of positive evidence that she loved him, it is urged with much force that it is improbable that "a woman of twenty-two, already a widow, exceptionally able, absorbed in the great game of politics, and accustomed to admiration," was likely to care for one so foolish and so ill-conditioned as all agree in stigmatising the wretched Darnley. But in matters of the affections, as we all know, ordinary rules of conduct are constantly cast to the winds; and the fact remains that this brilliant woman wedded this dull, jealous, restless, fussily ambitious, politically incompetent, morally deficient man of a very low animal type, this irritable, moody, sullen boy, the feeble credulous Darnley. The adjectives are Sir John Skelton's.

In Laing's *Knox* there is another word-picture of Darnley in which, if nothing be extenuated, neither does there seem aught set down in malice. Here it is. "He was of a comely stature, and none was like unto him within the island. He died under the age of one-and-twenty years. Prompt and ready for all games and sports; much given to hunting and hawking and running of horses, and likewise to playing on the lute; and also to Venus' chamber he was liberal enough; he could write and dictate well; but he was somewhat given to wine and much feeding, and likewise to inconstancy; and proud beyond measure, and therefore contemned all others; he had learned to dissemble well enough, being from his youth misled up in Popery."

What followed from this ill-omened match is what might have been expected to happen. "It was foreseen," says the authority I have just quoted, that the "young fool and proud tyrant" would fare badly in a country where a blow of a dagger was the answer to a peevish word. Darnley "was as rash as he was passionate, and false all round; had lifted his hand against Mary, had conspired, and when the enterprise failed, denounced the conspirators. The leaders of all parties agreed that his love of mischief must be sternly restrained. His moody irritability increased, his mind had never been strong, his constitution had been impaired by his excesses; he was restless and unsettled, intractable, suspicious, difficult to please; jealous of Mary's ladies." He was at Stirling when his infant son was baptised, but was not present at the

ceremony. Le Croc says of him at this time, "his bad deportment is incurable." Thus we are left in no doubt as to the mental characteristics of Henry Stuart, Earl of Darnley. Some account of his personal appearance may here be added. Several portraits of him are extant. In the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery four were shown. Lord Bolton's two examples may be taken first. No portrait of Darnley is mentioned in Van der Doort's catalogue of King Charles's pictures, but it is surmised that they may have been in one of the Scottish palaces. These interesting works are both panels branded on the back with C. and the Crown of Charles I. I am indebted to their owner for the information that the one representing Darnley at nine years of age was unasccribed until comparatively quite recently, when, preparatory to its being cleaned, an examination revealed the name on a piece of paper in an old handwriting, and the C. and crown on the back as above mentioned. It may be observed that in Chiffinch's catalogue of King James's pictures belonging to the Queen-Dowager occurs this entry: "No. 1019. Henry Steward, Lord Darnley, when he was young, to the waste." The catalogue mentions three other portraits of Queen Mary's husband. Both of Lord Bolton's examples represent him as a boy, one, measuring 36 by 30, is a companion to the other somewhat smaller picture depicting him in a yellowish quilted jacket, dark mantle and ruff. It is surmised that they came into the possession of the Powlett family through the third wife of the second Duke of Bolton, who was a daughter of the Duke of Monmouth. Major Stuart Mackenzie owns another which has been pronounced to be a reduced copy of one of Lord Bolton's. It is noteworthy that in it the eyes are blue, whereas in a portrait belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, they are dark grey. In the last named Darnley's hair is a very pale brown, the features somewhat swollen, and the complexion pallid. He wears a black hat and a ruff, and a white vest under a black coat.

Whatever doubts may exist as to Mary's real sentiments when she married Darnley, there can be none as to her feelings after the murder of Rizzio. In 1566 she tells Le Croc, "I could have wished to have died." In December she still repeats the words. In February 1567, Drury writes, "The Queen breaketh much, and is subject to frequent fainting fits." It was at Craigmillar, near Edinburgh, Mary's favourite Castle, that the lords met to consider what to do with Darnley. Lethington said that Darnley's

conduct had become intolerable. His evil example was hurtful to the whole realm. Would she agree to a divorce? She said that if a lawful divorce which would not prejudice her son's rights could be got, she might comply, but possibly Darnley would reform. "I will," said she, "that you do nothing whereby any spot may be laid to my honour or conscience." "Madam," said Lethington, "let us guide the matter among us."

The actual complicity of Mary in what happened after this meeting of the nobles is one of the many problems in her history, and not the least tempting of them for discussion; but we must pass on to the tragedy of Kirk o' Field. According to some, Mary "lured" Darnley there, "to the shambles"; others say the spot was chosen by the victim himself, being "a place of good air, more wholesome for an invalid than Holyrood lying low amongst its marshes," and that Mary wanted him to go to Craigmillar. Kirk o' Field was a monastic house, then in the outskirts of Edinburgh, now built over.

The illustration reproduced from the old plan in the State Paper Office gives an excellent idea of its former appearance and surroundings. As to what happened there, a contemporary record ("The Diurnal of Occurrents") is brief but graphic indeed.

"Upon the tenth day of Februar, at twa hours before none in the morning, there come certain traitors to the said Provost's house, wherein was our Sovereign's husband Henrie, and ane servant of his, callit William Taylour, lying in their nakit beds, and there privily with wrang keys opnit the doors, and come in upon the said prince, and there without mercy wyrriet (strangled) him and his said servant in their beds, and thereafter took him and his servant furth of the house and cast him nakit in ane yard beyond the thief raw, and syne come to the house again and blew the house up in the air so that there remainit not ane stane upon aneuther undestroyit."

The few weeks which elapsed between the murder of Darnley (February 10, 1567) and Mary's marriage with Bothwell (May 1567) are, by common consent, the supreme crisis of her life. The views which historical writers have set forth as to her motives and her actions are widely divergent. Those who, like Mr. Froude, judge her severely, say plainly that she was a wicked woman, and they claim to be supported by the opinion of her contemporaries, and, speaking broadly, by the verdict of posterity. "Non proven," cry her partisans; "the fault is Bothwell's."

Mary, weak, ill, dejected, and without a friend, fell a prey to his brutality and reckless ambition." "Say rather," is made answer, "a victim to her illicit passion for the border chief with the stout heart and the strong arm, for, as all allow, she had ever loved 'hardiness and valiancy.'" To this the special pleaders who defend her urge, it is improbable that one "who had hitherto conducted herself with absolute decorum would turn her back upon herself and act as only a maniac mad with passion could act." "The Queen, whatever else she might be," says Sir John Skelton, "was at least a woman of polished taste and unusually brilliant accomplishments; whereas Bothwell—whenever we get a fair look at him, which is seldom—is presented to us as an unmannerly, unlettered, unscrupulous scamp, whose coarse profligacy was notorious, and whose coarse badinage was unmeet for the ears of modest women."

"That he had the strength and daring of a border thief need not be doubted; and a writer who professes to be a nice observer of human nature—Professor Beesley—is assured that Mary when she came to love would be attracted not by a 'slim, girl-faced youngster,' but by such a brawny ruffian as used to figure, *consule Planco*, in suburban melodrama." But, *pace* Sir John Skelton, Professor Beesley does not stand alone in thinking that Mary was enamoured of this big immoral "ruffian," nor is it by any means an uncommon thing for women to be attracted by such as he was; but, as I shall strive to show, Bothwell was not "unlettered," whatever else he may have been. Swinburne calls him "a hardy and able ruffian."

According to Knox and Buchanan, Mary was "an abandoned creature"; "for six months exactly, with a stainless repute before and after, during which brief period she was said to have been 'as foul as a leper,'" replies her latest champion; and so the wordy warfare goes on. It seems unlikely that much more positive, irrefragable proof will now ever be forthcoming; but there is one body of evidence so vitally important that it cannot be passed over in silence: I refer, it need hardly be said, to the famous Casket Letters. Of the literary value of this correspondence the author of *Chastelard* thus speaks: "Even in the existing versions of the letters translated from the lost originals, and re-translated from this translation of a text which was probably destroyed in 1603 by order of James on his accession;—even in these possibly disfigured versions the fiery pathos of passion, the fierce and piteous fluctuations of spirit between

love and hate, hope and rage, and jealousy, have an eloquence beyond the limitation or invention of art." Nor is their historical importance one whit the less; indeed, upon their genuineness, or otherwise, the whole case against Mary in relation to the Darnley murder may be said to rest. Hallam thought them authentic, and Mr. Andrew Lang, who has devoted much study to the subject, remarks that, on the whole, increasing knowledge of the facts has weakened the defence; and another authority, Mr. Rait, has observed, "that no Marian apologist has as yet attempted an answer to the more recent evidence on the other side." But in the opinion of Mr. Swinburne, the correspondence produced in evidence against her at York may have been, as her partisans affirm, so craftily garbled and falsified by interpolation, suppression, perversion, or absolute forgery, as to be all but historically worthless. . . . Its acceptance or its rejection does not in the least degree affect the rational estimate of her character. If this be true, then Mary's character may be discerned with sufficient clearness: whether she wrote the damning Glasgow letter (as No. 2 in the series is called), or whether she did not. Those who desire to see the English version of this remarkable letter will find it in the State Papers, Mary Queen of Scots, vol. ii., No. 65.

But apart from the highly controversial issues which arise out of these letters, there is another aspect of the matter which may commend itself to such as love peace and think no evil, viz., the consideration that, whether Mary Stuart be the abased creature her detractors seek to make out or not, she endured nineteen years' torture in English prisons, and she paid upon the scaffold the extreme penalty exacted from the greatest criminals.

If guilty, then she has suffered, I repeat; if not guilty, let her rest, in pity's name, for she lost her crown, her liberty, her life.

Setting aside then the fascinating topic of the letters, which would require a volume to itself, a few words may be said about the interesting casket in which it is alleged these famous documents were kept.

It is not necessary to go into details about its history—I mean how and when it was used; that would bring us back perilously near a burning topic, the discussion of which, as I have already said, I deliberately exclude from the pages of this book.

But a description, based upon a personal examination I have been able to make, through the kindness of the Duke of Hamilton, and a comparison

with the account given of the casket in which there is no doubt the famous letters were placed, may be permitted, and should prove of interest.

The box brought to Morton, as he sat at table four days after Bothwell had parted with Mary at Carberry Hill, was described in his "Declaration" as "a certain silver box, over-gilt." The English Commissioners at York speak of it as "a little coffer of silver and gilt." At the Westminster conference it is spoken of as "the little gilt coffer." Finally, in the Scotch version (but not in the original Latin) of Buchanan's *Detectio* it is spoken of as "one small gilt coffer, not fully a foot long, garnished in sundry places with the Roman letter F. under a King's Crown."

The last item of this description, which I have taken from Lady Baillie Hamilton's interesting article in *Macmillan*, vol. 80, is very important, and furnishes the most valid, indeed, one may say the only weighty, objection to admitting the claim that the casket should be considered as probably the actual box in which the letters were placed; for the one preserved at Hamilton Palace is undoubtedly a silver box, over-gilt, bearing a French hall-mark, and pronounced to be of French workmanship of the early part of the sixteenth century. Its measurements are, eight inches long by five inches high. The raised work has all been gilded, and on the top there is open scroll-work, the design of which may have been mistaken for the letter F. There is no F. upon it anywhere—I can testify to that; although, on the other hand, the lock has clearly been torn away, as Morton states it was. Lady Baillie Hamilton observes, the scroll-work has an Italian look about it, and resembles the tooling on a book in the British Museum which belonged to Catherine de Medici and is stamped with her cipher and crown. To sum up the matter, I may give Lady Baillie Hamilton's own words: "There is extremely strong presumptive evidence that this Hamilton heirloom is really the celebrated casket around which must ever cling the pathetic memory of the fascinating woman whose fame and fortunes were so direfully overshadowed by its contents."

Apart from the Casket Letters, fatal proofs of guilt as some regard them, gross palpable lies and forgeries as others assert them to be, it is abundantly clear in reading the story of Mary that she was a victim, a victim but not a martyr to her faith (though she undoubtedly posed as such) for there is good reason to believe she was ready to abandon it, and the Catholics were aware of it. Still less was she a victim to any



XXII

SILVER GILT CASKET.



principles of religious or political liberty, but she was a prey to the turbulence and rapacity of the nobles of her kingdom, due, in part it may well be, to the fact that she, in common with others of her race, was not familiar with the people she was called upon to govern. As Mr. Andrew Lang has put it: "Between preachers and Popes the Stuarts were in a sad posture." Mary fell a sacrifice to the struggle for the mastery between the old faith and the new—between Rome and Geneva; a victim to the duplicity and meanness of her son, to the jealousy of Elizabeth, and to the watchfulness and fears of Elizabeth's ministers, who saw, and had good reason to feel, that the Scottish Queen and her Catholic supporters, both at home and abroad, were a constant menace to England.

These and such-like forces, too strong to be withstood, drove her along to her destiny, and led her with the relentlessness of Fate to the hall at Fotheringhay, wherein she played her part in the last scene of all with such consummate courage and such supreme dignity.

Gazing back through the mysterious half-light of the past, let us endeavour to gather up the comparatively meagre facts obtainable of the occurrences in May 1567: On Mary's return from Stirling, Bothwell seized her at the Almond Bridge, and carried her off to his Castle at Dunbar,—as had been arranged between them, say her enemies, who avow that she was a willing victim; but Bothwell had been heard to say that he "would do it, yea, whether she would herself or not." If it be true, as was commonly reported at the time, that she was roughly handled, and carried off against her will, one marvels that she did not attempt to escape as they rode past Edinburgh. We are told she did convey a brief message to the Provost, and looked for a rescue. The "Diurnal of Occurrents" relates, the news having been brought to the Provost, "in continent the common bell rang; the inhabitants ran to armour and to weapons; the portes were steekit; the artillery of the Castle shot." It has been said the guns were wadded with hay. At any rate, Bothwell found no difficulty in getting to his stronghold, accompanied by 700 or 800 men. He was not the kind of man whose path peaceful burghers cared to cross. Ten days afterwards Melville writes to Cecil: "The Earl of Bothwell did carry the Queen's Majesty violently to Dunbar, where she is judged to be detained without her own liberty and against her will." And here is Mary's own account of what happened, sent to the Bishop of Dunblane for the French Court, which at any rate shows she felt keenly the perilous and damaging

position in which she was placed. "Many things," she says, "we revolved with ourself, but never could find ane outgate. So ceased he never till by persuasions and importunate suit, accompanied not the less by force, he has finally driven us to end the work begun at sic time and in sic forme as he thocht might best serve his turn, wherein we cannot dissemble that he has used us otherways than we have deservit at his hand. But now," she concludes, "since it is past and cannot be brought back again, we will mak the best of it."

Here unbiased readers may well ask if this is the language that a high-spirited woman, and a Queen, such as Mary Stuart, would have been expected to use in such a case?

Is it not rather that of one who has been driven by the violence of another's masterful nature into a course from which she may have shrunk somewhat, and for which she may not have been then and there prepared? Nevertheless, she yields to his suit, and then, having yielded, she meekly declares she will "mak the best of it." This is indeed a crisis in her affairs, and her behaviour at this juncture requires powerful and skilful advocacy to place it in a favourable light. Her warmest admirers cannot but admit that "the best of it" was bad, and that she knew as much full well. How is it that we hear no further reproaches of the man who drove her into a course which, in the judgment of the world, has ruined her good name for ever? Nothing stronger escapes her lips than "wherein we cannot dissemble that he has used us otherways than we have deservit at his hand."

One thing seems quite certain, she was unhappy. Erskine heard he ask for a knife to stab herself, "or else," said she, "I shall drown myself." Here we doubtless have language from the heart, but it may be deemed the language of conscious guilt, quite as fairly as the language of an unwilling prisoner. . . .

Another matter about which there can be little or no doubt is that she was virtually deprived of her liberty, as the lords declare Bothwell kept her "environed with a perpetual guard of arquebusiers as well day and night wherever she went." And no one came to her aid and succour: she herself found no "outgate." At length on a day in May "at ten hours afore noon, not with the mess but with preitching, in the Palace of Halyrudhous, within the auld chapel, Marie, by the Grace of God Queen of Scots, was mariet on James, Duke of Orkney. At this marriage there was

neither pleasure nor pastime usit as it was wont to be when princes was mariet." In three weeks time Mary had fled, in four she was a prisoner.

It is indeed a remarkable thing that the gifted, brilliant, accomplished Mary Stuart was wedded to three such men as the Dauphin, as Henry Darnley, and as Bothwell. It seems to point to her being indifferent to personal qualities.

The observations made at the commencement of this chapter upon the incompatibility between Darnley and Mary apply with even greater force when we come to compare her with her last husband, if the popular estimate of him be correct. The defenders of Mary are entitled to urge the improbability that such a woman could love such a man, and they make the best of this argument in their favour. In reply it may be said that it is idle to pour ridicule upon the idea of Mary being enamoured of this big immoral Earl. Ridicule is not evidence, and it is not only possible but probable that, as there is a good deal of human nature in women, and Mary being "a very woman" as she was, found him to her taste, and, in a word, loved him, for he was "neither dolt, lout, nor coward." The sex have been charged with stranger things than this ere now. But, more than this, we know Mary to have been a highly cultivated woman, and I believe that in this respect she found affinity in Bothwell, for it is quite a mistake to regard him as merely "a brawny ruffian"—with no education and still less culture. In point of fact he was an accomplished man compared with the rough Scotch nobles around him, very few of whom could sign their own names; as Mr. Lang has pointed out, he had been a good deal at the French Court, and spoke and wrote the language with great facility. Indeed he was a gentleman of the chamber to the King. He was also a writer; two of his books still survive. Some French treatises on the art of war, and their bindings with his arms on them, suggest that he was, like Mary, a lover of books. The man who quoted to the sagacious French ambassador Le Croc an appropriate classical allusion while watching a sanguinary conflict, as Bothwell did on the occasion of the battle of Carberry Hill, could not have been the stupid Borderer that he is generally considered, and Skelton would have us believe him to be. Added to this he wrote an excellent hand. The caligraphy of Knox, which was good for his day, can now only be read by an expert, while Bothwell's is "as clear as print," as is shown in a facsimile in Toulet.

Probably, then, Bothwell was very different to the generally received estimate of him, an opinion formed on Buchanan's *Detectio*, and such-like highly coloured and prejudiced testimony. This surmise is not only interesting in itself, but has a significant bearing on the relations of Mary with the Earl, and of her alleged passion for him, because it points to an affinity which, to a woman of Mary's French bringing-up, would be an attraction in itself, as we know it proved with others with whom she was thrown in contact. Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember her surroundings in Scotland.

Bothwell's books and his fondness for them, as shown by the bindings in the collection of the University of Edinburgh, are evidences of a culture far from usual in that age, and tend to show that he had, at any rate, more in common with a lady of Mary's taste and education than the rude, unlettered, often brutal Scottish noblemen with whom she was associated. On the other hand, Bothwell was accused of the blackest crimes of the Renaissance. He was ready to risk his life in raids on Border thieves, and was the boon companion of ruffians like "Black Ormiston." Small wonder is it then, "if with such a mixture of courtly accomplishments, dauntless audacity, beauty, strength, loyalty, mysterious Satanism, he fascinated Mary." Yet no sooner was she in his power, than "he made her weep daily, and call for a knife to end herself," to quote Mr. Lang again.

It may be interesting to inquire what Bothwell was like in person. We are told he was famed for bodily strength. As to his features, through the courtesy of the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, I have the good fortune to be able to show a portrait of him, the only one with which I am acquainted. It is cleverly painted in oils, and is the exact size of the reproduction. The portrait of the Lady Jane Gordon, his wife, is evidently by the same hand, and belongs to the same owner. Beyond the fact that they were formerly possessed by the Duke of Queensberry, I regret that I am unable to give the history of either.

According to a writer in the "Dictionary of National Biography," no portrait of Bothwell is known to exist. The tradition as to Bothwell's ugliness rests wholly on the statements, more or less vituperative, of Brantôme and of Buchanan. Kirkaldy of Grange reported to Bedford that the Queen had said that "she cared not to lose France and England and her own country for him, and will go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat ere she leave him."



XIII.

LOCH LEVEN CASTLE, MARY STUART'S TOWER.

Etched by C. Boucher.



Although to gratify his presumptuous and headlong ambition Bothwell divorced Lady Jane Gordon within six months after his marriage, it is asserted that he always cared for her, *more suo*, and even that Mary was jealous of her before and after the divorce. After Bothwell and Mary were man and wife, Maitland told her that he, the Earl, had "again and again assured Lady Bothwell that she only was his wife, and that the Queen was his concubine"; and de Silva writes to Philip (June 21), "Avisan que el Bothwell todavia estaba algunos dias dela semana con la muger con que habia hecho el divorcio."

The Lady Jane was reputed to be a friend of the Queen, who was present at her wedding and was made welcome at Court. Le Croc refused to be at the wedding, and writes to Catherine de Medici, "les malheureux faicts sont trop prouvés." Bothwell's wife is described as a woman of great prudence. She enjoyed a full jointure from the Bothwell estates, from 1567 till 1629, when she died in her eighty-fourth year.

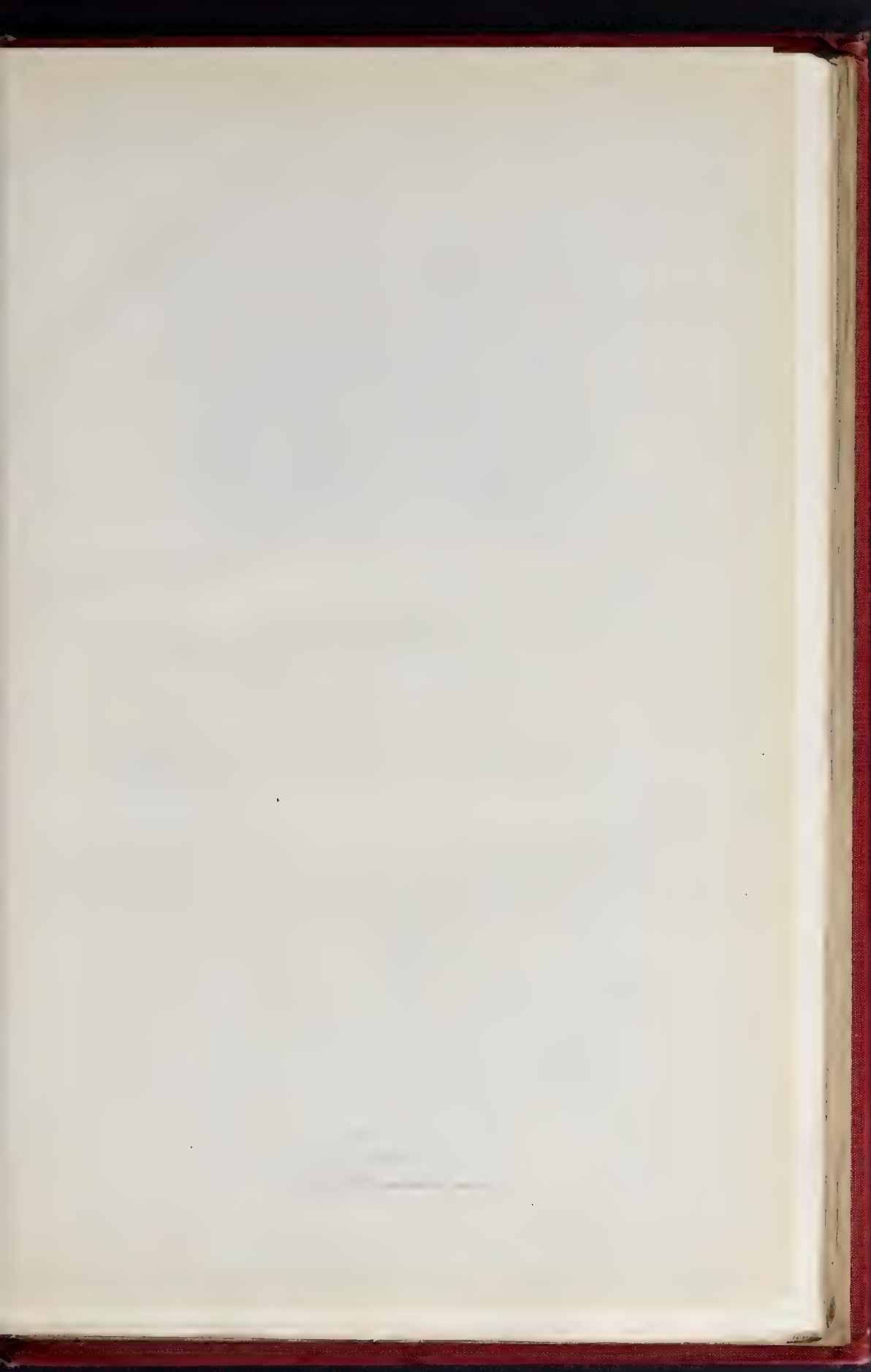
Of Mary's affection for Bothwell there would seem to be no doubt if we are to believe Throgmorton, who, writing to Elizabeth July 14, 1567, uses these unequivocal expressions as to her feelings. "The lords aforesaid (Lindsay, etc.) which have her in guard at Lochleven doe keep her very straitly, . . . because that the Queen will not by any means be induced to lend her authority to prosecute the murder, nor will not consent by any persuation to abandon the Lord Bothwell for her husband, but avoweth constantly that she will live and die with him; and saith that if it were put to her choice to relinquish her crown and kingdom, or the Lord Bothwell, she would leave her kingdom and dignity, and go as simple damsell with him, and that she will never consent that he shall fare worse, or have more harm than herself; the principall of her detention is—the Queen being of so fervent affection towards the Earl of Bothwell as she is." And the French ambassador writing to Catherine de Medici, June 17, says: "Avec lequel (Bothwell) elle pensoit vivre et mourir avec le plus grand contentement du monde;" and de Silva tells Philip that Mary "estant reduicté en l'extremité ou elle estoit ne demandoit sinon, qu'ilz les missent tous deux dans un navire pour les envoyer là où la fortune les conduiroit."

One more word as to portraits of Bothwell. I am indebted to Mr. Hay Fleming for information which leads us to suppose that they are

extremely rare. He speaks of one in an American publication which I have not seen, and knows of no other save a painting by Otto Bache of the head of a corpse, supposed to be Bothwell's. There is a fantastic head and shoulders engraved by C. Alais, whether from an original or from his imagination I cannot say.

In the archives of Venice are preserved papers from the Venetian ambassador in France at this time which describe the escape of Mary from Lochleven Castle, and relate that "the Queen, having attempted to descend from a window unsuccessfully, contrived that a page of the Governor's, whom she had persuaded to this effect, when carrying a dish, in the evening of the second of May, to the table of his master with a napkin before him, should place the napkin on the key, and in removing the napkin take up the key with it and carry it away unperceived by any one." We know the sequel, how the eight thousand men who—to quote the same authority—"flocked to her from divers parts" were beaten at Langside; and how, finding herself defeated, the Queen "travelled a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles without any rest," crossed the Solway, and landed on English soil.





THE
CABINET
BELONGING TO
MARY STUART
WAS
PRESENTED
TO THE
MUSEUM
BY
HER
GRACE
THE
DUCHESS
OF
SOMERSET
IN
THE
YEAR
1841
AND
IS
NOW
PRESERVED
IN
THE
MUSEUM
OF
ARTS
AND
CRAFTS
LONDON



ANIV.

CABINET BELONGING TO MARY STUART.

XXV

SHEFFIELD MANOR

Etched by C. Boucher.



CHAPTER VI

MARY STUART IN ENGLAND—CAPTIVITY

"This lady and princess is a notable woman."—SIR FRANCIS KNOLLYS.



T was in May 1568, that Mary landed from an open boat at Workington, in Cumberland; and little did she think, we may be sure, that the whole of her life thereafter (nineteen weary years) would be spent in beating against the bars of English prisons; for such the strong Castles in which Mary was destined to pass the remainder of her days indubitably were. "She is most offended at my restraining her from walking without the Castle," writes the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had charge of her for so long a time. Who can realise what imprisonment meant to this young high-spirited woman?—she was but twenty-five—this daughter of a Queen, and a twice anointed Queen herself. Active in mind and body, as we know she was, freedom must have been to her as the very breath of her nostrils. How many a time may she have sat in the broad casement windows of one or other of the homes of "Bess of Hardwick," and marked the tender green of the oaks in the deer park beneath; and her thoughts, answering to the gladness of

the spring-time, would leap forward to the day of her deliverance; a dream of the future, often broken by the voices of her keepers or the tramp of the watch in the garden below, bringing her back to earth again, to the irksome restraints and the weary monotony of her daily life. And in the drowsy stillness of a summer afternoon, how often from the keep of Tutbury has she scanned the wide landscape spread at her feet, below the rounded hill whereon the Castle stands. She looks again and yet again, for the succour, the help from afar which never comes. Here no human sounds meet her ears save the revelry of some of her guard, off duty, whiling away the lagging hours in the inn of the mean village which clusters round the Castle walls. No sign of life discernible, save here and there a group of cattle standing, for the sake of coolness, in the stream of the Dove, which like a blue thread, meanders on through the peaceful landscape till it joins the broad bosom of the Trent, and onward thence in a mingled stream to the sea. There was the way to freedom, and there a path across the shining waves to the fair land of France, where the sunny hours of her youth, full of innocence and bright promise, were spent. And then, wearying of the sameness of the prospect, she throws a glance behind her, beyond the steep walls where lay the woods, reminding her, as she says in one of her letters, of Vincennes. And these, too, are steeped in midsummer silence.

As autumn draws on the scene is changed, perhaps to the moated Hall of Chartley, where her carved oak bedstead, and the little room with cemented floor it stood on, still remain. Here she misses the keen fresh air from the Derbyshire hills, which played around her more spacious apartments elsewhere. From Chartley she sees no longer the wide expanse which meets the eye on every side from the walls of Tutbury. Even the landscape seems narrowing and closing in upon her—dwindling, like her hopes; and here, too, she feels the same oppressive stillness, broken only by the whirr and splash of the water-fowl as they scutter across the mere at the foot of the sloping lawn. Sometimes, crossing the moat by the little bridge, she wends her way through a grove of trees over a many-tinted carpet such as autumn weaves, the dying leaves yielding a faint odour to her tread; and then up the steep side of the knoll whereon Ranulph de Blundeville, Earl of Chester, built his Castle when he returned from the Crusades: and then she, "who ever loved bravery in a man," would fall a-thinking of the Holy Land—that grave of disappointed ambitions;



XXVI

BOLTON CASTLE, MARY STUART'S CHAMBER.

Etched by C. Boucher.



of the blood so vainly spilt on the hot sands of Palestine; of Saladin and the brave knights who fought against him, and she wonders when knights will come for her. From the now ruined bastions she looks across to Cannock Chase, and the wild hill country around it; but still she looks in vain, and she learns the bitter truth of the words, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." When winter comes, chilling blasts from the bleak moors of Sheffield drive her indoors, to seek occupation with her needle, and to dream through the long dark nights of masks and revels, of lighted halls, and of bygone days never to return. Thoughts such as these crowd into the minds of those who, like the writer, have followed the footsteps of Mary Stuart, and looked upon what is left of the scenes of her captivity.

From various sources, I present views of these seats of the Earl of Shrewsbury, each of which was, in its turn, her prison. Several were within easy reach of one another: thus, Hardwick is eighteen miles from Sheffield; Wingfield, a house of Henry the Eighth's time, now a picturesque ruin, is ten miles from Hardwick; and Chatsworth about eighteen miles from Hardwick. Over every one, save Chartley, "Ichabod" may be written, and Chartley has been burnt down twice, though, strange to say, the tiny room looking out on the moat, and traditionally assigned to Mary as her bedchamber, has each time been spared. Worksop was burnt in 1761. There is no building standing at Chatsworth in which Mary was received. Sheffield Castle was a principal seat of the great English nobleman to whose custody Mary Stuart was entrusted, and here she was for fourteen years. Of this building now not a stone remains, but in the days of Elizabeth, it stood in the midst of a park eight miles in circumference, and abounding in forest trees of the noblest growth. Some were indigenous, but others probably planted by the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury when he built Sheffield Manor or Lodge at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Long straight avenues of oak and walnut pointed towards the house, which stood nearly in the centre of the park. "Its oaks were the glory of the north of England. Herds of deer wandered over turf that had never been broken by the plough, and the thick copses sheltered rare birds that are now known only by name to the Yorkshire naturalists."

Of these two Yorkshire seats of the Shrewsbury's—the Castle, and the Lodge or Manor—the former, a vast pile covering four acres, was

surrounded by rivers. On high ground, overlooking the Castle, stood the Manor House, of which an etching, as it was in the last century, is given. Its walls were hung with tapestry, and from the flat lead roof where Mary took the air, a wide prospect of hill and dale might be seen.

"The fir-crowned heights of Horton, the sweet vale of Beauchief, the purple woods of Totley, and the barren hills of the Peak, the thick woods of Wharnccliffe and Wentworth, the widening vale of the Don, and the heights of Laughton and Handsworth, each distinguishable by its spire, are all comprehended within the view from this elevation. The Manor itself, its towers and battlements appearing above the thick woods in which it was embosomed, must have once formed a prominent and striking object in the scenery from many points of the surrounding country." In 1846 it still stood a ruin of great extent.

To return to the movements of Mary after her flight from Scotland. Carlisle was the first place to which she was taken from Workington Hall; from thence they took her to Bolton Castle, a place of strength, and a seat of Lord Scrope's, who was Warden of the West Marches. By the kindness of its present owner, Lord Bolton, a view of one of the rooms occupied by Mary when there, is shown. But Yorkshire was Catholic, and as it was an easy ride to the Border, by which Mary might pass over the moors "without any town," into Scotland, it was resolved to take her further south.

Towards the end of the year we find Elizabeth telling the Earl of Shrewsbury in private audience, that "Er it were longe, he shuld well perseve she dyd so trust him as she dyd few." Shrewsbury writes to his Countess: "Now it is sarten the Scotis Quene cumes to Tutburye to my charge," and at Tutbury she arrived in February 1569. Elizabeth showed her usual judgment in choosing this wealthy nobleman, high in station and in character. "He had several houses in the interior of the kingdom, in any of which Mary might be kept with little danger of either a forcible abduction, or a secret escape."

Sixteen years of faithful service approved Elizabeth's choice; he bore with uncommon fortitude and humility the numerous hardships which his tyrannical mistress imposed upon him. It is evident that Mary Queen of Scots and Dowager of France was no ordinary charge for any man to be responsible for, no matter how powerful he might be. She was, in the words of Mr. Swinburne, "the most fearless, the most keen sighted, the



XXVII.

GEORGE TALBOT, EARL OF SHREWSBURY.



most high gifted, and high spirited of women, gallant and generous, skilful and practical, never to be cowed by fortune, never to be captured by craft; neither more unselfish in her ends, or more unscrupulous in her practice than might have been expected from her training and her creed." Add to this her exalted station, the fact that she was the focus, so to speak, of so many intrigues, and we cannot wonder at the anxiety her keeper felt. He complained, in a melancholy letter to Burghley, that it nearly brought him to his grave.

We have a striking picture of Mary in durance, which we owe to Nicholas White, afterwards Master of the Rolls in Ireland, "a well-meaning but vulgar busy-body, with little feeling of delicacy or decency, and no sense of humour."

He was on his way to Ireland in the spring of this year, and, being a friend of Cecil's, he writes him a letter, obviously intended for the eye of Elizabeth, but recording with sincerity, and with some power of observation, his impressions of the Royal captive and her surroundings. He relates that on his arrival at Tutbury, Mary came out of the presence chamber and bade him welcome. After evening service, she talked with him from six to seven, asking him to excuse her bad English.

He told her that she ought to be very thankful for such prince-like entertainment, "and for my own part did wish her Grace meekly to bow her head to God, who hath put her into this school: to learn to know Him, to be above kings and princes of this world; with such other like speeches as time and occasion then served, which she very gently accepted, and confessed that she had indeed great cause to thank God for sparing of her, and great cause also to thank her good sister for this kindly using of her. As for contentation in this her present estate, she would not require it at God's hands, but only patience, which she humbly prayed Him to give her.

"I asked her Grace, since the weather did cut off all exercises abroad, how she passed the time within? She said that all day she wrought with her needle, and that the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and continued so long at it that very pain made her to give over; and with that, laid her hand on her left side, and complained of an old grief newly increased there. Upon this occasion she entered into a pretty disputable comparison between carving, painting, and working

with the needle, affirming painting in her opinion for the most commendable quality."

"I answered her Grace I could skill of neither of them, but that I had read 'Pictura' to be *veritas falsa*."

"With this she closed up her talk, and bidding us farewell, retired into her privy chamber."

No doubt Mary wearied of his moralising, and his not over-courteous talk. I may note that in the curious picture from Hardwick which represents the announcement of the date of execution to Mary, she is twice represented as at needlework. She stands at the tapestry loom in the right background, and is seen busy with her needle at night in the left.

White goes on to say, "But if I (who in the sight of God bear the Queen's Majesty a natural love beside my bounden duty) might give advice, there should very few subjects in this land have access to, or conference with, this lady. For beside that she is a goodly personage (and yet in truth not comparable to our sovereign), she hath withal an alluring grace, a pretty Scottish speech, and a searching wit clouded with mildness. Her hair of itself is black; and yet Mr. Knollys told me that she wears hair of sundry colours.

"My Lord of Shrewsbury is very careful of his charge, but the Queen out-watches them all, for it is one of the clock at least every night ere she go to bed. The next morning I was up timely, and viewing the seat of the house, which in my opinion stands much like Windsor, I espied two halberdiers without the castle wall searching underneath the Queen's bed-chamber window. And so—waiting an easterly wind—I humbly take my leave."

In connection with Mary's request that White should excuse her bad English, the following extract from a letter she wrote Sir Francis Knollys from Bolton, will be read with interest.

"Mester Knoleis y heuu har sum neus from Scotland, y send zou the double off them y vreit to the quin my gud sister and pres zou to do the lyk, conforme to that y spak zester-nicht vnto zou and sut hesti ansur y refer all to zour discretion & will lip ne beter in zour gud delin for mi, nor y kan persuad zou, newli in this langasg. Excus my iuel vreitin for y neuuer vsed it afor & am hested."

In the Talbot Papers there is a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to the Lord Treasurer and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, begging them to



XXVIII.

"BESS OF HARDWICK," COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY



make him a larger allowance of "wine without impost." He writes from Tutbury, and in his petition shows that the consumption must have been very considerable. He says "truly two tuns in a month have not sufficed ordinarily, besides that that is occupied at times for her *bathings* and such like uses." The "her" of course refers to the Queen of Scots, and in his letter Shrewsbury enlarges upon the daily charges "that I do now sustain, and have done all this year past."

Elsewhere in the letter we learn that it was customary to allow wine to noblemen for household expenses without impost. Seeing the large quantity which Shrewsbury says was not sufficient, it becomes interesting to know of whom the castle establishment consisted. From a "cheke roll" endorsed by Mary's keeper in 1571, we find that her regular household consisted of thirty persons of whom "my Lady Leinston" (Livingstone) was the head, she being "dame of honour to the Queen's Majesty."

Mr. Beaton was the Master of the Household, which comprised a physician, a secretary, a master cook, "a pottiger," and "a pastilar," pages, and servants to her ladies, etc. etc. Besides these were "permitted of my lord's benevolence nine others, namely five women and four men servants," who appear to have waited on the Queen's household. Two years earlier, as we see by White's letter quoted above, the retinue consisted of some sixty persons.

After the discovery of the attempt of Leonard Dacre, who was a relative of Shrewsbury's, to rescue her, the household of the Queen of Scots was reduced to thirty. Mary greatly resented this, for she was much attached to her servants, and when asked by Lord Shrewsbury to name those whom she desired to retain, she made answer, he says, "that for anything I, Shrewsbury, could do she would name none. 'Let the Queen' said she, 'do with me what she will.' Then I named them myself, both men and women, and have taken order for dispatching away the rest according to your Highness' commandment. I have ordered that neither she nor her attendants shall pass the gates till your Highness commands otherwise."

The true reason for this very shabby treatment was probably the meanness of Elizabeth, who grudged the expense of the Tutbury establishment. To such a pitch did the English Queen carry her penuriousness that she actually proposed that Mary should bear the expenses of her own imprisonment! When it was found that Mary's dowry as Queen

Dowager of France was insufficient (for she was lavishly generous to her dependents), Shrewsbury had a severe lecture on the virtues of economy from his Royal mistress.

"The greatest person about her," we are told, "is Lord Livingston, and the lady his wife, which is a fair gentlewoman (both Protestants, by the way). She hath nine women, fifty persons in household with ten horses." The Bishop of Ross then lay three miles off, at Burton-upon-Trent, with Lord Boyd. In addition to Mary's own establishment, the Earl had forty servants "extraordinary," selected from his own tenantry, who kept watch day and night.

Mary was an accomplished letter-writer. From her voluminous correspondence, supplemented by her keepers' reports to Burghley, it would be possible to make a fairly complete record of the nineteen unutterably weary years of her imprisonment. But a brief summary of this part of our subject must suffice, though one passes it by with reluctance, because the story is interesting in itself, and is a dark chapter in Mary's life probably not very often opened to the general reader.

It was "the monotonous life of a prisoner varied for the most part only by temporary changes of residence, by transitions from health to sickness, by attempts to release her which served to keep hope alive, and by occasional visits from the agents of that power by which she was kept in illegal bondage, to whom she made unavailing demands of justice."

It is small wonder that Shrewsbury himself feels ever and anon the need of change, and pleads the state of his health as a reason for a projected visit to Buxton. However, he gets reprimanded for this, though permission is given to remove to his house at Sheffield . . . "but with no open pompe or assembly of strangers." When they returned to Tutbury, Elizabeth placed the Earl of Huntingdon "professedly as a guard upon Mary, but really as a spy upon Shrewsbury." Mary disliked and dreaded Huntingdon. This nobleman begged to be discharged from his post in another man's house, and to be allowed to take her to his own at Ashby; it was refused, and another guard added, Walter, Viscount Hereford, afterwards Earl of Essex. He was soon relieved. "Mary's friends were chiefly in the north, where the old faith had most adherents, and towards the end of this year (1569) many gentry of the North openly declared their intention to liberate her, and under the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland marched to York."



XXIX.

MARY STUART, AGED THIRTY-SIX.

P. Quarry.



Shrewsbury and Hereford were instructed to remove their charge from Tutbury to Coventry, that being a walled town, capable of bearing a siege. The rising, which was ill-concerted, was soon suppressed.

In 1570, the severity of Mary's confinement is a little relaxed through the intercession of her own ambassador, the Bishop of Ross, and of Ramboliet, the French ambassador. To the latter Elizabeth expressed her surprise "that the King wolde trouble himself in matters so far from him."

A plot for Mary's release by two sons of the Earl of Derby, and a Derbyshire gentleman named Hall, was foiled by the vigilance of her keepers.

In the autumn of this year, Cecil and Mildmay were at Chatsworth, negotiating with her, after which Cecil writes to her keeper assenting that "he should suffer ye Quene to take ye ayre about your howss on horsback, so yours be in copany."

A little before Christmas Mary was brought within "those walls which so long enclosed her"—Sheffield. Here I may give a letter from her "estroite prison de Chefild," as she terms it, in which she begs to be allowed to confer for once with one of her French servants, or with one of the retinue of the French ambassador, to have a priest of the Catholic Church, and to correspond in open letters with her son. It is addressed to Elizabeth, and dated October 29, 1571.

"Madame,

"Les extremes rigueurs qui me sont par vottre commendement vsez me rendent a mon grand regret si certeine du malheur que i'ay auuesques beaucoup d'autres, non seullement destre hors de vottre bonne grace, mays, qui pis est, estimée de vous au lieu damie ennemie, au lieu de parente estrengiere voyre plus aborrée que ne permet la charité chrestiesne entre si prosches de sang et voisinance, que ie me suis trouee ce temps passé si confuse que i'ay doubté si ie deuoy vous ecrire ou non, et iusques a present ay plus tost eslu le silence que par ma plusme vous offencer dauuantage, voiant le peu de credit que mes lettres ont obtenu par cy deuant en vottre endroict et combien tout ce qui venoyt de moy vous offencoit, vous estant toutes mes actions interpretees au pis. Mays en fin considerent en moy mesmes que Dieu esprouue les siens par aduersites, et me rendant ma conscience vng bon tesmoynasge de mes merites vers vous, apres auoir louay Dieu de tout ce quil luy plect menuoier, ie me suis

deliberee de le fayre seul iudge de mes pensees et du tout mettre ma fiance en ce luy, qui iamays ne delaisa ceux qui en luy ont fondé leur esperence. En quoy ayant troué vne grande consolation et telle que, me tenant forte de sa misericorde et de mon integrité et fiance en ce luy, ie me suis enhardie escrire la presente pour vous descharger mon cueur en ce quil me tesmoigne me deuoir aquiter a mon pouuoyr en l'extremité ou ie me voy par la malice de ceux qui, sans occasion de me hair, ont de longue meyn fait proeue de leur affection de me nuire en vottre endroit et de tous autres. Or donc, sans plus vous ennuier du fascheux et passionay discours dune aflisgee royne prisonnere, ientreprendray a vous fayre ceste humble et peult estre derniere resqueste, quil vous plaise au moins me donner liberté de pouuoir pour vne foys conferer avec quelqun des miens de France ou, si il ne vous plect, a quelqun des gens de monsieur de la Mothe, ambassadeur du roy tres chrestien monsieur mon bon frere, si (l'ne) vous est agreable que luy mesmes prene ceste peine, affin de mettre vne (reso)lution en mes affayres en France, tant pour la rescompence de mes v(ieulx) seruiteurs, maintenant bannis de ma presence, que pour ce petit nomb(re) qui sont restants aupres de moy, ie ne scay pour quel temps, et aussi p(our) le payement de mes debtes, desquelles, sans voir mes estats, ie ne puis me(descha)rger selon le deuoir de ma conscience de la quelle ie vous supplie auoir consideration. Bien que ie ne veuille vous importuner de ce qui concerne (m)on estat, la quele conoissant vous ettre si peu chere ie remets a la misericorde de Dieu, resolute de viuure patiamment en aduersite et prison si malaysee tant quil luy playra, et de mourir quant aussi il luy playra me deliurer de ce malheureux monde, auquel ne sachant combien son vouloir est que ie demeure, estant visitee par maladie, causee de tant dicommodites non accustumees ou par vottre non desseruie rigueur, ie vous priay aussi (a ce forcee par le zelle de ma conscience) de me permettre auoir vng prestre de lesglise catolique, de la quelle ie suis membre, pour me consoller et sollisiter de mon deuuoyr. Les quelles resquestes acordees, ie priay Dieu, et en prison et en mouran(t), de rendre vottre cueur tel qui luy puisse estre agreable et a vous salutayre; et si ien suis refusee, ie vous laysse la charge den respondre deuuant Dieu, par faulte de moyen de fayre mon deuoyr, en ayant deuement suppliee et requise vous en qui gist le refus ou permission. Il me reste encores vous fayre vne autre resqueste de peu d'importance pour vous et dextresme consolation pour moy, cest quil vous playse, ayant pitié dune desolee

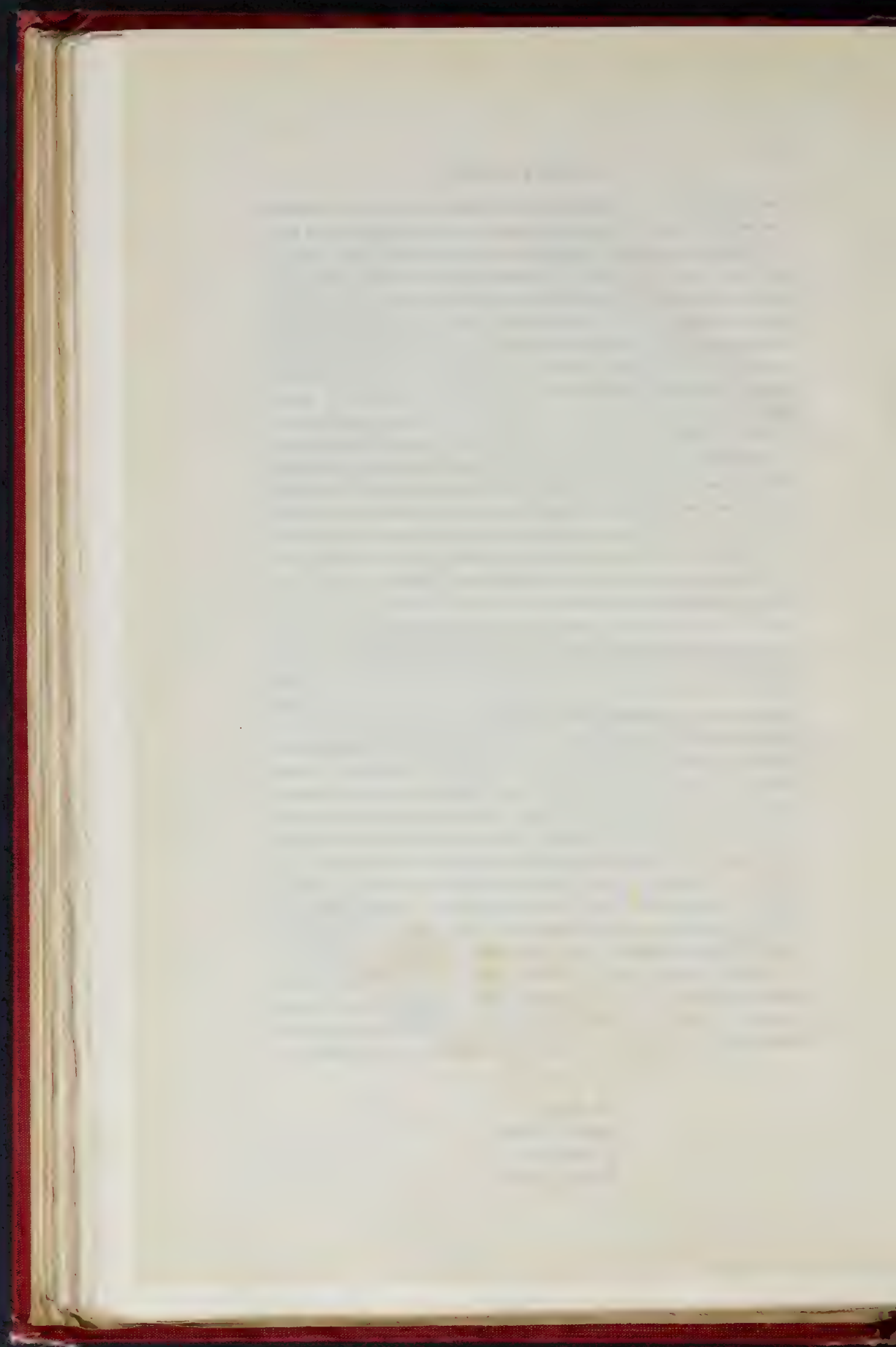
XXX.

(a) TIXALL.

Etched by C. Boucher.

(b) CHARTLEY.

Etched by C. Boucher.





View of the Castle of St. John

mere, d'entre les bras de qui on a arasché son seul enfant et esperance de future ioye en ce monde, me permettre decrire a tout le moings lettres ouvertes pour menquerir à la veritay de ces nouuelles et luy ramenteuoir sa triste mere, afin que, resceuant quelque reconfort de son bon portement, ie luy puisse aussi ramenteuoir son deuuoir vers Dieu et vers moy, sans le quel nule fauteur humaine luy pourra profiter, car fayillant a lung de ces deux commendements si expres, Dieu le pouroit oublier en tous les autres. Et si les points subdits me sont acordes, ie metray poyne tout a vng coup de me disposer pour sans regret rescevoir la vie ou la mort, ou quoyquil playse a Dieu menuoyer entre voz meyns; les quelles ayant baisées, ie priroy Dieu pour conclusion vous donner, madame, sa sainte grace en ce monde et sa gloire en lautre. De mon estroite prison de Chefield, ce xxix d'octobre.

"Vottre bien bonne soeur et (cousine),

"MARIE R."

Although Mary had been referring to her ill-health in all her letters of this year, Shrewsbury evidently did not credit her being out of health; "I cannot," he says, "perceyve that she is in any present perill of sicknes," and this in spite of the rigorous nature of her confinement. How close this was, is shown by his remark that when he suffered her to be in the courtyard, "both I myself or my wife be alwaies in her company for avoiding all other's talk."

1572. As Lord High Steward, it fell to the lot of Shrewsbury to preside at the trial of Thomas Duke of Norfolk. In the absence of the Earl, Sir Ralph Sadler was entrusted with the care of Mary. Sir Ralph disliked his employment, and pressed earnestly for his release, which he obtained on the return of Shrewsbury.

This year she had a visit from Marechal de Jos, who brought her £150 from France, the principal source of her income being her dowry as widow of Francis II.

In August, Shrewsbury is minded to move her to the Manor of Sheffield, "to cleanse her chamber, being kept very uncleanly," (this in spite of the thirty attendants and the supernumeraries). On August 27, Burghley writes from Woodstock, and acquaints Shrewsbury with the tidings of the "French tragedies," as he calls the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, which had taken place three days previously; and

this leads Shrewsbury to add thirty soldiers to her guard, to search the woods, and to impose additional restraints, *e.g.*, no intelligence was allowed to be brought to her; small wonder then that, as the dark days of December closed upon her, her keeper should have occasion to write to Burghley: "She is become more malincholy than of long before, and complenes of hur wronges and imprisonmente. I am sure hur malincholy and grefe is grettar than she in words uttars, and yet rather than contynew this imprisonment, she styckes not to saye she wyll gyve hur boddy, her sonne and cuntry for lybarte."

1573. Upon rumours getting abroad that an attempt to release her was meditated, the Earl writes to the Court that he has her "sure inoughe, and shall kepe her for the cumying . . . either quicke or ded whatsoever she or any for hur inventes for the contrare."

Close watch was kept upon her, as may be seen in a letter from Gilbert Talbot to his father, in May of this year, wherein he reports a conversation he had had with Dr. Wilson, one of the Secretaries. "Then I told him," he says, "what great hede and care you had to hir safe keeping, especially beying there that good numbers of men, continually armed, watched hir day and nyght, and both under her windowes, over hir chamber, and of every side hir; so that unles she could transforme herself into a flee or a mouse it was impossible that she should scape."

Shrewsbury grew weary of his charge, the expense of which exceeded what the parsimony of Elizabeth allowed him. His whole time was absorbed, and it brought him neither profit nor honour. In this year Mary lost her French secretary Rolles. A man named Nau succeeded him, and he it was who afterwards conducted her correspondence with Babington, and who betrayed her. This year too, Elizabeth's easily aroused jealousy was excited by the hasty marriage of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, a younger brother of Darnley, with a daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury. The ill-fated Arabella Stuart was the offspring of this union, a love match which was made at Rufford, one of Shrewsbury's seats. This was "delte in sodenly," says the father who himself had dealt for his daughter many times before, at the instigation of Bess; for, as he says, "There is feu nobillmen's sonnes in England that she hath not praed me to dele forre at one tyme or other."

From some letters Mary writes to the Archbishop of Glasgow, who was her ambassador at Paris, it is clear that animals, especially dogs and

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]



XXAL

TAPESTRY. THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.
The Work of Mary Stuart.

birds, were lovingly tended pets of hers; and we shall see by-and-by how one of the former behaved to his mistress on the last morning of her life in the hall of Fotheringhay. At one time she writes: "I beg you procure me pigeons, red partridges and hens from Barbary, I intend to endeavour to rear them in this country, or to feed them in cages as I do all the small birds I can come by, a pastime for a prisoner."

Again: "Transmit to the Cardinal, my uncle, the two cushions of my work sent herewith. . . . I reckon upon his sending me a pair of beautiful small dogs, and you also might purchase me a pair, for, excepting reading and work, *the only pleasure I have is in all the small animals I can procure.*" Yet she was by no means losing her interest in worldly matters, more especially such as related to dress and adornment of the person; thus she writes to the Archbishop the same year for some one to bring her "patterns of dresses and samples of cloths gold, silver, and silver strip, the fittest and rarest now worn at Court. Order a couple of coifs with gold and silver crowns to be made at Poissy . . . and remind Velatour of his promise to send me from Italy the newest kinds of head-gear, veils, and bands with gold and silver," and so forth.

At intervals, too, she must have had visits from Jesuits to whom she disclosed her intention to restore the Catholic religion in this island if she ever had the power, and so we find one of these priests declaring that "it was impossible to see this excellent queen without rapture and celestial joy."





CHAPTER VII

MARY STUART IN ENGLAND—HER PRISONS AND HER EXECUTION

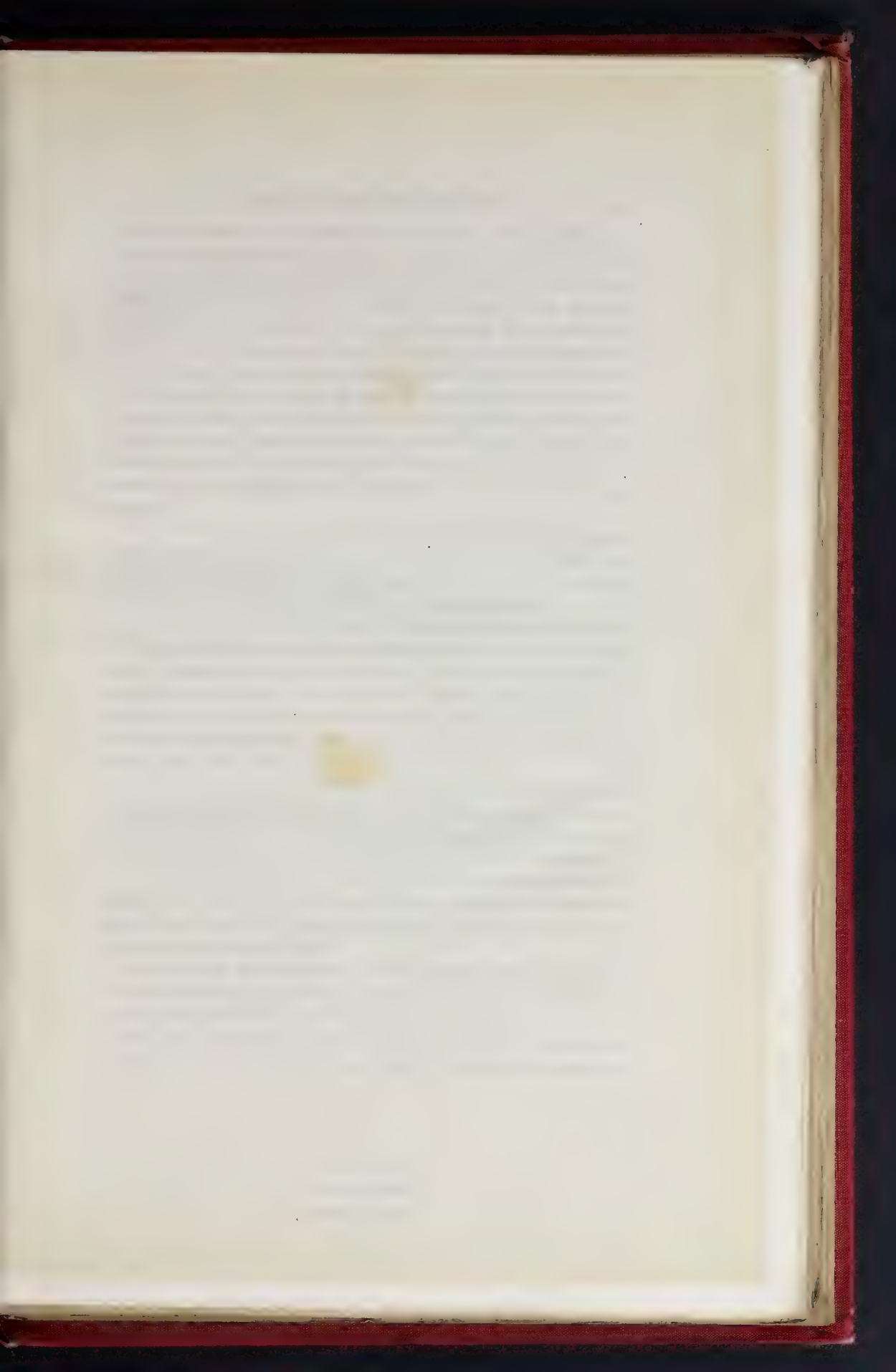
"O Lord my God,
I have trusted in Thee;
O Jesu, my dearest one,
Now set me free.
In prison's oppression,
In sorrow's obsession,
I weary for Thee.
With sighing and crying,
Bowed down as with dying,
I adore Thee, I implore Thee, set me free."

Mary's last poem translated by Mr. SWINBURNE



FIVE years—from 1575 to 1580—dragged their weary length along almost barren of incidents, and Mary Stuart's enemies might feel it was hardly remembered that such a woman existed; so much so, that Francis Lord Talbot, Shrewsbury's eldest son, once told Elizabeth he had not seen Mary for many years past. Nevertheless they seem worthy of notice, for their records throw sidelights upon the life of the time which are full of interest.

In 1580 Mary revisits Buxton. Such journeys in those days were performed on horseback. During one of them she fell and injured her back. As before, no strangers were allowed to remain or arrive during her stay; nor was she allowed to leave her apartments, except to go to the bath, which she used once or twice a day. Burgoing, her physician, writes



XXXII.

MARY STUART.
From a Miniature.

of her at this time: "Her health is as bad as can be. I see nothing that can give hope of her recovery but freedom and deliverance from the evils to which she has been so long exposed. We have done all we could to cure her infirmity; but although remedies seem to profit, they can work no complete cure while Nature is thus overwhelmed. I have done what could be devised, according to my art, both for her whole body and for a pain in her side, which perpetually vexes her, but I have not much success. The hardness of her side and the swelling increase daily as her age and weakness increase. Her treatment, both in manner of living and the rigour of her close prison, would be enough to make the strongest person in the world feeble and ill. I protest that, if I had known, I would never have undertaken the responsibility for the health of a person of such consequence."

Small wonder that she never quitted her room for weeks together when all exercise was denied her, and her liberty was so restricted that Shrewsbury would do no more than allow her "to walk upon the leads in the open air, in my large dining-room, or in the courtyard."

And yet so eager was she to quit the house when permitted and able to do so, that we hear of her being content to step over the shoes in the snow. Although she writes to Elizabeth in 1581 that her limbs fail her, and that she cannot walk "two arrow shots," still she would seem to have marvellous fortitude, and tells the Bishop of Ross that she was determined to do her duty in preserving her life, but if it pleased God to take it, it would not be much to her grief.

The year 1581 was one of sickness. Mary tells Castelnau, the French ambassador, that she is "without fresh air, not allowed necessary exercise, and become so weak in her lower extremities that she was obliged to be carried by her servants when she would pass from one room to another."

She complains also of the "mean manner in which her table was served," and notices in severe terms the entertainment which was provided for her on Easter Day. Shrewsbury replied: "It was as well as his allowance enabled him to afford."

This year she was confined to her bed, and tells Beal that "though she was not old in years, she found herself old in body—that her hair was turned grey, and that she should soon have another husband."

This Beal was clerk to the Privy Council, and was sent to report upon Mary's health. He found her so sore and full of pain that she could not

turn herself nor take any rest. "My Lord and Lady Shrewsbury tell me that she hath been so these six weeks, and that for these two last winters she hath been in like plight.

"She imputeth the cause thereof to the closeness of the air, and that she is not suffered to go abroad, as her bringing up hath been, in so much as being once sick of an ague in France (as she saith) the means how to cure her was chiefly by taking the air; the want thereof had brought her into such a weakness and impotency of her limbs as that she could not go six steps nor sit up, and therefore was forced to keep her bed, and if the like constraint continued still, she said she could not long endure." Needlework seems to have been her principal amusement. Many specimens of her skill are still extant. Some are shown at Hardwick, and one is reproduced in these volumes.

1582. Dissatisfied as well he might be with the remuneration for his long and arduous services, Mary's keeper resolved to go to Court, where he had not been for ten years, and to urge his claims on Elizabeth in person. He ordered a fine velvet footcloth and a pair of double-gilt stirrups, and was to have set out on his four days' journey to London, by way of Leicester, on September 11. But his eldest son died at Belvoir at the end of August, and another reason which kept him away was the fear of the plague.

There is a letter printed in Murdrin's Burghley State Papers, pp. 558-60, which, if genuine, would account fully for any reluctance on Shrewsbury's part to go to Court. It contains the most damning statements as to Elizabeth's conduct, made on the authority of Bess of Hardwick, imputing an unbridled licentiousness of conduct in terms unquotable.

It imputes illicit amours with Haton (*sic*) and with a stranger named Simier and so on. It also speaks of familiarities and jests and mockeries on the part of Elizabeth's servants of the most incredible nature. Mr. Swinburne doubts whether Elizabeth ever received this "nauseous narrative," as he terms it, and suggests it may have been intercepted by Cecil. Shrewsbury writes to Walsingham at this time in great dejection, and hopes "her Majestie will not leave me to ruine myselfe with the thoughtes of my expresse calamities."

The year 1583 was mostly spent at Sheffield, though Mary was also at Worksop, a seat of Shrewsbury's, where she complains she was not allowed to walk in Sherwood Forest.



XXXIII.

TUTBURY CASTLE.

Etched by C. Boucher.



1584. In August this year a commission was made out to Sir Ralph Sadler to take charge of Mary, Shrewsbury being expected at Court. Sadler thought he could keep her better at Sheffield with sixty men than at Wingfield with three hundred. From his papers we learn there were two hundred and ten gentlemen, yeomen, and officers employed in keeping Mary in custody at this time. The domestic establishment was "five gentlemen, fourteen servitors, three cooks, four boys, three gentlemen, six gentlewomen, two wives, ten wenches, and children. The diet of the Queen of Scots on both fishe and fleshe days was about sixteen dishes at both courses, dressed after their owne manner . . . the two secretaries, Master of her Household, the physician and Dr. Preau have a messe of seven or eight dishes and do dyne always before the Queene."

On September 3 Mary left Sheffield for Wingfield never to return. It is recorded that her conversation with Sadler and Somers on this journey was "most interesting and affecting," that she was all duty and obedience to Elizabeth, and wished in every way to conciliate her favour, that she was now neglected by all the Courts of Europe, and had no wish to withdraw herself from the protection of Elizabeth, but she wished much for liberty and complained of her long imprisonment, "having spent her yeares from twenty-four to past forty, and by combre and impotency become old in body."

Of this place Leland says: "Wingfield or Wenfield, in Derbyshire, is but a Maner place but yt far passeth Sheffield Castel." There were two square courts, and her apartments, says tradition, were on the west side of the North Court. From Wingfield she was taken again to Tutbury; how she hated the latter place may be seen from the following memorial she sent to Elizabeth, in which she speaks of the two rooms which she has for the whole of her lodgings—built of wood, old, full of holes, and tumbling down on all sides, and even more plainly in the following letter addressed to Mauvisière:

"Aware that your answer cannot soon reach me, I find it necessary to renew the memorial of my grievances respecting the remittance of my dowry, the augmentation of my attendants, and a change of residence, circumstances apparently trivial, and of small importance to the Queen my good sister, but which I feel to be essential to the preservation of my very existence. Necessity alone could induce me to descend to earnest and reiterated supplications, the dearest price at which my boon can be

purchased. To convey to you an idea of my present situation, I must premise that I am on all sides enclosed by fortified walls, on the summit of a hill which lies exposed to every wind of heaven ; within these bounds, not unlike the wood of Vincennes, is a very old edifice, originally a hunting-lodge, built merely of lath and plaster, the plaster in many places crumbling away : this edifice which is detached from the outer wall about twenty feet, is sunk so low that the rampart of earth behind is level with the highest part of the building, so that here the sun can never penetrate, neither does any pure air ever visit this habitation, on which descend drizzling damps and eternal fogs, to such excess, that not an article of furniture can be placed beneath the roof, but in four days it becomes covered with green mould. I leave you to judge in what manner such humidity must act upon the human frame, and, to say everything in one word, the chambers appear more like cells prepared for the reception of the vilest criminals, than apartments suited to persons of a station far inferior to mine ; and I believe there is neither lord nor gentleman, or even yeoman in this kingdom, who would patiently endure the penance. With regard to accommodation I have for my own person but two miserable little chambers, so intensely cold during the night, that but for ramparts and intrenchments of tapestry and curtains, it would be impossible to prolong my existence, of those who have sat up with me during my illness, not one has escaped disease. Sir Amias can testify that three of my women have been rendered ill by this severe temperature, and even my physician declines taking charge of my health the ensuing winter unless I shall be permitted to change my habitation. With respect to convenience, I have neither gallery nor cabinet, if I except two little pigeon holes or closets, through which the only light admitted is from an aperture of about nine feet in circumference ; for taking air and exercise, either on foot or in my chair, I have but about a quarter of an acre of ground behind the stables, round which Somers last year planted a quickset hedge, but which is a spot more fit for swine than to be cultivated as a garden ; there is no shepherd's hut but has more grace and proportion. As to riding on horseback during the winter, I am sure to be impeded by floods of water or banks of snow, nor is there a road in which I could go for one mile in my coach without putting my limbs in jeopardy. Abstracted from these real and positive inconveniences, I have conceived for the spot an antipathy which, in one ill as I am, might alone entitle me



XXXIV.

(a) WINGFIELD.

Etched by C. Boucher.

(b) CHATSWORTH, MARY STUART'S GARDEN.

Etched by C. Boucher.



to some indulgences. As it was here that I first began to be treated with rigour and indignity, I have, from that time, conceived this mansion to be singularly unlucky to me; and in this sinister impression I have been confirmed by the tragical catastrophe of the poor priest of whom I wrote to you who, having been tortured for his religion, was at length found hanging in front of my window. It was here that I lost my good kind Rallay, who was one of the consolations of my captivity; another of my people is since dead, and sickness visits the survivors. Briefly I can here have no comfort, and if I perish, must attribute my fate to suffering and privation. With regard to the inconvenience of removing at this season, no attention was paid to it last year, when whether I would or not, I was constrained to depart (though I had for three months been confined to my bed), and literally dragged hither to a house which, after having been uninhabited for fifteen years, was in five weeks prepared for my reception." Then follow some unsavoury details which can well be spared.

In the autumn of this year, the Court being then at Oatlands, Shrewsbury took his seat at the Council Board, and was discharged at his request from his trust. And here we may take our leave of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Obviously his lot was by no means enviable, despite his wealth, his station, and the trust reposed in him by his Sovereign.

For fourteen years he was weighed down by the onerous duties entailed upon him by the custody of Mary; and long before he was released he told Burghley that he knew her to be "a stranger, a Papist, and an enemy." "What hope," he asks, "can I have of good of her either for me or my country."

With such a charge as the Scottish Queen; with such an exacting mistress as Elizabeth; with such a wife as "Bess of Hardwick," and with the control of vast possessions (for besides estates in London and Chelsea, he owned property in a dozen counties), the cares of this world must have been ever present with him. He looks an unhappy man. His portrait, which with that of "Bess of Hardwick" I have seen in the stately home of the Cavendishes, is here reproduced.

It has been asserted that his wife accused him of a fondness for Mary; but I can find no evidence of this beyond an expression contained in a letter Bess writes from Chatsworth, wherein she says: "Lett me here how you your charge and *love* dothe, and commend me, I pray you."

His true sentiments were probably those expressed to Burghley, which are quoted above; and in fairness to his countess, it must be allowed that in his dotage he gave her reason to complain, for he suffered a female domestic, Eleanor Brittain, to gain an imperious ascendancy over him, and she is said to have shown a rapacity beyond belief. Other family dissensions there were, for on the death of his son Francis the inheritance rested with his second son, who married a daughter of Bess, reputed to have been "not less violent, insolent, and brutal than her mother."

The Earl died November 18, 1590, and his funeral on January 10 following was more sumptuous "than ever to any afore in these countrys," at which 2000 people were present, and several killed by accident.

Let us now return to the story of Mary's captivity. There is not much more to be told, for her end draws nigh:

In 1585 the Queen had been moved again from Wingfield to Tutbury. There Lord St. John was to be her keeper, but he soon procured his discharge. In April of that year Sir Amias Paulet relieved Sadler of an employment of which he was most weary. This Paulet—"My Amias, my most faithful and careful servant," as Elizabeth terms him; narrow, boorish, and a bitter sectary, as others regard him—was given the post to drive Mary to desperation, as it was thought at the time, so that she "might be more apt to take abrupt counsels and more easie to be trapped."

The new keeper was to "grope her mind"; and he writes that he delivered his "simple opinion unto her in all plainness" in the hope of forcing her into compromising speech; for, as he says: "In her heat she is apt to speak *ex abundantia cordis*."

When we come to assign the blame for the treatment to which Mary Stuart was subjected, it is quite clear that although the Queen of Scots came to this country by the invitation of the English Sovereign, and therefore should have been treated as a guest and not a fugitive, she was from the first a source of embarrassment to Elizabeth and her ministers, convicted as she was, so her enemies said, of murder and adultery. They seem to have regarded her all along as more dangerous in her prison than in her palace. But probably it was the caprice and vacillation of Elizabeth herself which gave most poignancy to Mary's sufferings. It is well known that the English Queen had fits of leniency and fits of rigour, which had as their results alternations of hope and despair in the captive's mind of the most distressing nature.



xxxv.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DATE OF EXECUTION
TO MARY STUART.

Unknown



But the torture that the "faithful Amias" must have inflicted upon Mary was not confined to his rude and pedantic harangues, it was supplemented by such petty tyranny as withholding her letters; thus, he writes to Elizabeth: "I have kept this Queen fasting from all sorts of news, good or bad." Her use of beads, her prayer books, pictures in silk and so forth, afflicted him much. "I am a near neighbour to much damnable wickedness," he says, "trusting to live so long as to see it plucked up by the roots." Indeed, all the adjuncts to devotion so dear to Catholics were "trash" to him, and when Mary asked him for a priest to say mass to her and to whom she might confess, she received "*en lieu de consolation ung livre defaimatoire par ung athée Buchanan*." This, no doubt was the famous "Detectio." With the magnanimity of her nature she bore it all, and not only endured, but bore it with dignity; nay more, she rose above it, for whilst the Walsingham plot was being weaved around her, the false Philipps writes to Elizabeth's ministers: "She begins to recover health and strength, and did ride abroad in her coach yesterday," and elsewhere we learn that the occasional changes of air consequent upon her removals from one place of captivity to another benefited her. She was stronger and slept better than she had done for some years, and not many months before her execution she writes, "God hath not set me so low but that I am able to handle my cross-bow for killing a deer, and to gallop after the hounds." It was by "a pretended hunting" that Mary was enticed from Chartley, and whilst she was away, incredible as it may seem, her coffers were broken open and her jewels abstracted. Well may she exclaim as she came out of the gate at Tixall, to some poor people who stood by, "I have nothing for you, I am a beggar as well as you, all is taken from me." To one of Mary's temperament, generous to the verge of imprudence, this must have been a trial indeed.

As the year 1586 closed in, the Commons, moved by the exposure of Babington's conspiracy and Mary's complicity therewith, passed sentence upon her. Symonds D'Ewes, in his journal of the House of Commons, under date November 12, 1586, records that a resolution was passed that "unless execution be done your Majesty's (*i.e.*, Elizabeth's) person cannot anywhere be safe, and religion cannot long continue amongst us."

Shrewsbury wrote to Burghley that the course which would be for the safety of the realm would be "speedy execution." After her sentence the behaviour of Paulet became more outrageous still, and we read of his

entering her chamber without ceremony and demanding the removal of her cloth of estate, and on her attendants refusing to remove the insignia of royalty, his own servants inflicted this indignity upon her, and then sitting down before her and putting on his hat, he orders them to take away the billiard-table since "no further pastime was needed by a woman who was about to die."

Before the curtain falls on the closing scenes of Mary's life, we may take a glance at the surroundings among which they were enacted. There is now nothing left of the Hall of Fotheringhay, for by order of her son James I. it was entirely demolished, even its foundations dug up; but I believe there are some pillars of the Hall still preserved at Conington Park, and a staircase, said to have been in the Castle, is shown in the Inn at Oundle. Leland who wrote in the time of Henry VIII., has left us the following picture of its neighbourhood and exterior.

"From Oundle to Foderingeye by marvellous fair corn-ground and pasture, butte little woodde. . . . There be exceedingly good meadows by Foderingeye. . . . The Castle is fair and meately strong, with doble ditches, and hath a keep very auncient and strong. There be very fair lodgyns in the Castel. As I hard, Catarine of Spain did great costs in late tyme of refreshing of it."

The Palace was situated on the south-east side of the Castle hill, fronting the river that runs below, and commanding a beautiful prospect over the extensive meadowland to the south. The walls were prodigiously thick, and on the mound or hill, a recent view of which is given in the etching at the end of this chapter, stood the hall where the Queen of Scots was beheaded; it was on the first ascent, and the keep on the second. Tradition says Mary exclaimed: "Perio, I perish," when she saw this formidable prison.

From a survey made in James' time we learn that the house was built of stone, "moted with a double mote, a fair court within the Castle, a building upon a mount eight or sixteen square, with lower and upper chambers to which you ascend by stairs, and then descending towards the hall, which is large and spacious. On the left hand (of) the court is the chapel and goodly lodgings."

The moats were respectively seventy-five and sixty-six feet wide. There are still double ditches. From the so-called "memorial" portrait of Mary, which belongs to Blair's College, and is reproduced in this book by

XXXVI.

WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

kind permission of the Trustees, some idea may be formed of what was the traditional appearance of the interior of the hall on the morning of the execution. The Queen, with bare shoulders, is represented as wearing a red bodice, and, blinded with a white handkerchief, is kneeling with her head on the block. Her neck is bleeding, and the executioner is about to strike again. He wears a short white apron: two guards with halberds stand behind the scaffold, which, by the way, was twelve feet square and two and a half feet high, and, together with a low railing which ran round it, was draped entirely in black. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, and the Earl Marshal, with white rods in their hands, stand by. Behind the Queen are two small figures of women, dressed in black, with white ruffs, Joan Kennethie or Kennedy, and Elizabeth Curle. At the other end of the scaffold stands a man writing in a note-book, and there are four others by his side. It may here be observed that both the King and the Earl of Darnley possess an example which is almost identical with the picture which has just been described; there is merely a trifling difference in the number of guards in the painting at Cobham.

Outside Fotheringhay, thousands of people had collected on this winter morning; there were some three hundred gentlemen admitted within the hall, whence tables and forms had been removed, and wherein a great wood fire was blazing. In all the assembly Mary seemed, we are told, the person least concerned in the tragedy about to be enacted. To the man with the note-book shown in the picture, who was doubtless Burghley's agent, and who may be described as the official reporter, we owe a simple and graphic account of the scene, which I give in his own words.

"The sayde day of Februarye being comme, and tyme and place for the execution, the sayde Queen being of stature tall, of body corpulent, rounde-shouldred, hir face fatt and broade, double-chinned, and hazell-eyed, her borrowed haire aborne (auburn), her attyre was this. On hir head she had a dressing of laurel edged with bone lace, a pomander chayne and an Agnus Dei about her necke, a crucifix in hir hande, a payre of beades (rosary) at hir girdle, and a silver cross at the end of them. A vayle of lawn fastened to hir caul bowed out with wyer (wire), and edged rownde about with boane lace. Hir gowne was of black sattin painted (embroidered), with a trayne and long sleeves to the grownde, sett with acorne buttons of jett trymmed with pearle, and shorte sleeves of

sattyn black-cast (slashed to show the sleeves within) with a payre of sleeves of purple velvett whole under them.

"Hir kirtle whole (not slashed) of figured black sattin, and hir petticoate skirtes of crimson velvett, hir shoes of Spanish leather with the rough side outward, a payre of greene silk garters."

Before she laid her head with so much courage on the block, she prayed, says Froude, "For the Church which she had been ready to betray, for her son whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavoured to murder. She prayed God to avert His wrath from England, that England which she had sent a last message to Philip to beseech him to invade. She forgave her enemies, whom she invited Philip not to forget." (Her last letter is printed in facsimile in an Appendix.)

Resuming the narrative of the eye-witness: "Then she began to kiss hir crucifix, and to cross himself, saying these wordes, 'Even as Thy armes, oh Jesu Christ, were spreadd heer upon the cross, so receive me into the armes of mercye.' Then the two executioners kneeled down unto hir, desiring hir to forgive them hir death. Shee answered: 'I forgive you with all my hart. For I hope this death shall give an end to all my troubles.' They, with hir two weomen helping, began to disrobe hir, and then shee layde the crucifix upon the stoole. One of the executioners tooke from hir neck the Agnus Dei, and shee layde holde of it, saying shee would give it to one of her weomen, and withall told the executioner that he should have monye for it. Then they tooke off hir chayne. Shee made herself unready with a kinde of gladness and smiling, putting on a payre of sleeves with her own hands which the two executioners before had rudely putt off, and with such speed as if shee had longed to be gone out of the worlde.

"During the disroabing of this Queen shee never altered hir countenance, but smiling, sayde she never had such groomes before to make hir unreadye, nor ever putt of (off) hir cloathes before such a companye.

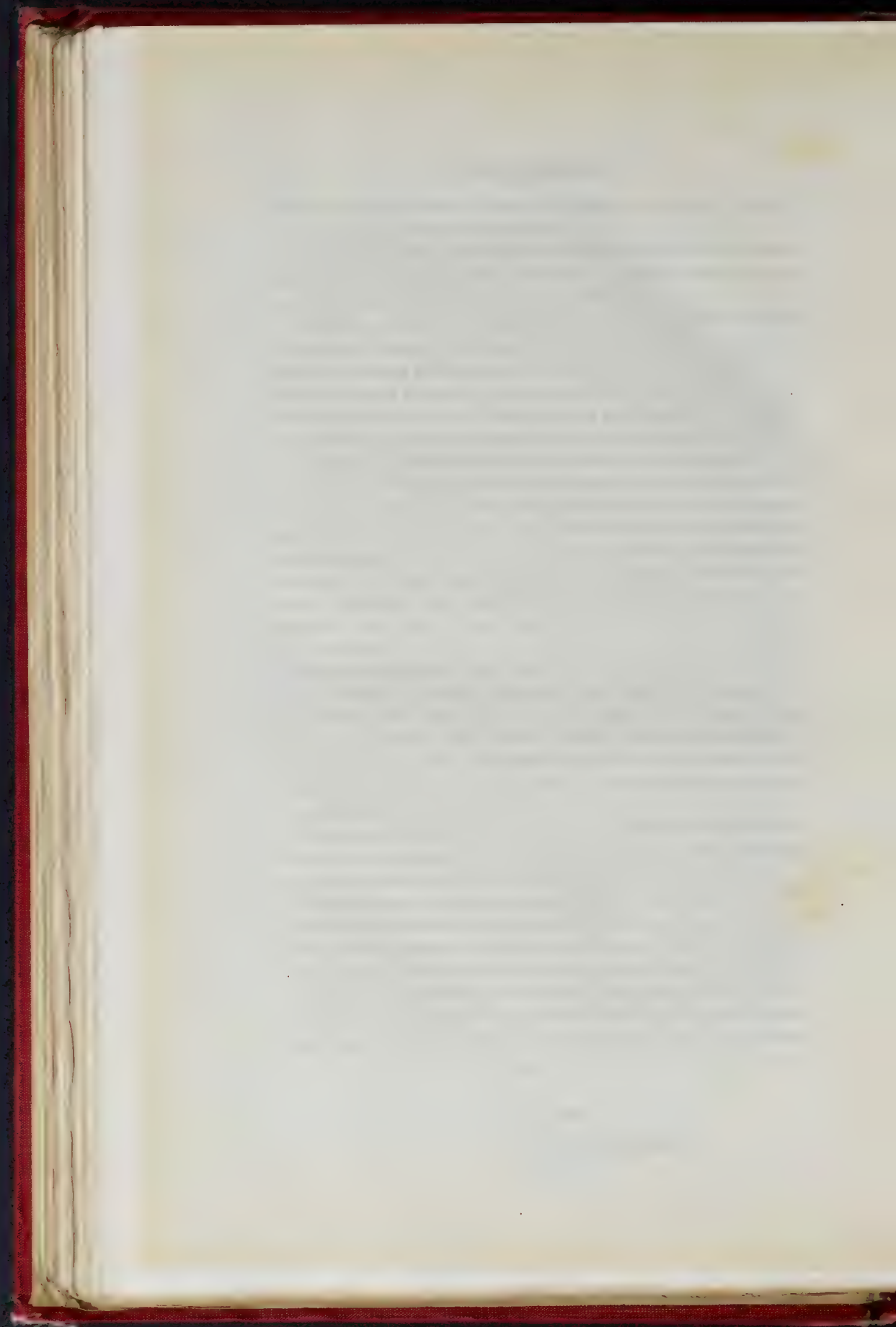
"At length, unattired and unapparelled to hir petticoat and kirtle, the two weomen burst out into a great and pittiful shrieking, crying, and lamentation, crossed themselves, and prayed in Lattine. The Queen turned towards them: 'ne cry vous, j'ay promé pur vous,' and so crossed and kissed them, and bade them praye for hir. Then with a smiling countenance shee turned to hir men servants, Melvin and the rest, crossed them, badd them farewell, and pray for hir to the last. One of the women



XXXVII.

MARY STUART MEMORIAL PORTRAIT.

Unknown.



having a Corpus Christi cloathe lapped it upp, three corner wise, and kissed it, and put it over the face of hir Queen, and pynned it fast to the caule of hir head. Then the two weomen departed. The Queen kneeled downe upon the cushion resolutely, and, without any token of fear of death, sayde allowde in Lattin the psalme '*In te, Domine, confido.*' Then, groaping for the block, shee layde downe hir head, putting hir chayne over hir backe with bothe hir handes, which, holding their still, had been cut off, had they not been espyed.

"Then shee layed herself upon the block most quietly, and stretching out hir armes and legges, cryed out, '*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*' three or four times.

"Att last while one of the executioners held hir streightly with one of his handes, the other gave two strokes with an axe before he did cut of hir head, and yet lefte a little grissle behinde. Shee made very smale noyse, no part stirred from the place where shee laye.

"The executioners lifted upp the head, and bad God save the Queen. Then hir dressings of lawne fell from hir head, which appeared as graye as if shee had byn three score and ten yeares olde, powled very shorte. Hir face much altered, hir lipps stirred upp and downe almost a quarter of an hower after hir head was cut off. Hir little dogg which was crept under her clothes which would not be gotten foorth but with force, and afterward would not departe from the dead corps, but came and layde between hir head and shoulders, a thing much noted." The little dog afterwards refused food and pined to death.

"Then sayde Mr. Deane (Fletcher of Peterboro'), 'So perish all the Queen's enemyes.'" "Whereupon," says Mr. Froude, "a loud Amen rose over the hall." Commenting upon Mary's behaviour in this last scene of her life, this writer observes: "The self-possession was faultless, the courage splendid. Never did any human creature meet death more bravely; yet, in the midst of the admiration and the pity which cannot be refused her, it is not to be forgotten that she was leaving the world with a lie upon her lips. She was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr, and if in any sense at all she was suffering for her religion, it was because she had shown herself capable of those detestable crimes which in the sixteenth century appeared to be the proper fruits of it. To assume and carry through the character of a victim of religious intolerance, to exhibit herself as an example of saintliness, suffering for devotion to the

truth, would be to win the victory over Elizabeth, nor can it be said that she failed. She could not indeed stay the progress of the Reformation, make England a province of Spain, or arrest the dissolution of an exploded creed; but she became a fitting tutelary saint for the sentimental Romanism of the modern world. She has had her revenge, if not on Elizabeth living yet on her memory in the annals of her country, and English history will continue, probably to the end of time, to represent a treatment of Mary Stuart, which, if it erred at all, erred from the beginning on the side of leniency and weakness, as the one indelible stain on the reputation of the great Queen."

The execution of Mary took place on February 8, 1587. Her body was embalmed, and it was not until August 1 that it was taken to Peterborough Cathedral for interment, "over against the lying of Queen Katherine" (of Arragon). . . . A rich hearse was erected by the first step of the choir, which was hung with black, as was the whole Church. "Upon Sunday at night, July 30, the body was brought by torchlight from the Castle of Fotheringay by Garter King-at-Arms, and other heralds, with some number of horse, and in a chariot made of purpose, covered with black velvet and adorned with her insignia. Between one and two of the clock in the night, . . . where attended it before the Church the Bishop of Peterborough, the Dean, Clarentius King-of-Arms, &c., the body with the closures weighed nine hundred pounds;" there was then no ceremony, but "upon Monday in the afternoon came to Peterborough all the lords and ladies, and other assistants, and at the Bishop's Palace was prepared a great supper for them. . . . Upon Tuesday the chief mourners, lords and ladies, being ready about ten of the clock, they marched from the hall of the Bishop's Palace. The Countess of Bedford, Chief mourner, Earls of Rutland and Lincoln, the Bishops of Peterborough and Lincoln, and some twenty-five other people of title. Eight Scottish gentlewomen, and eighteen Scottish gentlemen, divers esquires, two Kings and five Heralds-at-Arms, and an hundred poor women."

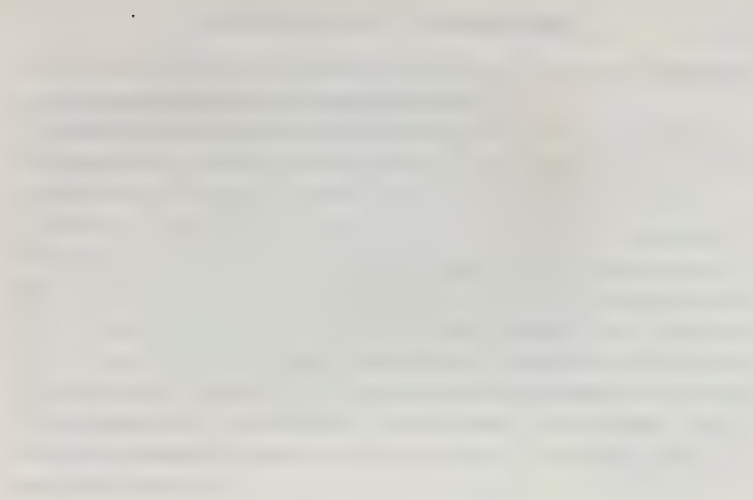
The Scottish, all save Mr. Melvin, departed, and would not tarry at sermon or ceremonies. The Bishop preached from the twenty-ninth Psalm, "Lord, let me know mine end," &c., and in his prayer said, "let us give thanks for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty Princess Mary, late Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France, of whose life and



XXXVIII.

EFFIGY ON MARY STUART'S TOMB IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.





XXXIX.

FOTHERINGHAY CASTLE, THE MOUND.

Etched by C. Boucher.

death at this time, I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other."

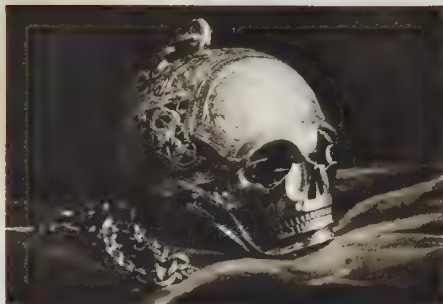
After the body had rested at Peterborough for twenty-five years it was translated to Westminster, and interred in the Abbey on October 11, 1612. The tomb erected by her son is too well known to need description.

Three centuries have not sufficed to lay to rest the fierce controversies Mary Stuart's career and fate have evoked; generation after generation of men arise and do battle over her character. But she herself rests at Westminster within a few feet of her cousin Elizabeth, and so it has come to pass that whilst in life jealousy and statecraft kept the rival Queens asunder, in death, Time the great leveller, has brought them side by side amidst the "Royal dust" of the Abbey, in the stately chapel which their common ancestor Henry VII. raised. Of Mary it may be said with Tennyson:

"Peace is with the dead.

Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt."





CHAPTER VIII

MARY—CHARACTER—PORTRAITS—RELICS

"Surely she was a high kind of woman, with haughty energies most flashing, fitful discernments; generosities; too fitful all, though most gracefully elaborated; the born daughter of heroes—but sore involved in papistries, French coqueties, poor woman; and had the dash of Gypsy tragic in her I doubt not; and was seductive enough to several, instead of being divinely beautiful to all. Considering her grand rude task in this world, and her beautiful, totally inadequate faculty for doing it, and stern destiny for not doing it, even Dryasdust has felt that there was seldom anything more tragical."—CARLYLE.



THE career of Mary has now been traced from the grim walls of Linlithgow to her last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. We have seen the diadem fall from her head only to be replaced by "a crown of adoration." Such a heated atmosphere of partisanship seems destined for ever to envelop this Queen, as a French writer has said, that it is hopeless to attempt a summary of her character likely to meet with general acceptance. The story of her life, as told in the preceding pages, should speak for itself. Complex and subtle all must allow her nature to have been; beyond this, but little common ground in estimating her real character seems to be found. Some of us will continue to regard her with Hume, as "this most amiable woman"; others will

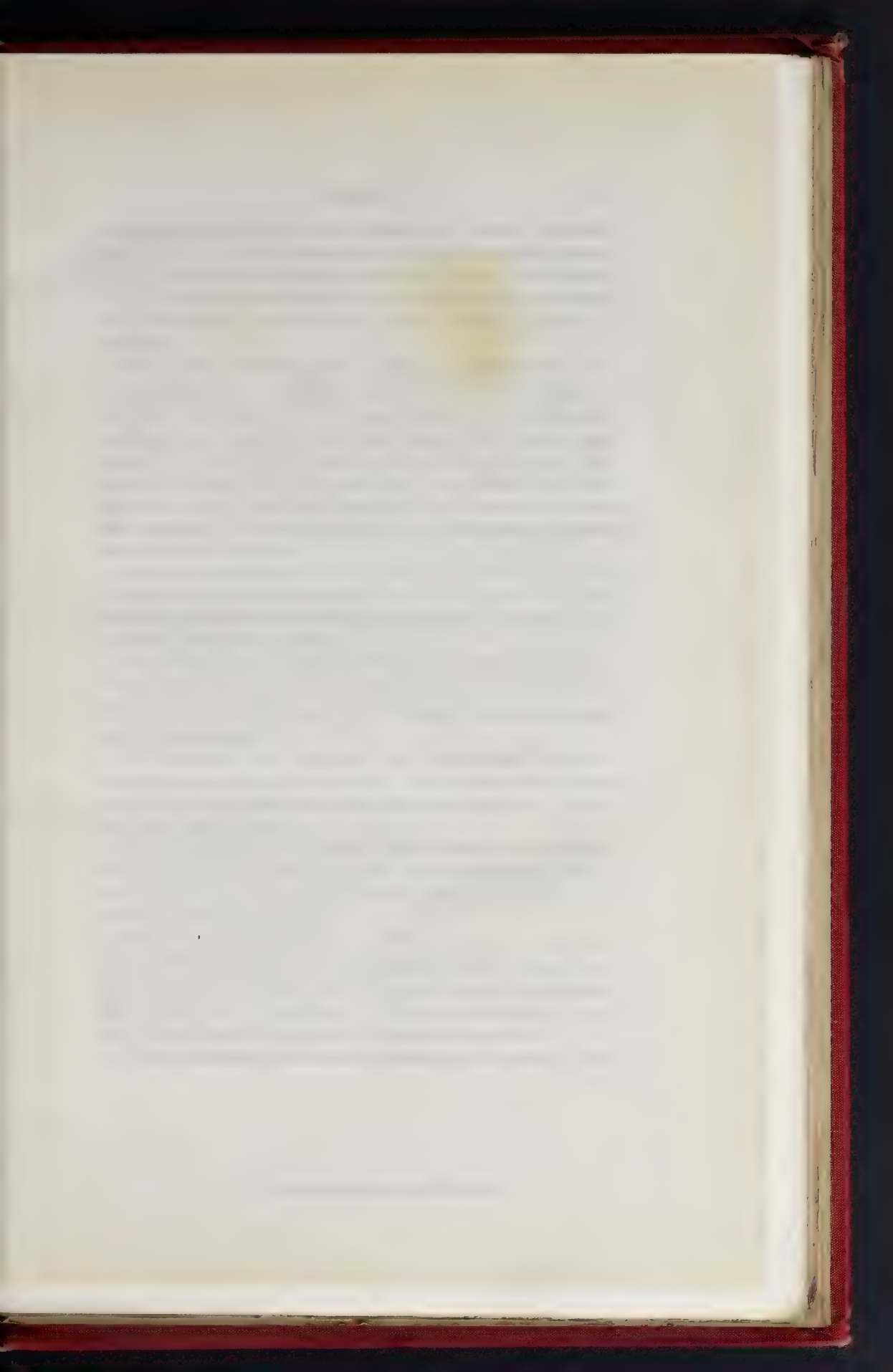




PLATE XL.



XL.

TIMEPIECE BELONGING TO MARY STUART.

share the sentiment of Mr. Froude, who (says Mr. Hosack) "denounced her as the worst and most abandoned of her sex, and in language unprecedented among historians of any age calls her a brute." Yet elsewhere Froude informs his readers that she was "warm and true in her friendships," that she had "a noble nature," and that she was "generous" in the extreme.

On the evidence before him, Sir John Skelton cannot believe that "her hundred gallant and inspiring qualities" were "either feigned or borrowed." He asserts that "as a girl at least, she was absolutely veracious; and if before the end came some of the finer and more magnanimous traits of her character had suffered eclipse, one must remember that hardly any other woman had been so hardly tried—while Mary had many of the brilliant qualities of the Stuarts, she had also their fatal defects. She lacked the coolness, the self-control, the patience, that become the diplomatist.

"Her personal attraction was boundless; whenever we come into direct contact with her we are conscious of a rich and vivid 'humanity,' and of 'the enchantment whereby men are bewitched.' Nature had, thus far at least, generously dowered her.

"Mary Stuart was one of the rare women who, in whatever station she is born, rules her world—the great world of letters and Politics, or the village green—as if the talisman by which hearts are won, had been given her by a fairy godmother.

"We have been told by one great artist that in Mary's nature the bitter and the sweet were perversely mixed; and by another, that she was a cruel and crafty coquette who played with men's hearts and lives as a cat plays with its mouse.

"Mary was possibly at times too honest, speaking her mind over plainly, when choleric. She is not sullen or stubborn or crassly obstinate, not so much a woman of high intellectual gifts, as of true force of character and fine natural sincerity."

Here the present writer cannot refrain from calling to mind the language this woman of "fine natural sincerity" used in writing to the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk. It is from a letter printed in the Hardwick papers, dated March 19, 1569–1570. "I will live or die with you," she says, "your fortune shall be mine." Did she really mean this?

Of her intellectual gifts, however, there can be no question. Her

letters are marvellous ; and of her personal charm let Sir Francis Knollys' often quoted words be witness : "The thing she most thirsteth after is victory, so that for victory's sake, pain and peril seem pleasant to her, and in respect to victory, wealth and all things seem to her vile and contemptible. Surely she is a rare woman ; for as no flattery can lightly abuse her, so no plain speech seemeth to offend her, if she think the speaker thereof to be an honest man."

"Surely a rare woman !" In reading such conflicting comments upon a story which Mr. Swinburne terms "one of the most moving of human tragedies," it is difficult to help feeling that in these words, and in another characteristic, upon which this author has laid stress—Mary's love of power—will be found, if not the keynote to her character in all its complexity, at any rate, a clue to the mainspring of her actions. Probably the estimate given by this writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" does not command universal assent, but as I have said, it suggests motives which may have been the right ones, and it explains much ; one need therefore make no apology for quoting a few passages from it. "It is," he says, "as a woman rather than a queen, or religious champion, that she specially appeals to the interests of mankind. Consummate actress though she occasionally proved herself to be, nature, in all the great emergencies of her life, asserted its supremacy, her heart has been bared to the world. She cared little for trappings of state, and her tastes were simple and natural ; yet her ruling passion was the passion for sovereignty. It had been carefully nurtured in her from childhood, it was specially whetted by the loss of the French crown."

One more estimate, and this by way of a contrast with her great rival, may be given.

"It was said of Elizabeth by one who knew her well, that she was more than man and less than woman ; but in her rival there was a finer poise, a truer balance. Mary had all the charm of a woman, with much of the strength of a man—of a daring man, of a bewitching woman."

"A bewitching woman," she indubitably was, and here we may appropriately consider what was Mary's actual personal appearance. At the very outset we are met with difficulties.

"The various portraits ascribed to this princess are as various and dissimilar as the circumstances of her life, or the features of her character, agreeing only in the single fact of representing her as eminently beautiful.



XLI.

LORD DARNLEY WHEN YOUNG.

Unknown.



No inveterate tradition tends to distinguish the authenticity of any one of them; the several professed resemblances of her countenance have excited almost as much doubt and controversy as the disputed points of her history." Take for example the portrait of Mary which was the frontispiece of Miss Strickland's "Queens of Scotland." This picture is said to have been given to Sir Edward Curwen, of Workington, the place whereat, it will be remembered, the Scottish Queen landed after her flight from Langside. It is to be presumed that the portrait was given by Mary in acknowledgment of some services rendered to her. All this is natural enough, but the curious part of the matter is that the picture does not bear the slightest resemblance to her other portraits. It is a profile of a young and attractive lady wearing a head-dress of an Italian character falling in folds from the back of her head. But it is surely not Mary, or if it be, then the "Janet" at Windsor, the "Oudry" at Hardwick, the monument at Westminster, are all false. I cite the last named because, thanks to the electrotype which Mr. Hosack presented to the nation, and which is now placed in the National Portrait Gallery, any one who chooses to go to St. Martin's Lane can verify this, and can see the profile in a way which is hardly possible with the monument itself. As an historian, Miss Strickland holds unquestioned rank, but she has never, so far as I know, commented upon the strange dissimilarity of this picture to others with which we must suppose she was acquainted.

A comparison of the twenty or more pictures of Mary shown at the Stuart Exhibition in 1889, and a study of a great many portraits assigned to her of one sort and another to which I have had access, have led to the conviction that there is a standard, based upon details of feature, expression, and colour, which is common to the best and least doubtful representations of her face and figure, and by this criterion it is possible to discriminate the real Mary.

Let us begin with a general description. All agree, I believe, in regarding Mary as being tall, like her mother, for Mary of Guise was "of the largest stature of woman." "Though tall, she was finely modelled," says Skelton, "and her beauty was of the delicate elusive sort which perplexes the artist. Still there was nothing fragile or hectic about her; the youthful Mary was hardy as a mountaineer, and she seems as a rule to have enjoyed perfect health. I cannot help thinking that much of the charm of her face depended upon the expression. Lively and vivacious

when excited, she was somewhat sad when solitary, and in most of the earlier pictures (in the later she has grown grave and almost grim) this touch of pensiveness is present. It is a powerful face that Janet and the rest have preserved for us, but apart from grave composure and wistful pensiveness, somewhat ambiguous."

The same writer would have us regard her hair as being "such as we see in the Venetian women that Giorgione and Titian painted, brown in the shade, golden in the sun, and yet the gold is not pure gold, but frosted—*blond cendré* as a Frenchman would say." A piece of Mary's hair has been handed down in Mr. Vereker Hamilton's family; it is of a beautiful golden colour. Mrs. Hamilton very kindly made a careful sketch for me from the original lock, and it has been reproduced in this work. The hair of Mary of Guise in the fine painting which has been already described, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery, is somewhat similar, but of a less golden shade.

Nicholas White, it will be remembered, describes the captive Queen's hair as being "of itself, black." As to its ordinary appearance, doubtless following the example of her cousin of England, not to speak of other great ladies of her time, Mary had a full store of wigs.

On the day of her execution her hair was totally grey, "as grey," says the eye witness whom we have quoted, "as if she was threescore and ten." Mr. Froude thus relates the change then made in her appearance. When "the coif and the false plaits fell off . . . the illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman."

Coming now to another and most important feature, her eyes; they are, according to Skelton, "clear and searching, sometimes hazel, sometimes chestnut, but—whatever their precise shade of colour may be at the moment—direct and unflinching as a hawk's." Mr. Lang calls them "side-long eyes of red-brown." The upper eyelids were, as Sir George Scharf has pointed out, unusually heavy, yet with an uninterrupted curve. "The nose in the figure at Westminster, as in Lord Morton's picture, rises a little at the top, and bends rather inwards at the bottom. The lips are commonly closely compressed; the compression of thoughtfulness rather than of pain; memory, and meditation working together. The rounded cheek, the undimpled chin, though not so square and massive as they would

probably be in a man's face of the same type, are fully developed. . . . Mary, it must be admitted, had not the low brow, that, like the low voice, is an excellent thing in woman. Over eyebrows arched like some old-fashioned bridge, rose a lofty forehead, the space across the temple between eye and ear being particularly noticeable. If the heavy eyelids gave at times a certain air of Antinous-like languor to the expression, there was abundance of vigilant perception in the ample forehead."

As an example of how the same features strike different observers, I may quote what a French writer has said amongst others things about her mouth and nose. The former he terms "*sa bouche mignonne qui ne semble pas même pouvoir protester par une vraie douleur contre son martyre, qui paraît capable tout au plus d'une exquise petite moue d'enfant longtemps gâtée à qui subitement on a fait mal.*" Contrast this with Sir John Skelton's "memory and meditation working together." The nose he finds more perplexing still, "*quant à l'organe nasal,*" he says, "*il est tantôt noblement aquiline, tantôt spirituellement busqué, parfois grec. . . . Je lui ai compté sept nez entout à cette pauvre Marie! ce qui donne à penser qu'elle en avait un pour chaque jour de la semaine.*"

Relatively speaking, the contemporary portraits of Mary are numerous, and probably like "professional beauties" of our own time, she gave many sittings. I say relatively because, as I have shown at length elsewhere, the amount of pictorial art of this period is meagre in the extreme. Such portrait painters as were then in England were nearly all foreigners; whilst in Scotland, when we have named Jamesone, it would, I think, be hard to find another native artist of that day, and he was born too late to have painted Mary from life. The poverty of the country, its disturbed state, and the puritanical fanaticism of its inhabitants are sufficient reasons why the arts did not flourish over the Border. Absolutely speaking, but few portraits of Mary, admitted to be authentic, have come down to us, but if the undoubtedly genuine pictures be rare, copies and spurious examples are innumerable. As with books about Mary Stuart, so with pictures of her, "to the making of them there is no end." For example take the well-known plate engraved by Bartolozzi. Of this work Walpole remarks: "The picture in one of the Company's Halls in the city, from which there is a print, and said to be Queen Mary, with her son, three or four years old, cannot be genuine: for I think she never saw James after he was a year old." Mr. Carew lent a picture of her with James to the National

Portrait Exhibition in 1866, after the picture ascribed to Zuccherò, the property of the Drapers' Company. I quote an instructive passage from the pages of Lodge, who tells us that in the preface to Mr. Chalmers' History, that learned author discloses "a new and most extraordinary discovery by which he has been enabled with the aid of an artist, of whom he expresses a high opinion, to produce *de novo*, a correct portrait of Mary; and one of the most singular features of the invention is that the distracting variety of those portraits which have hitherto individually pretended to originality, constitutes the very source which gives undoubted authenticity to his! The artist was to copy from one picture a pair of eyes, justified by the authority of Melvil; a nose from another, corroborated by the report of Keith; from a coin, a smile which had been cursed by Knox! and from a figure on a tomb, a frown which Buchanan had recorded to have been levelled at him! From the combination of these pictorial and historical tesseræ Mr. Chalmers' hopes were at length fulfilled by the acquisition of a portrait which, to use his own words, "has been very generally admired for its truth and elegance."

It seems strange that "the ever-instructive pen of Mr. Chalmers" (as Lodge terms it) could write this, if not incredible that an artist could be found with so much presumption as to depict it; such however, seems to be the fact, and Lodge devotes a chapter of warning about Chalmers' precious portrait "so whimsically composed." It has scarcely any resemblance to the Douglas picture except in the dress, in which the artist condescendingly tells us in Mr. Chalmers' preface, "he did not chuse to make any fanciful alteration."

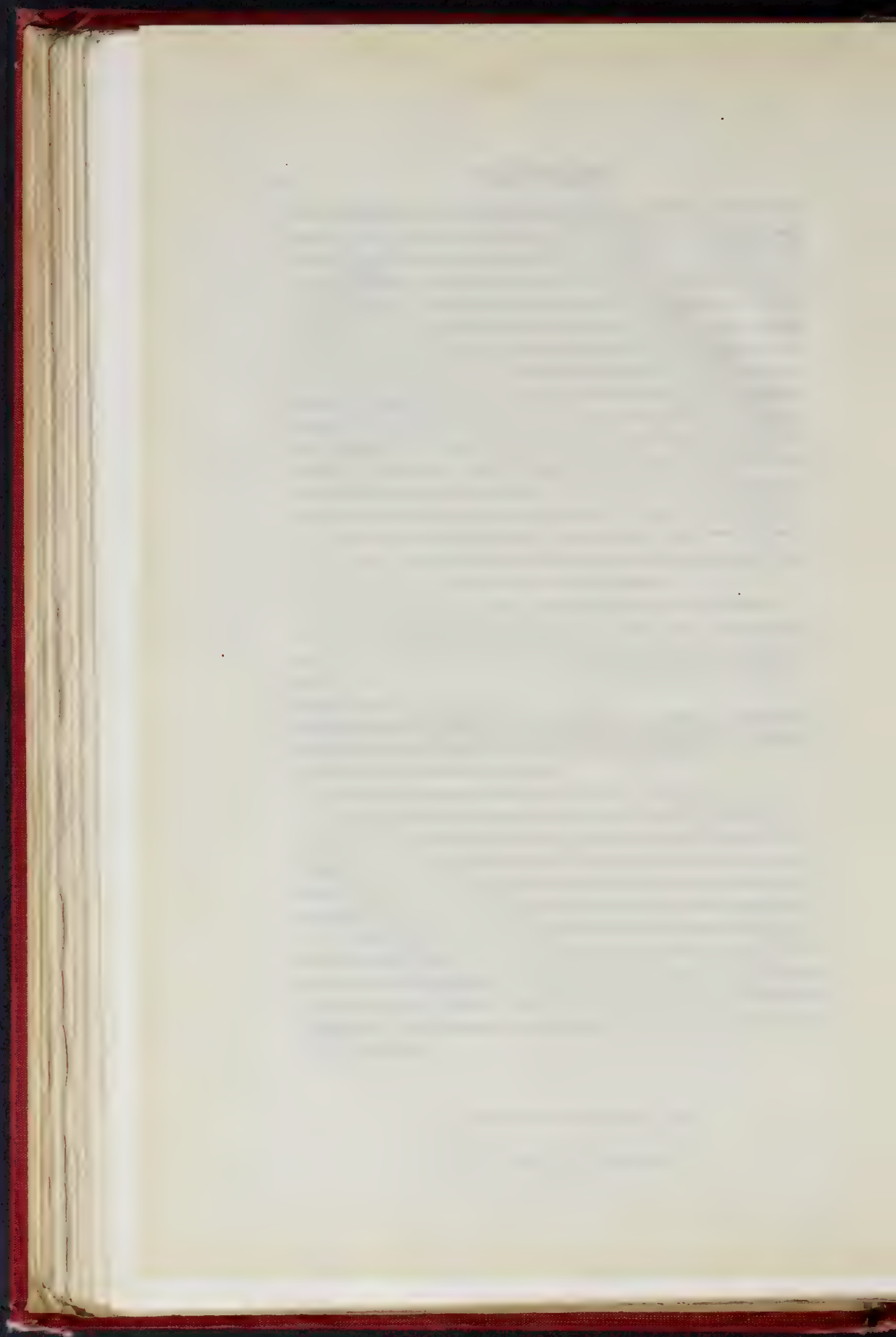
That contemporaneous portraits of Mary were painted, we know upon the authority of the Queen herself, for she was in the habit of sending copies of them to her friends and adherents. In January 1575, she wrote from Sheffield: "Il y a de mes amis en ce pays qui demandent de mes peintures, Je vous prie m'en faire *quatre* dont il faudra qu'il en soyent quatre enchassez en or, et me les envoyez secrètement, et le plus tost que pourrez."

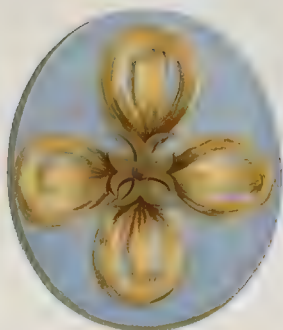
On August 31, 1577, Mary's secretary Nau wrote from Sheffield to the Archbishop of Glasgow: "Je pensois faire accompagnay la presente d'un portraict de sa Majesté, mais le peintre ne luy a sceu donner sa perfection avant le partement de cette despêche." So at this time some artist had access to her. In February 1578 she was at Sheffield, as we know by the draft of her will.

XLII

(a) LOCK OF MARY STUART'S HAIR.

(b) JEWEL OF THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE,
BELONGING TO THE REGENT MURRAY.





I propose to enter here into some details respecting portraits of Mary, a subject of extreme interest, but no less complexity. I must own to approaching the task with considerable diffidence, as, owing to the number of the examples, to vague, imperfect, and sometimes misleading descriptions, to change of ownership and so forth, it is often most difficult to trace them, especially in cases where one is unable to refer to the originals. The Appendix supplementing my remarks has been carefully compiled, and its contents tabulated so as to facilitate comparison and reference. It comprises a number of pictures shown at the National Portrait Exhibition, the Stuart Exhibition, the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, the Tercentenary Exhibition at Peterborough in 1877. I have personally examined the majority of them or otherwise identified them. Lastly, I have marked by the initials G. S. certain typical examples which the late Sir George Scharf considered well authenticated, and referred to in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries. It may be convenient to treat of the works we have to deal with as far as possible in chronological order, by which I mean the representation of her at various periods of her life, as many of the pictures are undated and cannot be otherwise classified.

Let us take first the portrait of her as a child, formerly at Castle Howard. This is one about which doubts have been expressed as to its being Mary at all, but at any rate it is an example of the numerous drawings in black and red chalk on white paper ascribed, and probably correctly so, to François Clouet or Janet, called Clouet III. He was Court painter in France during Mary's youth, and well-known examples of his work exist in the Windsor collection, in the British Museum, and the Louvre.

This example, once owned by the Earl of Carlisle, is now at Chantilly, and forms part of the collection of the late Duc d'Aumale, which that munificent nobleman gave to the French nation. It may be well to call attention to certain differences which exist between these drawings by Clouet and those by Holbein, which they instinctively recall. The Holbein drawings in the Royal Library at Windsor were, there is no doubt, *preparations* for pictures, designed to be traced on panels or canvases; indented lines produced by styles prove that Holbein's drawings were thus transferred. But the works by Clouet come under the category of sketches or studies, and show no evidence of being used for tracing from. As the inscription on the side of the drawing shows, this portrait was painted

when Mary was nine and a half years old, and is dated 1552. Like her gown, the coif that she wears is richly embroidered and jewelled; the puffed sleeves are slashed, showing the lining; between each slash are jewels. Her ear-rings are pearl, and a chain of jewels is looped about her bosom and shoulders. I believe the authorship of this work is not questioned, but it is hard to reconcile it with the beautiful drawing, formerly in the Bibliothèque St. Geneviève, and now in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, representing her as a young woman. So far as I am able to compare them there is hardly a feature in which these two examples resemble one another. The child of nine seems of Flemish type; her face is rounder, broader, and flatter, the nose is totally different in shape, the eyes smaller and differently set in the head, even the ear is unlike that of the drawing in Paris. This latter sketch of Janet's, which is clearly from the life, and carries conviction with it, "brings her most distinctly before us; the brow broad and ingenuous, the eyes fearless, the face virginal in its sweetness, simplicity, and sedate composure, the expression though grave . . . has a certain wistfulness, as of one who felt there were hazards before her in the years that were coming. So she may have looked that spring morning when dressed in blue velvet trimmed with white, Henry on her right, the Duke of Guise on her left, she entered the solemn and venerable Notre Dame, where, surrounded by half the nobles of France, and a score of cardinals and bishops, she gave her hand to her boy lover."

It is interesting to compare this chalk drawing with the well-known Janet miniature (also reproduced) from Windsor, which once belonged to Charles I. and was catalogued as at Whitehall in 1639. This beautiful work is generally accepted as an authentic portrait of Mary, and I am able to show a direct transcript of it from the original. It has never been out of the possession of the Crown, and is reputed to give us Mary's true features.

In the portrait from Hardwick she has light, wavy, auburn hair, which she wears under a blue coif, her cap and slashed dress being red. It is a small panel in oils by an unknown artist, full of vivacity and charm. She is described as being sixteen years of age when this was painted, but surely looks older. Indeed, in point of likeness, I am bound to say it differs from what I believe to be the features of the real Mary.

The Marquis of Ailsa possesses an interesting painting of Mary when she was Dauphine. It was given by her to the Earl of Cassilis when he

went to Paris as one of the commissioners to conduct her to Scotland. It is now at Culzean, and represents Mary to the waist, looking to spectator's right, wearing a close-fitting jewelled cap, in ruff and close-fitting embroidered dress, with shoulder puffs; a chain with large pearls and crucifix appended thereto hangs round her neck.

Mr. Oliphant's picture I understand is reputed to be one of Mary painted after she married the Dauphin.

Probably the small full length in the Royal collection belongs to this period, as may also the interesting picture said to be Mary Stuart belonging to Lord Battersea. The latter is painted upon an old panel; some portions of the work, which is sound and careful throughout, *e.g.*, the dress, the hands, the table, and such-like details, appear to be genuine, and possibly contemporary; but in the all-important matter of the face, it is difficult to speak with equal confidence, for the head has been repainted to such an extent as to detract from the historical value of the portrait. If the object of this sophistication was to make the Queen appear a beautiful woman, that may be deemed to be attained, for the picture is eminently pleasing, but this effect is procured, one feels, at the expense of veracity, an opinion which I venture to think would be endorsed by all who are thoroughly acquainted with Mary's real features and expression.

The Marquis of Salisbury has a picture of her aged seventeen, attributed to Sir Antonio More. This is identical with the portrait belonging to the Baroness Burdett Coutts given in this book; whilst the jewels and treatment are similar to the frontispiece of vol. i., which is also after Sir A. More.

But of all the pictures of her at this period of her life, a drawing ascribed to Janet, and now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, is that which attains the highest standard: one feels instinctively the truth of the portrait, and, from the purely artistic point of view, it is excelled by none. The portraits of Mary, representing her in Court mourning known as "*le deuil blanc*," are amongst the most satisfactory. In the first place we are able to date them, as she is wearing the white mourning for the Dauphin, about which, as we read further back, Brantôme was so complimentary, or rather it was her complexion he praised so highly. Lord Bessborough had a replica of it, which was engraved by Bartolozzi as a Holbein. It is interesting to compare this portrait with the one of Mary of Guise. Both mother and daughter wear a coif, and, allowing for the difference in age, it is possible to trace a close resemblance between them. The furtive, almost

sly look in the younger woman's eyes is especially remarkable. The King possesses a version of this "deuil blanc" portrait in oils, on a panel 12 by 9. The picture was in the collection of Charles I. It is No. 15 in Van der Doort's contemporary catalogue, and thus described: "In the King's chair room in the Privy Gallery at Whitehall, and said to be by Jennet." Mrs. Alfred Morrison possesses a replica of it, also in oils. Besides these, there is a good but faded miniature in the King's collection, supposed by Lord Ronald Gower to be the work of Isaac Oliver.

Several of the doubtful pictures in my list have a close similarity in costume; they represent her older than she was when in France, whilst they are clearly anterior to the portraits of her more mature age, and before captivity told upon her, as it is easy to see it did by the later pictures. One of the most familiar pictures of Mary is the full length ascribed to Zuccherò, now at Chatsworth. She is holding white and red roses. It is well known by the print. It is worth noting that in this fine picture her hair is light brown and her eyes are chestnut-coloured.

In the two enamels by H. Bone, R.A., after Sir A. More, one belonging to the Baroness Coutts, the other to the Duke of Wellington, as mentioned before, Mary is young and most attractive, perhaps more beautiful than in any of the whole series of her portraits. The dress is decidedly French in character in each picture.

The well-known engraving by Elstracke representing Mary with her second husband is from a scarce print in the British Museum, and whilst curious, is of no value as contemporary portraiture. The Queen is described on it as "the most excellent princesse . . . entombed at Westminster." It could not, therefore, have been engraved until after 1612, as Mary's body was not removed to the Abbey until that year.

Amongst the miscellaneous portraits in my list I may name the onyx cameo of the heads of Mary and her second husband, the work of Valerio Vincentino, and the property of the Duke of Buccleuch. On a coin, reproduced, her head is shown facing Darnley's.

In this connection I should mention the fine medal in the British Museum, giving her portrait in profile. According to Mr. Grueber this is a remarkable work by Giacomo Primavera, a medalist born before the middle of the sixteenth century, of Italian origin. Nearly all his works are portraits of personages either of France or of the Netherlands. There is no evidence that he was ever in Scotland, but the learned assistant

keeper of the medals surmises that this portrait of Mary was executed about the same time as the Morton portrait which he states "was painted by order of Mary during her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle 1566-67." There are casts of this medal, which is plain on the reverse, but modern copies give a reverse.

The Earl of Morton's picture at Dalmahoy is a well-known one. As engraved in Agnes Strickland's "*Queens of Scotland*," it shows Mary to the waist; she holds between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand a large pearl, which is suspended from her neck. The portrait bears on the upper part the inscription: "Mary Queen of Scots, said to have been painted during her confinement in Loch Leven Castle." According to family tradition, it was given by Mary to George Douglas, who was one of her gaolers in 1567, and was then twenty years of age. He was fascinated by the Queen, who was in his keeping nearly a year, and she is said to have tempted his ambition by giving him hopes of her hand. It was Willie Douglas who actually set her free. The portrait passed with other relics to James, Earl of Morton. Horace Walpole thought highly of this picture, for he says, "I never could ascertain the authenticity and originality of any portrait of Queen Mary of Scots, but of that which is in the possession of the Earl of Morton. That," he repeats, "and the tomb (see postea), are the most to be depended upon." The late Sir George Scharf, however, was of opinion that the Dalmahoy example was taken at an early period from the Sheffield picture, that is to say from the full length canvas by Oudry, now at Hardwick, of which I have given an illustration direct from the original, and shall describe presently. The learned writer I have just quoted, points out that the costume differs by the omission of some religious emblems in Lord Morton's picture, and by the substitution of small plain cuffs or bands instead of ruffles at the wrists; and speaking of costume, Sir George further remarks that it is improbable that the style of dress would be so exactly similar in 1567—when it was said to be given by Mary to her deliverer—to that of the year 1578, when the Sheffield picture was certainly painted. This latter interesting portrait represents her in the thirty-sixth year of her reign, as the inscription, with unconscious irony informs us, and the tenth year of her captivity. It is, I believe, almost identical with the picture by the same artist belonging to the Earl of Darnley, who also possesses at Cobham a replica of the Memorial picture with a representation of the execution in the back-

ground. It is a curious fact that but for the portraits of Mary, this French painter would be unknown. How he came into the Midlands at all I cannot tell, but there he undoubtedly was, and Mary, having plenty of leisure, gave him sittings, possibly to while away the weary hours. For this posterity may be grateful, since, as a critic in the *Athenæum* has pointed out, the picture bears authenticity of likeness in every feature, although, technically speaking, the work is poor and timid. The eyes have the same slyness of expression noted as a characteristic in the drawing of the Queen in *le deuil blanc*. At Hampton Court is a whole length adaptation of this picture dated 1580; in it the figure is reversed. In 1639 it was hanging in Whitehall where it formed one of a series of sovereigns painted by Daniel Mytens for Charles I.

The Duke of Portland possesses a full-length, life-size replica of the Hardwick painting by Oudry, with which it is almost, but not quite, identical. It is inscribed as "an original . . . taken at Hardwick whilst she was in custody of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury."

Passing on to another of the Hardwick pictures, one cannot but be struck by the quaintness of its treatment. It represents the announcement to Mary of the date of her execution being fixed. The man in the costume of the period, who is accosting the Queen, finds her at her tapestry loom. In an upper portion of the picture we see her engaged by candle-light upon the needlework to which she devoted so many hours. The escort is in the semi-classical attire dear to the art of that day.

We now come to what is known as the "Memorial" group. The prototype is doubtless the "Memorial" picture at Blair's College, Aberdeen. The authoress of the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," conjectures that it was sketched on the scaffold at Fotheringhay, "if so," she says, "it must have been by Amyas Cawood, who has delineated the severed head." With all due respect to Miss Strickland, I cannot think any one would be allowed to do this, nor anything of the kind, seeing the strictness with which everything appertaining to that tragic morning's work was destroyed, so that no relics should be taken away by Romanist sympathisers. On the other hand it is extremely probable that it was painted after the event, by the assistance, and with the cognisance of Elizabeth Curle, who is represented in it, and who ended her days in a Low Country convent. She bequeathed it to the Scotch College at Douay, where her brother was one of the professors. Here it was saved

with difficulty from the destructive fury of the Jacobins, by being hastily cut out of the frame, wound round a wooden roller, packed with another roller, and secreted in one of the nooks of the wide chimney of the Refectory, the fireplace being afterwards built up. There it remained from 1794 to 1814 or 1815, when the few surviving members of the fraternity searched for it, and found it uninjured. After the dissolution of Douay, it was transferred to the English Benedictine College in Paris, brought to Scotland in 1830 by the late Bishop Patison, and has hung at Blair's ever since. The pedigree of this interesting work may thus be said to be complete.

The similar picture at Windsor differs slightly in size, and the example at Cobham has nine guards instead of two; the names of the female attendants are omitted in the latter, and the Queen's hair is represented as darker. Early in the last century another painting, similar to the foregoing, was sold at Christie's, but, according to Sir George Scharf, is now lost. In Antwerp there is a bust portrait traceable to the Memorial picture. It surmounts the monument to Barbara Mowbray and Elizabeth Curle in the Church of St. Andrew. There was also a picture, corresponding in many respects to that by Oudry, but said to be an old copy, destroyed by fire in the hall of the Scottish Corporation, Crane Court, Fleet Street. There are vignette views of the execution upon an engraving (contemporary) in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. Lastly there is the monument at Westminster to which reference has already been made; one feels it would be interesting to know what guide the sculptor had for the likeness. The erection of this tomb was, we know, a long time about, and it was well paid for. Its technical qualities speak for themselves, and it will, I think, be found that the more the work is studied, the more it will be admired.

Sir Walter Scott has somewhere remarked that "the general interest taken in the fate of Queen Mary renders everything of consequence which connects itself with her misfortunes." Hence I venture to offer a few observations on some of the best authenticated relics of her which exist. I have often been struck by the number of such objects which appear to be lost, or at any rate cannot be traced. At the New Gallery in 1889, some seventy mementos of Mary of the most diverse nature were exhibited, ranging from trifling objects of personal use, such as old shoes, to such precious objects as the rosary she held in her hand as she mounted the

scaffold, or the magnificent cabinet of ebony and ivory which is one of the treasures of Windsor. The work of her own hands was to be seen in plenty at this Stuart Exhibition: for example, the leading strings she worked for her son, now the property of Lord Herries. A piece of her coronation robe, her hand-bell and "caudle-cup," the beautiful ciborium, which Lord Balfour of Burleigh now owns, the bronze cannon presented to her when she was Queen of France, and other things too numerous to mention, were also there displayed.

At Peterborough in 1887, at the Tercentenary Exhibition, were shown relics of no less varied a nature, from Mary's spoons, to the veil worn by the unhappy Queen almost to the last moment of her existence.

At Glasgow in 1901 there was an unexampled display of these objects. A detailed description of them cannot here be given. I must content myself with a short account of some of the most interesting of those reproduced in this book. Foremost amongst them, from its deep personal value, may be placed the beautiful rosary, of which mention has already been made. It is now the property of the Duke of Norfolk, to whom I am indebted for permission to reproduce it.

The rosary, or pair of paternosters, as it was called in Mary Stuart's day, consists of the usual five series of beads, with a larger bead or gaud between each series; the beads are hollow spheres of gold. The cross, which is also of gold, has, on the front a figure of the crucified Saviour. Above the head is a small tablet on white enamel, with letters I.N.R.I. filled in with black. On the back of the cross is a gold figure of the Blessed Virgin.

The cabinet in the Royal collection, Windsor, is of ebony inlaid with ivory, and elaborately decorated with tortoise-shell and silver. It measures 3 feet 10 inches in width, 2 feet 7 inches in height, and 17 inches in depth. The metal plates upon it are wrought with pierced and *repoussé* foliage and scroll work.

It contained a lock of Mary's own hair, and a purse of her own making, bequeathed to her Majesty Queen Victoria by Robert, eighth Lord Belhaven and Stenton, with a request that they might be preserved either at Holyrood or at Windsor Castle. This cabinet was brought from Paris, and given by Queen Mary to the Regent, Lord Mar, from whom, through the marriage of his great grand-daughter Mary Erskine with William Hamilton of Wisham, it passed into the possession of the Belhaven family.

The *memento mori* timepiece is a remarkable relic, and was given by Mary Queen of Scots to Mary Setoun, one of her Maids of Honour. It is inherited by the present owner from his ancestors the Setoun family. The watch is in the form of a skull; on the forehead is a figure of Death standing between a palace and a cottage: around it is this legend from Horace, *Pallida mors equo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.*

On the hind part of the skull is a figure of Time, with another legend from Horace, *Tempus edax rerum tu que invidiosa vetustas.* The upper part of the skull bears representations of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and of the Crucifixion, each with Latin legends; and between these scenes is open work, to let out the sound when the watch strikes the hour upon a silver bell, which fills the hollow of the skull, and receives the works within it when the watch is shut.

There are numerous devotional books said to have belonged to Queen Mary. I show a "Book of Hours," now the property of Captain Murray Threipland, who also owns the very interesting jewelled spinning-wheel which belonged to Mary of Guise, and came from Linlithgow.

To the late Earl of Galloway I am indebted for permission to reproduce the St. Andrew Badge of the Order of the Thistle; but this, though a Stuart relic of great interest, is not directly associated with Mary. It belonged to the Regent Moray, and was worn by him on the day of his assassination by Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, January 23, 1569. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell exhibited, at the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901, the actual gun used.

In a convent at St. Germain en Laye, where James III. kept his poverty-stricken and melancholy court, they claim to have much tapestry, and an altar cover for the church, worked by Mary.

The tapestry I have shown is traditionally said to be the work of Mary's own fingers. It is in the drawing-room at Hardwick, and represents the Judgment of Solomon. The heads are said to be intended for portraits.

Speaking of Hardwick, amongst the objects which are considered as being contemporary with Mary, and as forming part of the equipment of the old Hall, is the coat of arms which heads Chapter IV. It is probably plaster, painted, and inserted over the door of the small room which is called Queen Mary's bedroom, in which also there is a bedstead, covered with a quilt of her own handiwork, the pattern of which is now faded beyond recognition.

At Dalkeith, on the other hand, there are preserved a number of chairs and settees, covered with tapestry said to be Mary's own work, in excellent condition.

The relics already referred to as belonging to Lord Balfour of Burleigh are shown in the plate which concludes this chapter. These heirlooms are all of exceptional interest. Beginning with the ciborium and its cover, which is the uppermost object in the illustration, this is of copper gilt, elaborately enamelled in *champlevé*. It is twelfth-century work, and is reckoned one of the finest examples of its kind. It is described at length in the catalogue of the Exhibition of the Archæological Institute, held at Edinburgh in 1856. According to tradition, it belonged to Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, 1056-1092, and is said to have been given by Mary Stuart to Sir James Balfour, her faithful adherent, who married the heiress of Balfour of Burleigh, from whom it descended to the present possessor. According to the catalogue of the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery, "the lower part of a ciborium of very similar workmanship is preserved at Warwick Castle, and comprises six subjects from the Old Testament, accompanied, as in this example, by Latin verses," three of which are identical with those on Lord Balfour's. The Louvre possesses a ciborium of similar form; and, speaking of enamels, Lord Malcolm of Poltalloch owns a Limoges tazza which belonged to Queen Mary, it bears her arms with the Dauphin's crown, and was formerly in the Pourtales Collection. This is of much later date than Lord Balfour's ciborium, having been painted by Jean Court, dit Vigier, who was probably attached to the court of Mary.

The silver-gilt hand-bell is also of much interest, being an object of personal use, which may have "furnished her chamber." We have seen how Mary was despoiled at Tixall, but there were certain things she was permitted to retain at Fotheringhay, an inventory of which exists. Among them was a "closchète." In February 1577 she made a will at Sheffield in which she bequeathed to her secretary Claude Nau, who wrote the document, "mon grand diamant, ma grande escritoyre d'argent aux bords derez, et la closchète de mesme." The inventory of her goods, surmised to have been taken at Chartley in 1586, included with other valuables "une closchète d'argent, desus la table de Sa Majesté." Finally, mention is made of jewels and a "little silver bell" as being in the hands of her servants after her execution.



XLIII.

RELICS OF MARY STUART.

There remains the tankard of agate, with silver mountings and handle. This is considered to be of Scottish workmanship. It is five inches in height; the plate mark is a unicorn's head erased, with a lion's head and a rose in relief upon the handle.

These remarks on portraits and relics of Mary Stuart may be concluded in the words of Fuller: "Say not they are but of narrow and personal concernment, seeing they are sprinkled with some passages of the publique."





CHAPTER IX

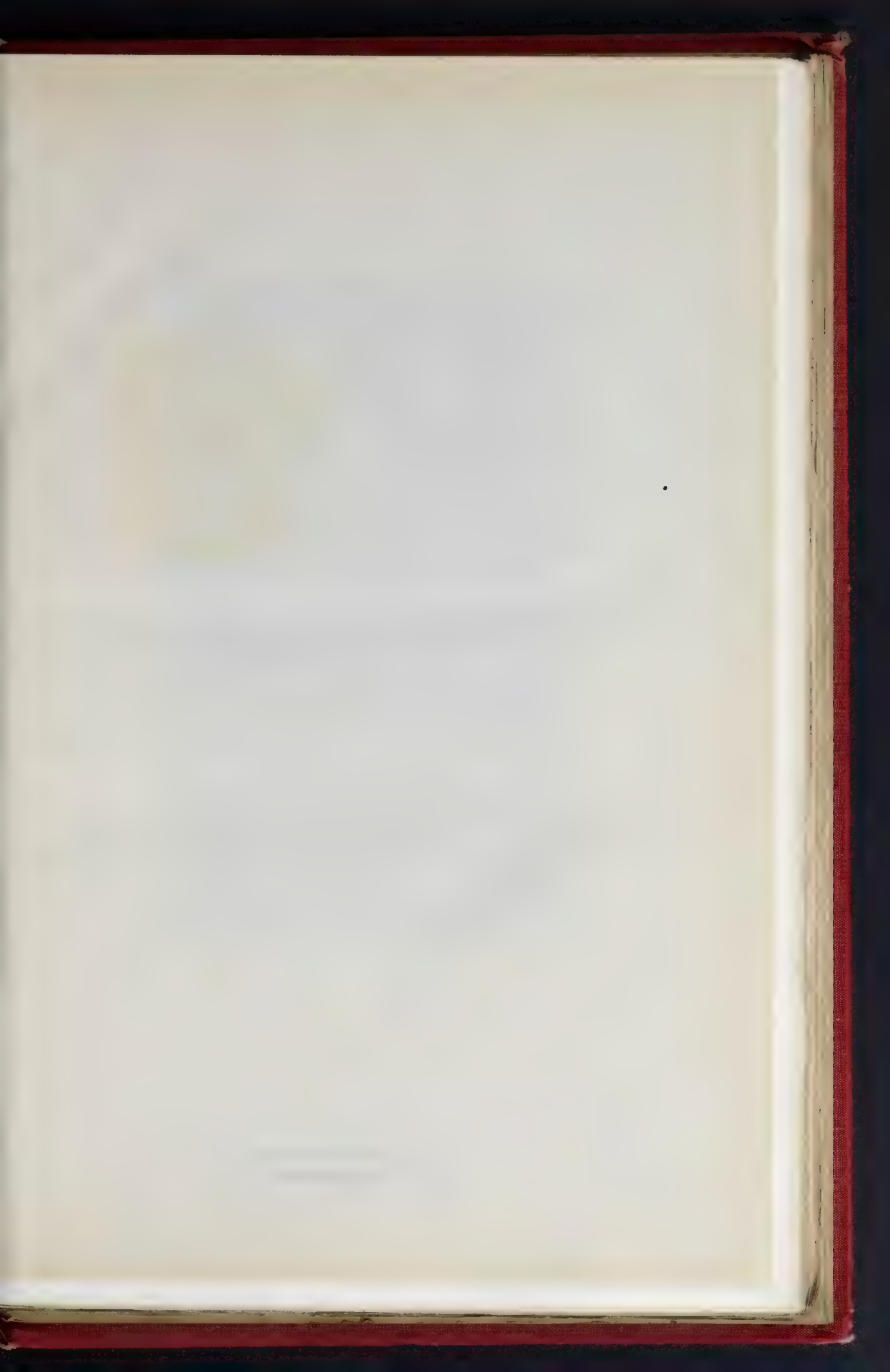
JAMES I OF ENGLAND AND VI OF SCOTLAND

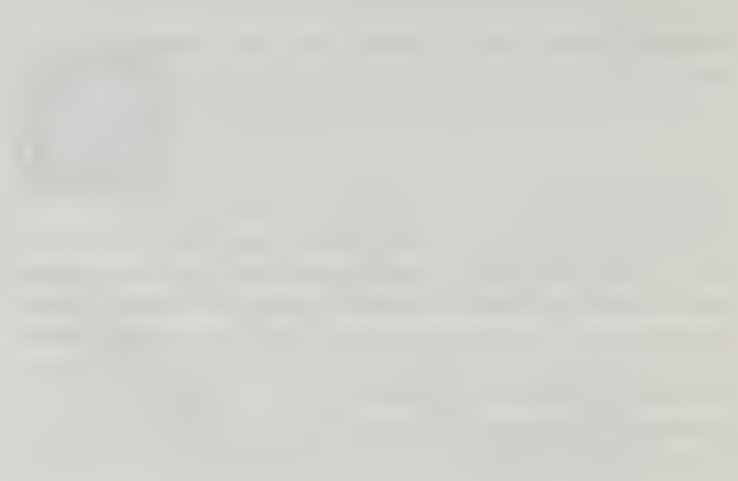


HE first of the Stuarts to mount the English throne comes as an anti-climax—so to speak—alike in person and in character, to his mother and to his immediate predecessors.

"A bully and a coward," Mr. Lang terms him. As to the latter characteristic, it has been pertinently observed that "the history of that family and of the nation they misgoverned might have been very different if Mary, some months ere she became a mother, had not seen at Holyrood the spouting blood of Rizzio, and the naked blades of his assassins as he clung to her garments for protection."

At any rate James I. and VI. remains "A standing puzzle to the student of character." "This stuttering, ungainly Scot," as one of his mother's literary champions terms him, "was not the king the





XLIV

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT CONSPIRATORS.

From an Old Print.



XLV.

JAMES I AND VI. WHEN EIGHT YEARS OLD.



nation looked for, and his manners told heavily against him. The masses are not quick to recognise the solid qualities of a sovereign, and even the classes better fitted to judge were startled by his frivolous tastes, and undignified familiarity."

The personal appearance of the "tipsy Solomon," as he is so often called, seems to prejudice the author of "A short History of the English people," who writes thus uncompromisingly of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland:

"His big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, his goggle eyes, stood out in as grotesque a contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth as his gabble and rhodomontade, his want of personal dignity, his coarse buffoonery, his drunkenness, his pedantry, his contemptible cowardice. Under this ridiculous exterior, however, lay a man of much natural ability, a ripe scholar, with a considerable fund of shrewdness, of mother wit, and ready repartee."

A great authority, Professor S. R. Gardiner, distinctly denies the charge of drunkenness. He says, "from his earliest youth not a syllable was ever whispered by the foulest slanderer against the morality of his life, and though he was certainly not abstemious, he was known to be perfectly free from the vice of drunkenness."

With respect to his scholarship, or assumption of it, James' pedantry lays him open to censure in modern eyes, and Sir John Skelton calls him an "egregious school-boy, who occupies his leisure in writing a commentary on the Apocalypse, who in public controversy swears like a trooper and scolds like a shrew, surely one of the most singular royal figures of whom record remains."

It is, however, only fair to remember that pedantic affectation was carried to a prodigious height in those days. The length to which the egotism and vanity of James ran upon occasion, is graphically set forth in a letter from Sir John Harington to Sir Amias Paulet, under date January 1606-7. After describing how he came to the presence-chamber, and "had gotten good place to see the lordlie attendants," he says, "I was ordered by a special messenger, and that in secret sorte, whence in near an houre waitinge the same knave ledde me up a passage, and so to a small room where was good order of paper, inke and pens, put upon a boarde for the Prince's use. Soon upon this, the Prince his Highness did enter . . . then he enquired much of lernynge, and showed me his

owne in suche sorte, as made me remember my examiner at Cambridge. He sought muche to knowe my advances in philosophie, and uttered profound sentences of Aristotle, and such-like wryters, which I had never read, and which some are bolde enoughe to saye, others do not understand. : . . This Prince did nowe presse my readyng to him parte of a canto in Ariosto . . . and asked me 'what I thought pure wit was made of, and whom it did best become? Whether a Kynge should not be the beste clerke in his owne countrie, and if this lande did not entertayne goode opinion of his lernynge and goode wisdom?' "

"His Majestie did much presse for my opinion touchinge the power of Satane in matter of witchcraft; and asked me with muche gravitie—'if I did trulie understande why the devil did worke more with ancient women than with others.' "

In the account of this interview there is mention made of a circumstance which students of folklore will note with interest: "His Highness told me the deathe of the Queen his Mother was visible in Scotland before it did really happen, being, as he said, spoken of in secrete by those whose power of sighte presentede to them a bloodie heade dancing in the aire. He then did remark muche on this gifte, and saide he had soughte out of certain bookes a sure waie to attain knowledge of future chances."

Finally the king dismissed him with an injunction that he should do him, James, justice in his report, and in good season, adding, "I will not fail to add to your understandinge, in suche pointes as I maye finde you lacke amendment."

This same "witty knave," as Elizabeth called him, has given a portrait of his great Queen in a letter to Mr. Markham which, as Lord Orford justly says, is more faithful than any that is to be found in our most voluminous historians. But it is too long to be quoted here. Probably James felt he owed his visitor some civility, apart from any interest he may have felt in him as a translator of Ariosto, for three years previous to the interview I have described, Sir John had sent the king an elaborate and costly present in the shape of a dark lantern "made of foure mettels, the top of it was a crown of pure gold, which also did serve to cover a perfume pan." In return for this "New Yeere's gifte," which was accompanied by lengthy verses in English and Latin, James sent him the following letter—and nothing more:



XLVI.
JAMES I. AND VI.
Unknown.



"To our trusty and well-belovede Johne Harington, Knight.

"Righte trustie and well-belovite friende, we greete yow heartily weill. We have raissavit yowr lanterne with the poesie yow sende us be our servand William Hunter, givinge yow hairtie thanks; as lykewayse for your laste letter, quharin we persceife the continuance of yowr loyall affectione to us and yowr servyce.

"We shall not be unmyndefule to extende our princelie favours to yow and yowr particulers, at all guid occasions.

"We committe yow to God,

"JAMES R."

"From our cownte at Hallyruid House, April the thyrde 1603."

I have given this letter as showing the characteristic caution of the writer, as well as being an example of his epistolary style. It entirely corroborates Mr. Hosack's estimate of James' character. According to that able writer:

"He seemed to possess much of his mother's intelligence, still more of his father's duplicity and dissimulation, and a certain native shrewdness peculiar to himself, the result apparently of early training, and of the singular circumstances in which from his earliest years he had been placed."

Carlyle seems to have a soft corner in his heart for the motherless James, of whom he says: "He was a man of swift discernment, ready sympathy, ready faculty in anything. If excellent discourse made an able man, I have seldom heard of any abler. For every why he has his wherefore ready; prompt as touchwood blazes up with prismatic radiance that astonishing lynx-faculty, which has read and remembered, which has surveyed men and things after its fashion, with extensive view. The noble science he could for the most part profess in college class-rooms; he is potent in theology as a very doctor; in all points of nicety a very Daniel come to judgment. A man really most quick in speech; full of brilliant repartees and coruscations, of jolly banter, ready wit, conclusive speculations; such a faculty that the archbishops stand stupent, and Chancellor Bacon, not without a certain sincerity, pronounces him wonderfully gifted."

Another writer who terms him a "clamorous turkey-cock" has remarked of James that he was a "king deeply learned, without possessing useful

knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases without having real wisdom, fond of power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself to the most unworthy favourites, a big and bold asserter of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations in which he was always outwitted, and one who feared war where conquest might have been easy. Fond of his dignity, but perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity, capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusements, a wit though a pedant, and a scholar though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated.

"Even his timidity of temper was not uniform, and there were moments of his life in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required, devout in his sentiments and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see.

"In a word those good qualities which displayed themselves on particular occasions were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to rule his general conduct, and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled him to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom."

That great man, who spoke from a wide experience of human nature, has left us in his memoirs an estimate of James. He says, "this prince meant well, he was conscientious, eloquent, and had some erudition, though less of the latter than penetration and a disposition to learning. He loved to hear discourses on state affairs, and to be entertained with great designs, which he considered and disposed with a spirit of method and system; but he never thought of carrying them farther, for he naturally hated war, and yet more to engage in it himself. He was indolent in his actions except in hunting, and wanted application in his affairs; all which were signs of an easy and timid disposition, that made it highly probable that he would be governed by others; this was further confirmed by his behaviour to the Queen his wife." Of the last named matter Osborne gives us a very curious picture in the following passage: "He that evening parted from his Queene, and to shoue himself more uxorious before the people at his first coming than in private he was, he did at her coach side

NEVII

a

ARABELLA STUART

Peter Chirco.

b

ROBERT CARR, EARL OF CARLETON

John Hoskins.

c

ANNE OF DENMARK

Isaac Oliver.



take his leave by kissing her sufficiently to the middle of the shoulders, for so far she went bare all the dayes I had the fortune to know her; having a skin far more aimiable than the features it covered, though not the disposition, in which report rendered her very *débonnaire*."

With respect to Sully's remark that James was "indolent in his actions except in hunting," the Stuart family were as a whole much devoted to the sport; James may also be credited with the introduction of horse racing in England, and was wont to attend race meetings at Croydon, Enfield, and elsewhere. Monipplies in "The Fortunes of Nigel" represents the King as being "na muckle better than a draff pock in the saddle." No doubt his constant horse exercise accentuated his look of weakness in the legs, and added to his undignified appearance. We are told "he grew so stiff at last, that when they set him on horseback, he would stick unaltered through a whole stag-hunt, merely demanding liquor from time to time (that strong Greek wine, for which, I may observe, Prince Charles Edward in later days had a weakness), and would come in with the hat sunk into the hollow of the neck, otherwise unaltered in position, swearing Scotch oaths, and not in the worst humour." In one of Ellis' letters there is an account of James being thrown headlong into a pond, an accident which must have been particularly distasteful to one who "like his Master, Buchanan," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "had an antipathy to cold water, and whose ablutions were rare."

Carlyle, whose sketches are so often drawn with a pen dipped in gall, is indulgent to the Queen. He calls her the "jolly broad-faced Queen Anne, a lady of considerable substance, bodily and spiritual, not without decision, good humour, and mother wit, whom I rather like, though her face is freckled, and her Danish hair too blond for me."

The character of James' consort has been summarised as follows: "She was quite the reverse of her husband; she was naturally bold and enterprising; she loved pomp and grandeur, tumult and intrigue. She was deeply engaged in all the civil factions, not only in Scotland, in relation to the Catholics, whom she supported and had at first encouraged, but also in England, where the discontented, whose numbers were very considerable, were not sorry to be supported by a Princess destined to become their Queen."

When Sully dined with James at Greenwich, he was not a little surprised to be told that the King was always served on the knee.

He observed that "a *surtout*, in form of a pyramid, was placed in the middle of the table, which contained most costly vessels, and was even enriched with diamonds."

Here I may remark that at Hampton Court are two very curious pictures by Van Bassen, one showing Charles I. and Henrietta Maria dining in public, and the other representing in like manner, and in a similar hall, Elizabeth of Bohemia and her husband Frederick. The spectators, who were admitted on such occasions in those days, stand in balconies at the end of the room, on the floor of which numerous dogs lie about. The embarrassed position of the carver, who stands before the Royal pair, busy in the discharge of his duties, but sadly inconvenienced by a pet monkey, which has seized him by the neck, is an amusing detail in the latter painting.

In the Cecil papers, Anne's deportment on her first arrival in Scotland is thus described: "our Quein carrys a marvellous gravity, quhilk wt her patriall solitarines contrar hath banished all our ladys clein from her." Yet Arabella Stuart, writing from Woodstock, praises her courtesy, and says that Anne was in the habit of speaking kindly to people she met in her way.

To handsome men about the Court, she was more than kind, if report is to be believed. The "bonnie Earl" of Moray is one on whom her affections are said to have been set; and Oldmixon tells a story of James entertaining a mortal hatred of this nobleman after hearing Anne say, as she was looking out of the window and saw Moray enter the Court, that he was the handsomest man she ever saw—"What!" said the King, "handsomer than I!" and swore to have his life.

Peyton describes her as having "a body of goodly presence, beautiful eyes, and strong, to be joined with a prince young and weak in constitution; a union unsuitable for a virago to couple with a spiny and thin creature."

There is, at Hampton Court, a well-known picture of her in a hunting habit and red feather, by Van Somer, wherein Mrs. Jameson discovers characteristic "hideous taste," and sees in the face "a look of pert inanity and self-conceit." This portrait seems to have raised the ire of Mrs. Jameson, who, in describing it, terms Anne "the most insignificant, narrow-hearted, mean-souled woman ever called by destiny to play the part of Queen. She combined a passion for fine clothes and pageantry with extreme ignorance and singular bad taste." Even her protection of Raleigh is ascribed to a love of contradiction to her husband.



XLVIII.
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.



It may be noted, by the way, that Henry, Prince of Wales, seems to have been of his mother's mind with regard to Sir Walter. "Why," he was heard to ask, "why does my father keep such a bird in a cage?" Anne is credited with inspiring her children with contempt of their father, and this is said to be a reason for James' want of affection for his elder son.

All this depreciation of Queen Anne contrasts oddly enough with the lines which may be read under Simon de Passe's contemporary print of the Royal lady, which run as follows :

"For face, for race, for grace, for everything which makes a spouse fit for a royal king."

Hume speaks of Anne as "a woman eminent neither for her vices nor her virtues." "In secret she was," says Gardiner, "a professed Roman Catholic, and welcomed with pleasure the hope of seeing her son marry the Infanta. . . . Her real sphere was at the banquet and the masque. Those who had been acquainted with her in the midst of her butterfly existence, continued to speak of her with kindness. But by the mass of the nation she was as completely forgotten as though she had never lived."

But if soon forgotten, her influence on morals and manners was bad. Mr. Lang stigmatises the Court as perhaps the most corrupt in England since William Rufus, and so it would seem, if the picture drawn by Sir John Harington be not libellously over-coloured.

Writing to the Queen's secretary Barlow in 1606 (James and Anne had been married some sixteen or seventeen years), he says :

"My good friend,

"I came here a day or two before the Danish King came here, and from the day he had come to the present hour, I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal and sports of all kinds . . . in such manner and such sort, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty as we have astonished each beholder . . . the ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. . . . One day a great feast was held, and after dinner the representation of the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made. . . . The lady who did play the Queen's part did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties ; but, forgetting the steps arising to

the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. . . . His Majesty then got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba ; but he fell down and humbled himself before her and was carried into an inner chamber, and laid upon a bed of state which was not a little defiled by the presence (presents) of the Queen which had been bestowed on his garments, such as wine, cream, jelly, &c. . . . The entertainment went forward, and most of the presenters went backward or fell down ; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavour so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her levity. Faith was then all alone, and left the Court in a staggering. Charity came to the King's feet and in some sort made obeisance . . . she then returned to Faith and Hope who were both sick in the lower hall. Next came Victory in bright armour . . . and after much lamentable utterance was led away and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the ante-chamber. . . . I never did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I now have done. . . . The great ladies do go well masked, but alack they meet with such countenance to uphold such strange doings that I marvel not at ought that happens."

In the National Portrait Gallery, Anne is represented in a good picture by Van Somer. She has exceedingly light flaxen hair, and the pale pink and white complexion which so often goes with it. But in preference to this I have chosen a miniature at Windsor. The portrait of Anne is described by the unfortunate Van der Doort as follows: Item. "Done upon the right light. The fifth picture being Queen Ann of famous memory, of the same bigness, upon a red oval card on a white hair dressing in a blew habit adorned with pearls, and a picture-box at her left breast. Done by Isaac Oliver after the life. Length 2 ins., breadth $1\frac{1}{4}$ ins." In passing I may remark upon the expression "a picture-box at her left breast." In those days miniatures were worn in beautifully made ivory boxes on the left breast as tokens of betrothal.

James and Anne had five children: Henry, Charles, Elizabeth, Mary, and Sophia. The two last died in infancy. The three eldest appear to have been very united, and the affection subsisting between Henry and his sister is well attested. The following letter from the



XLIX.

CHARLES I. AS A BOY.



Harleian MSS. addressed by Charles when Duke of York, to Henry, offers to give him all his boyish treasures, and is pleasant reading :

"Sweet sweet Brother,

"I thank yow for yowr letter. I will keep it better than all my graith, and I will send my pistolles by Maister Newton. I will give anie thing that I have to yow, both my horss, and my books, and my pieces, and my cross bowes, or anie thing that yow would haive. Good Brother, loove me, and I shall ever loove and serve yow.

"Your looving brother to be

"commanded,

"YORK."

The Prince of Wales delighted in outdoor sports, and besides the well-known picture at Hampton Court, there is another painting at Wroxton Abbey of him and Lord Harrington, his horse, and the stag they have hunted, which may be taken as evidence of this. Charles, on the other hand, was ailing and rickety in his youth, and his brother used to say of him, that he would make him Archbishop of Canterbury.

However disparaging may be the remarks freely made by historians on the characteristics of James and his consort, upon but few princes have such general and enthusiastic encomiums been showered as upon their eldest son, who, born at Stirling in 1594, died in his nineteenth year at St. James', not without allegations of poison. Suspicions were easily aroused in those days upon the death of any noted person, and Bishop Burnet says, "Colonel Titus assured me that he had from King Charles I.'s own mouth, that he was well assured that Prince Henry was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset's means."

On the other hand Mr. Gardiner tells us he died of typhoid fever. "The pamphlet by Dr. Moore reprinted from the Bartholomew's Hospital Reports, lays at rest for ever whatever may still be left of the old theory that the Prince was poisoned." At that time the disease was considered infectious, hence his sister Elizabeth was some days before his death debarred from seeing him. She attempted to do so in disguise. The following letter from the Harleian MSS. shows the relations subsisting between them :

"Worthy Prince and my dearest Brother,

"I received your most welcom letter and kynd token by Mr. Hopkins, highly esteeming them as delightfull memorialls of your brotherly love, in which assuredly (whatsoever ells may fayle), I will ever endeavor to equall you, esteeming that time happiest when I enjoyed your company, and desiring nothing more than the fruition of it again: that as nature hath made us neerest in our love together, so accident might not separate us from living together."

Henry's last words were, "Where is my dear sister?" He is spoken of as "The Marcellus of his age, justly beloved and regretted as one of those princes who have been remarkable for the precocity of their talents and their untimely ends." He was taken away from trouble to come. His treasurer, Sir Charles Cornwallis, thus describes Henry's person: "He was of (feature) comely, tall, middle stature, about five feet and eight inches high, of a strong, straight, well-made body, with somewhat broad shoulders and a small waist, of an amiable majestic countenance, his hair of an auburn colour, long faced, and broad forehead, a piercing grave eye, a most gracious smile, with a terrible frown." The Earl of Northampton was of opinion that this prince "if ever he came to reign would prove a tyrant." Bacon observed of him that he "was slow of speech, pertinent in his questions, patient in listening, and strong in understanding."

Here is another estimate: "I may concur so far with the general voyce of the whole kingdome as to allow him the highest epithets belonging to an active, generous, and noble cavalier . . . the truth is Prince Henry never arrived at the great test, supremacy in power. . . . The government of his house was with much discretion, modesty, sobriety, and in an high reverence to piety, not swearing himselfe or keeping any that did."

Sir George Scharf states that the Prince had formed a noble collection of paintings and statuary, and designed an apartment in Whitehall expressly for their reception, and Charles, even before his accession, had distinguished himself by the possession of pictures of the highest quality. But these tastes did not descend to another generation apparently, for we do not hear of Charles II. as a patron of art. The portraits known as *The Windsor Beauties*, came to be Crown property through James II. whose first wife, Anne Hyde, had commissioned Sir Peter Lely to paint



L.
ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.
Michiel van Meereveldt.



them. The success with which he executed this task is shown at Hampton Court, where the pictures now hang. There are fourteen of them which formerly were in the Queen's state bed-chamber at Windsor. To these are added three others, *Nell Gwynn*, the *Duchess of Portsmouth*, and the *Duchess of York*. They are not to be confounded with *The Beauties of Hampton Court*, eight pictures painted by Kneller at the command of Queen Mary, a proceeding which brought more unpopularity upon the daughter of Anne Hyde than anything she ever did, all those ladies who were not painted in the series "being greatly aggrieved at the preference shown to a few."

In relation to the æsthetic tastes of Prince Henry, it may be remarked that there are, in the King's Library at the British Museum, some beautiful examples of the bookbinder's skill, from his library, and from that of his learned father.

The National Portrait Gallery now possesses a very fine and striking portrait of Henry, by Paul Van Somer. Formerly at Blenheim, it was purchased in 1897 for the nation from a fund presented by the Committee of the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery in 1889. It is life size, the face is hairless and somewhat womanish, the eyes large, and dark grey, the hair brown. The Prince wears a gold figured Court suit of Roman red. There is a well-known and beautiful miniature of him at Windsor, by Isaac Oliver, described in Charles I.'s catalogue, as being "limned in a silk laced ruff and gilded armour and a landskip," &c.

Turning now to another of the children of James and Anne it may be observed of Elizabeth that whilst the patriotic aspirations which centred round Prince Henry are wanting in the case of the sister to whom he was so tenderly attached, she excited such chivalrous devotion that she was, and still is, known as the "Queen of Hearts."

Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, thus addresses his Mistress :

"You meaner beauties of the night
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light :
You common people of the skies,
What are you when her sun shall rise?"

This high-spirited Princess Royal, "that most princely maid," as Ben Jonson called her, was born at Falklands in 1596; she spent seven of her early years at Linlithgow, and others at Combe Abbey in Warwickshire. At the age of twelve she had an establishment of her

own in the Cock-pit, Whitehall. From her childhood she was "distinguished by her intelligence, fine character, and love for her brothers and sisters, her many accomplishments, and sincere mind." Before she was seventeen she was married to Frederick V. Count Palatine of the Rhine, a union which was naturally held in much favour by Parliament and the nation, both strongly Protestant. The wedding was celebrated by her father with great pomp, and with such extravagance (for it cost a hundred thousand pounds) as to cripple his exchequer. The match was from the first viewed with disfavour by her mother; Osborne says it was "arbitrary to the graine of the Catholic Church, and the desires of her mother, who looked upon it as so much below her, as she could not refrain to call her 'Goodwife Palsgrave,' before she had put off her wedding shoes."

Many troubles were in store for this Royal pair, and through them all Elizabeth was as true as steel to her husband; but the Elector was a man of weak will, and showy qualities, destined to failure in all he undertook. There is a fine portrait of him given in this volume. He strove to secure the title of King of Bohemia, and was crowned as such at Prague in 1619. In the Thirty Years War that followed, the Emperor Ferdinand drove him into exile, and he died at Mentz in 1632. Elizabeth and Frederick had thirteen children. When the Emperor offered to bring up two of their sons, Rupert and Maurice, provided they became Romanists, James of England advised his daughter to consent, but her answer was, "I would rather strangle my children with my own hand."

Not less determined, nor less clear in its note, was the reply of the "Queen of Hearts" to her husband's general, Count Thurm, who, when her cause was hopeless in Bohemia, offered to defend the citadel of Prague to the last gasp, in order that she might reach a place of safety. "Never," she said, "shall there be more devastation than is necessary for my sake; sooner would I die where I am than be remembered by a curse." She bore defeat and the sharp poverty attending her husband's expulsion from the Palatinate with admirable patience and dignity; she was described as "reduced to the utmost beggary," and as "wandering frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant." In a caricature of the time she was represented as a beggar with a child slung to her back, while the King, her father, followed, carrying a cradle.

In the days of her prosperity, she was so fond of hunting that her subjects called her Diana of the Rhine; and so fond of pets, especially



LI.

FREDERICK, ELECTOR PALATINE.

Micrometel.



monkeys, that one of her ladies writes to Sir Dudley Carleton, "Her Highness hath them in her bed every morning . . . they do make good sport, and her Highness very merry."

The fact that Elizabeth did not retain the affection of her children points to a certain shallowness of nature; her fondness for dress and ornament, the light heart with which she undertook the risks and cares of mounting the Bohemian throne, her prodigality, her constant indebtedness, all betoken a certain want of moral sensitiveness, an indifference to the opinions and the feelings of others, which do not allow of a very exalted opinion of her.

Her popularity did not extend to her Bohemian subjects, whose language she could not speak. To her husband, however, she was always dear, and he calls her his "cher unique cœur."

After the failure of the Royal cause in England, most of her family joined Elizabeth at the Hague. In his diary Evelyn records a visit to her Court in 1641. When he was there, "it was a fasting day with the Queene, for the unfortunate death of her husband; the presence-chamber had been hung with black velvet ever since his decease."

Elizabeth returned to England after the Restoration. In May 1660, Pepys records: "I and the rest went to see the Queen (of Bohemia), who used us very respectfully: her hand we all kissed. She seems a very debonaire, but a plain lady."

In August 1661, Pepys sees her at "the Oppra," brought by my Lord Craven, and this year she was residing in Lord Craven's newly built house in Drury Lane. *Tempora mutantur*. Imagine a queen, the aunt of the reigning Sovereign, now dwelling in Drury Lane! It is often asserted that she married Lord Craven, thus rewarding his devotion. Be that as it may, she removed to Leicester House in Leicester Fields, and here she died in 1662, and Pepys briefly records the event thus: "Last night died our Queene of Bohemia." John Evelyn tells us in his Diary February 17, "This night was buried in Westminster Abby the Queene of Bohemia, after all her sorrows and afflictions being come to die in the arms of her nephew the King; also this night and the next day fell such a storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as never was seene the like in any man's memorie, especially the tempest of wind, being south-west, which subverted besides huge trees, many houses, innumerable chimnies (amongst others that of my parlour at Sayes

Court) and made such havoc at land and sea that several perished on both. Divers lamentable fires were also kindled at this time, so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation and court."

Portraits of the ill-fated Elizabeth of Bohemia are very numerous. She sat several times to Honthorst. Welbeck contains three good pictures of her, one of which is here reproduced. It is supplemented by an admirable portrait of her husband from Hardwick, in which the irresolute character of the man looks out from his eye. At Hampton Court there is the portrait of her which, upon the authority of Mrs. Jameson, is the one which Sir Henry Wotton bequeathed to Charles II., then Prince of Wales. It is thus mentioned in his will, "I leave to the most hopeful Prince the picture of the elected and crowned Queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues through the clouds of her fortune."

The other portrait of the "Queen of Hearts" is a reproduction of the miniature by Isaac Oliver, "done by the life," says Van der Doort's catalogue in which it is thus described: No. 54. Item. "Done upon the right light, upon an oval blew-grounded card the picture of the King's sister, when she was young, in her high-time, past-fashioned hair-dressing. Adorned at her head with some single Eglantine roses with jewels and pearls, and a necklace with three jewels about her neck, and her habit adorned all over with carnation and white ribbands; in a white ivory box with a chrystal over it."

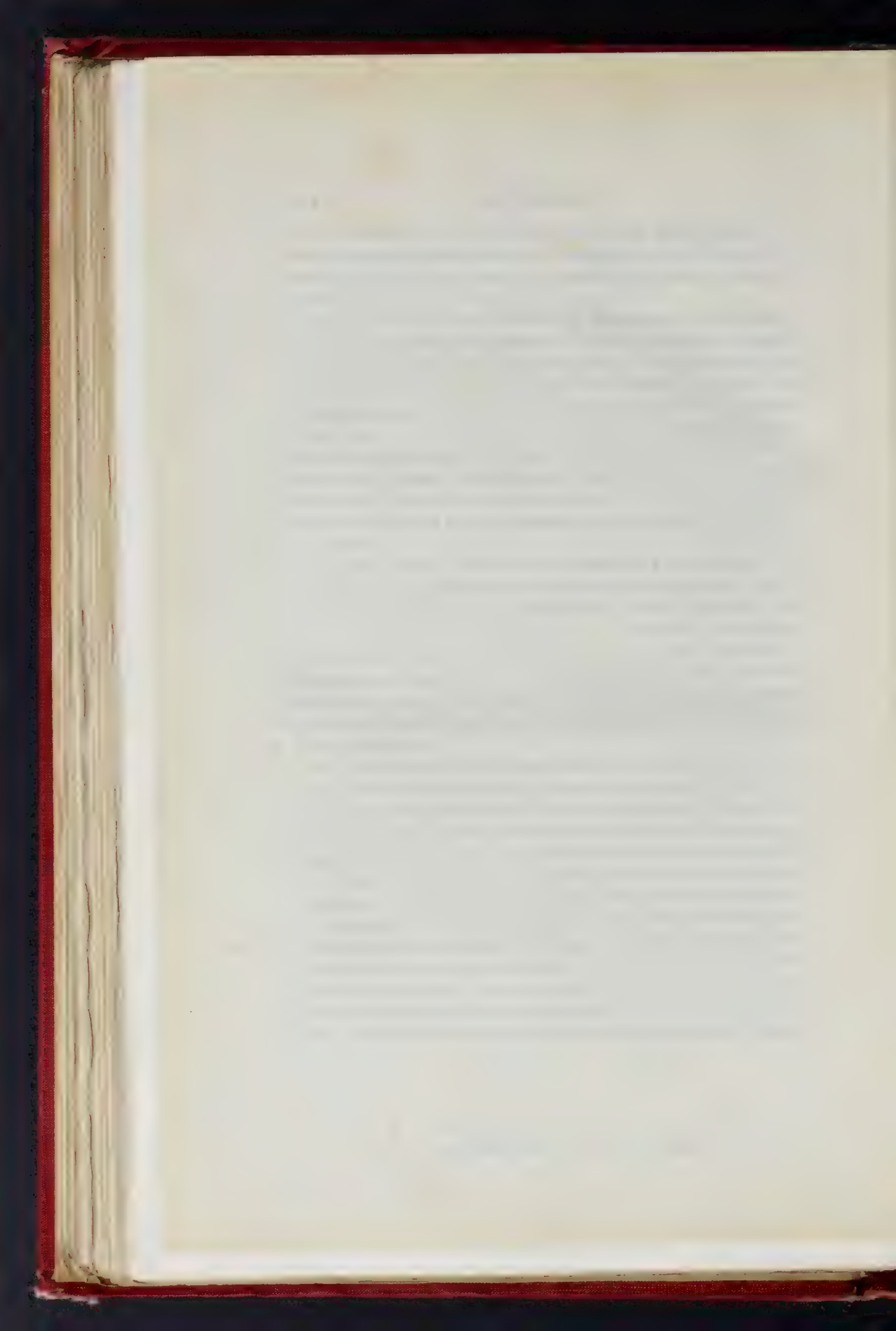
Of the remaining child of James, who, on the death of his brother Henry, became Prince of Wales, it is not necessary here to speak. I traverse the well-gleaned fields of his career and fate in subsequent chapters of this work. But for his visit to Spain, where he went like a knight-errant, in disguise, to court the Infanta, we should hardly hear of him during his father's reign. I print a facsimile letter from his father requesting him to return home immediately, with or without his mistress.

As all the world knows, the match was broken off by the insolence of Charles' companion, the Duke of Buckingham. Of that "elegant upstart" this is a fitting place to say a few words. The third son of a Leicestershire squire, made a Knight of the Garter before he was twenty-five, it is but small wonder that his head was turned, and that he was hated by many jealous enemies; for in his day there was no English dukedom existing



LD.

GEORGE VILLIERS, FIRST DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.





except that of York, which was merged in the title of Prince of Wales. It was at a horse race in Cambridgeshire that young George Villiers, "in an old black suit, broken out in divers places," first attracted the attention of James I., and laid the foundation of that astonishing rise in fortune whereby he became the favourite of two sovereigns, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Buckingham, Earl Coventry, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Wadden, Lord High Admiral of England, Governor of all the castles and seaports, Master of the Forces, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Constable of Dover and of Windsor Castles, Justice in Eyre of all forests and chases on this side of the Trent, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, Knight of the Garter, Lord President of the Council of War, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and I know not what beside. Some say that it was on a progress at Apthorpe that James first saw him; but however this may be, it was undoubtedly to the beauty and grace of his person, that Villiers owed his introduction into favour. "The King's natural disposition was very flowing towards persons so adorned," says Clarendon. Arrived at Court he was made Cupbearer, a post which brought him about the person of his sovereign, and as the sun of Somerset declined, so did rise that of "Steenie," as James called Buckingham for his handsomeness. "Steenie" was a diminutive of Stephen, the saint whose face was "as it had been the face of an angel." In that wonderful gallery of portraits drawn by the master hand of Clarendon we find Villiers described as "of a fair spoken disposition, of a fair and successful nature." He understood the art of dressing well, he was an excellent fencer, and an incomparable dancer. Hume characterises him as possessing a combination of English familiarity and French vivacity; but we cannot follow the career of this brilliant adventurer in all its details. It is remarkable that he should not only have fascinated, but retained his fascination over James, over his Queen, and over the Prince of Wales. In this respect he differed from the Earl of Somerset. We know what influence "Steenie" possessed over Charles, as evidenced by his conduct during the negotiations for the Spanish match, and this influence, whether for good or ill, he continued to wield until the day of his death by the knife of Felton in the Portsmouth tavern in August 1628, when he was but thirty-six. Much might be written about the pomp and extravagance of this spoilt child of fortune. From a manuscript in the Harleian Library we learn "it was common with him at any ordinary dancing to have his cloaths

trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings, to be yoked with great manifold knots of pearl, in short to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned with jewels." How true is the description of being "yoked with knots of pearl" may be seen by the very fine engraving after Mireveldt, which was published two years before his death. The extravagance of the age in the matter of jewels worn on the person is extraordinary, *e.g.*, when Lady Frances Howard was married to Somerset (he was then Lord Rochester), James spent £17,000 in jewels to be presented to her, leaving his own personal attendants unpaid the while. Mr. Inderwick, who mentions thousands being given for a single jewel, states "that the pay of the navy was so much in arrears that the wives and children of the sailors were hardly kept from making an outcry at the gate."

The portrait of Buckingham in the flush of his early manhood, which came from Bulstrode, is now at Welbeck, and is here reproduced, shows the extraordinary graces of his person. In it we see Mr. George Villiers, as the picture is inscribed, without the trappings of jewels, lace, and embroidery with which he loved, in after years, to bedizen himself. There is a fine miniature in the Royal Library, Windsor, evidently painted by Isaac Oliver a few years later, representing him in the prime of life.

The reign of James I. was marked by no great political crises. It may almost be described as uneventful, due, as some maintain, to the timidity of the King; thus it comes to pass that the personal weakness of the monarch, and especially his culpable fondness for favourites, stand out in bolder relief than would perhaps have been the case had the times been more stirring, and men's thoughts distracted by other topics. It has been remarked that whilst James was "warmly affectionate to those with whom he was in daily intercourse, he never attached himself to a man who was truly great. He mistook flattery for devotion, and, though his own life was pure, he contrived to surround himself with those of whose habits there was no good report. It was easy for his favourites to abuse his good nature, provided they took care not to wound his self-complacency. Whoever would put on an appearance of deference, and would avoid contradicting him on the point on which he happened to have set his heart at the moment, might lead him anywhere."

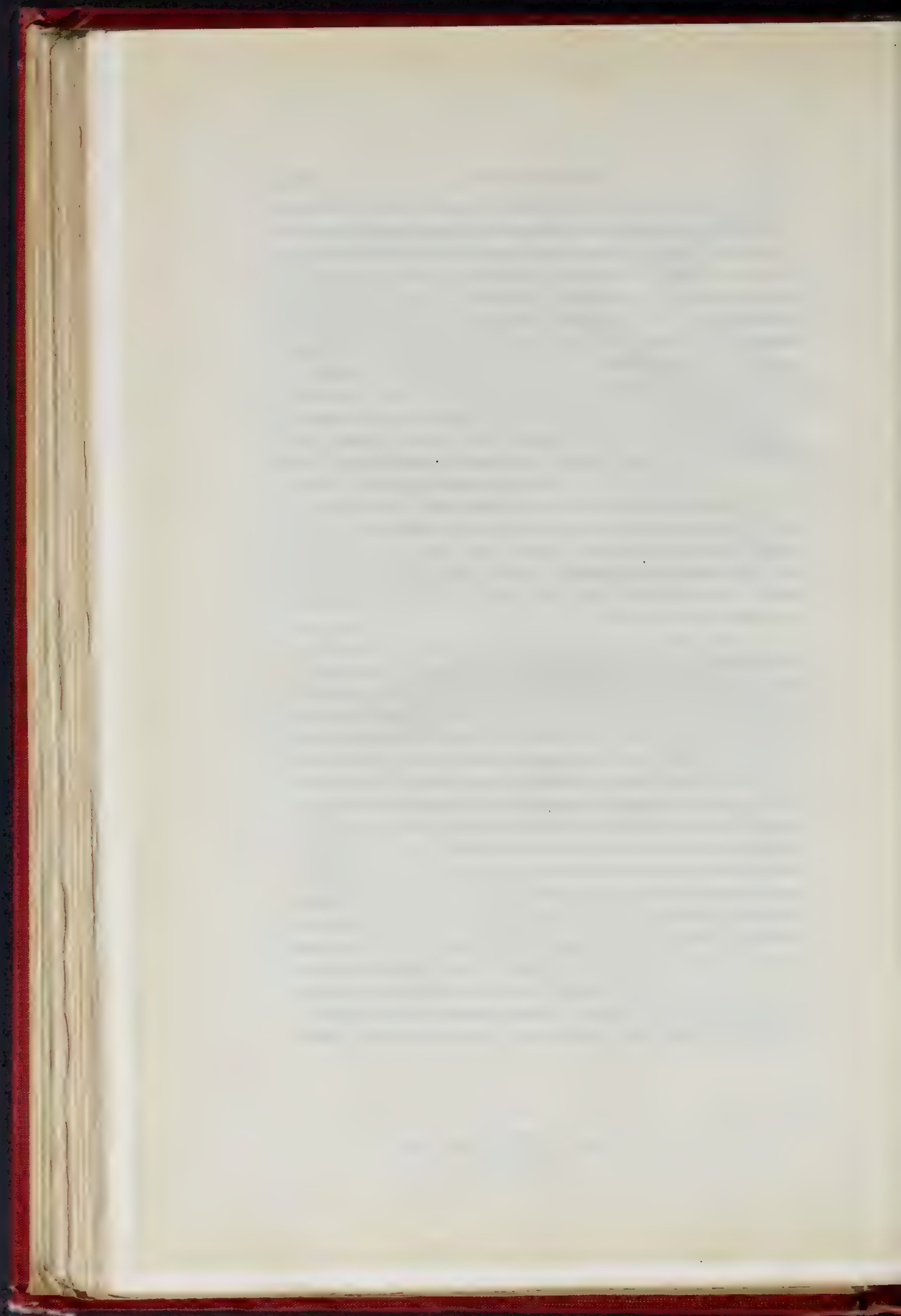
How true this is becomes apparent when we reflect upon the influence wielded over the King by George Villiers and Robert Carr; and if



LIII.

FRANCES HOWARD, COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Marc Gheeraerts.





Buckingham was unworthy of the signal honours heaped upon him, what shall be said of Somerset, with his pink cheeks and womanish complexion, his blue eyes and auburn hair? What was thought on the subject by his contemporaries may be gleaned from the following passage:

"This ungrateful Prince (James I.) called up Robert Carr from a poore page, and, to the dishonour of our ancient nobility, raised him to as high a title and to as great an estate (three hundred thousand pounds being rated to the crown upon his fall) as most Earls of England.

"But what have the Scots of their own growth but eggs, barnicles, and such drugs for the cure of her jaundice as may be found under our hedges. The Scotch being like horse-leeches on him (James) till they could get no more."

In the Picture Gallery of the Bodleian Library at Oxford is a capital portrait by Janssen of a man with a most engaging and intelligent face, with dark hair, dark grey eyes, and a pure fresh complexion. It is that of Sir Thomas Overbury, who introduced the handsome young Scotchman to the King. By reason of Carr's complicity in the murder of the poet, his name was, and ever will be, branded with infamy. The story of the poisoning of Overbury, with its sordid details and its revelation of superstition and crime, has often been told. But no account, however slightly sketched, of the friends and foes of the Stuarts of this period would be complete without some reference to Robert Ker, or Carr, to his partner in guilt, and to their victim. It is a blot upon the memory of James that he spared the lives of the guilty pair, and even allowed Somerset a pension of £4000 a year. By shameless means Lady Frances Howard obtained a divorce from her husband, the Earl of Essex (whom we shall meet again in the succeeding reign), in order to marry Carr. It should be remembered that she was but thirteen when she was married to Essex. The beauty of this unscrupulous, credulous, wicked woman is admitted on all hands; some idea of her appearance may be gathered from the reproduction I give of a fine painting owned by Mr. Charles Butler, ascribed to Marc Gheeraedts. This picture was described as Isabella Clara Eugenia, Infanta of Spain, and Governor of the Low Countries. It was sold at the Blenheim sale in 1886, when it fetched 340 guineas. I believe Mr. Butler got it from Mr. Baring some years later. This very interesting work merits a short description. The figure is full length, life

size, the face nearly full, looking to the spectator's left. She stands on a Persian carpet, by a crimson chair on which her left hand rests, her right being held to her waist. The robe is of rich green velvet with a chain of red beads, lined with white satin, gold figured. Her hair is flaxen, her eyes dark brown, with apparently no lashes to them. Her thin upper lip and false, girlish face are characteristic. One distinguishing peculiarity remains to be noted—the predominance of yellow in the adornments of the Countess. Besides the gold-figured lining of her gown she wears yellow feathers in her hair. Her lace is dyed yellow, and the fan which hangs from her waist is yellow also. This colour was a fashion of the day which went suddenly out of vogue, as it was worn by Mrs. Turner, who was executed with four accomplices, all concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Sir Symonds d'Ewes in his autobiography says: "Mrs. Turner had first brought up that vain and foolish use of yellow starch, coming herself to her trial in a yellow band and cuff. Therefore when she was afterwards executed at Tyburn the hangman had his band and cuffs of the same colour, which made many after that day, of either sex, to forbear the use of that coloured starch, till at length it came to be generally detested and disused."

Returning to the unhappy Countess and her husband, here is a word-picture of the pair: "She, a proud, hot-headed, foolish young woman, the poor young wretch. . . . I cannot slay without tears. The beautiful little Fanny Howard, Treasurer Suffolk's second daughter, of the best blood, of the beautifullest face and figure you could find in all these islands.

"She is in black of the finest, or superfine, hoops, ruffs with white cobweb lace . . . a pale, beautiful, trembling daughter of the air, of the prince of the power of the air."

And this is how the husband appeared at the trial: "Superfine satin doublet, velvet cloak, eyes sunk, and face very pale. 'Not guilty, my Lords,' says Somerset, and defends himself against Bacon of the viper eyes, not without acuteness, not without dignity. They quit the Tower; but they are very miserable. Their daughter and only child married the Earl of Bedford's son and heir; they fell sick, having fallen poor, obscure—fall very miserable; handsomer had Rhadamanthus done his part and ended them at once!"

There is a fine miniature at Windsor by Isaac Oliver of "the beautiful little Fanny Howard" which makes it hard to believe so fair a person



LIV.

ANNE CARR, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Sir A. Van Dyck.



could be combined with so foul a mind, and from the same collection I show a miniature of Carr.

In striking contrast to the character of Frances was that of her daughter, "the gentle and stainless" Anne Carr, who married into the Russell family, and was mother of William, Lord Russell. There are several pictures of this lady at Woburn, notably a superb Vandyck, which I reproduce. It is a picture of extraordinary delicacy and careful execution. Another portrait is painted by Theodore Russell, whose works are numerous at Woburn. Earl Spencer also possesses at Althorp a beautiful portrait of her in a pale crimson dress, with the arms joined. Of this lady Mr. Froude has remarked: "Lady Anne was not touched by the crimes of her parents, her character must have been singularly innocent, for she grew up in entire ignorance that her mother had been tried for murder. She found accidentally in a room at Woburn Abbey a pamphlet with an account of the Overbury murder. For the first time she learnt the dreadful story, was found senseless, with her hand upon the dreadful page, and she never rallied from the blow."

In view of the fate that befell Charles I., it is interesting to trace how far this is due to the bad education that he, as a monarch *in posse*, derived from his father. That he was badly influenced is probably true, and Samuel Coleridge hits the mark when he says of James, that "he thought that, because all power in the state seemed to proceed from the Crown, all power therefore remained in the Crown; as if because the tree sprang from the seed, the stem, branches, leaves, and fruit were contained in the seed. The constitutional doctrine as to the relation which the King bears to the other components of the state is in two words: he is the representative of the whole of that of which he is himself a part."

"Nevertheless, James had many qualities befitting a ruler in difficult times," says Mr. Gardiner; "good-humoured and good-natured, he was honestly desirous of increasing the prosperity of his subjects. His mental powers were of no common order; his memory was good, and his learning, especially on theological points, was by no means contemptible. He was intellectually tolerant, anxious to be at peace with those whose opinions differed from his own."

"He was, above all things, eager to be a reconciler, to make peace where there had been war before, and to draw those to live in harmony

who had hitherto glared at one another in defiance. He was penetrated with a strong sense of the evil of fanaticism.

"These merits were marred by grave defects. He was too self-confident to give himself the pains to unravel a difficult problem, and had too weak a perception of the proportional value of things to enable him to grasp the important points of a case, to the exclusion of those which were merely subsidiary. With a thorough dislike of dogmatism in others, he was himself the most dogmatic of men; and, most fatal of all defects in a ruler, he was ready to conceive the worst of those who stood up against him."

What that led to may be seen in the case of Raleigh, and of Arabella Stuart. There is nothing so cruel and so cowardly as fear. Arabella was a victim to the fears of James. Cowardice, jealousy, and the tyranny of princes led, in the case of this unfortunate and truly gentle creature, to treatment which makes one's blood boil as one reads of it. History, alas, is full of such cruelty; but, except it may be the fate of Lady Jane Grey, it would be hard to find in English annals a parallel to the stupid, perverse injustice of the treatment Arabella received. Hear what Mr. Gardiner says was the character of this lady:

"The letters of Arabella Stuart which she wrote to her uncle and aunt, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, are lively and agreeable, and they convey the impression of a gentle and affectionate, as well as of an accomplished woman. She had no ambition to figure among the great ladies by whom the Queen was surrounded, far less to aspire to the dignity of a pretender to the Crown. She had a good word for all who showed her any kindness, however small. . . . In one of her letters she answered a jest of her uncle's by assuring him with the most winning earnestness that she intended to prove that it was possible for a woman to retain her purity and innocence in the midst of the follies with which a life at Court was surrounded. In another she slipped forward to act the part of a peacemaker, and conjured the Earl to forgive once more that notorious termagant, his stepmother, the Dowager Countess. Altogether it is impossible to rise from a perusal of these letters without the conviction that if only a man who was worthy of her should be found, she would be fitted, above all the ladies of that age, to fulfil the quiet domestic duties of a wife and mother. With the life she was forced to live she was ill at ease; she did not care for the perpetual round of gaieties in which the Queen delighted, and she



LV.

ARABELLA STUART. AGED THIRTEEN.



submitted with but an ill grace to take her part in the childish games by means of which the ladies of the Court contrived to while away the weary hours."

The treatment of Arabella Stuart, and it may be added, of Sir Walter Raleigh, are blots on the scutcheon of James which time will never efface.

Be the reason what it may, whether the exalted position of the woman, or sympathy with her misfortunes be the cause, portraits abound of "the Lady Arbell," as she was called by contemporaries; miniatures of her by Hilliard, Hoskins and the Olivers, are to be found in many private houses. The one shown here is from a very interesting collection of miniatures known as the Stuart miniatures, now belonging to Captain J. H. Edwards Heathcote, the story of which I have given elsewhere. The portrait of her when thirteen years of age, from the Duke of Devonshire's collection, I regard as especially interesting, since, if not born there, she passed her childhood at Hardwick.

I have spoken of the dearth of striking events during the years of James' reign. To this rule an exception may, perhaps, be made in the case of the Gunpowder Plot. But this conspiracy owes no small measure of its notoriety to the way in which it lays hold, as it were, of the imagination. The consequences might have been, it is true, appalling, but as it was, nothing happened except a great commotion in men's minds, and the ultimate seizure and execution of the misguided plotters who are represented in the illustration given, which is copied from an old print in the National Portrait Gallery. An able though biased writer, the Rev. John Gerard of the Society of Jesus, recently endeavoured to prove that the plot was, to borrow the forcible language of Lord Goschen, "a put-up job" on the part of Cecil. This conclusion, which the author's natural partiality for the Romish view of the question no doubt led him to adopt, has not been generally accepted by historical students, if one may judge by contemporary criticisms of his book. But we cannot stop to discuss the story of the Fifth of November, 1605.

The cloud of hereditary misfortune which for six generations had rested upon the Stuarts, was lifted whilst James sat upon the throne. His father fell a victim to assassination, his mother perished on the scaffold, but James I. of England and VI. of Scotland died peacefully at Theobalds after reigning twenty-three years.

There is a good miniature of this king in the Royal collection at

Windsor, it is thus described in Charles I.'s catalogue: "*Item. Done upon the wrong light.* The fourth picture, being King James VI. upon an oval lavender coloured card, in a laced ruff, and a black habit, with a corslet about his neck. Copied by Hoskins, after the principal, being in the Bearstake Gallery, done by Paul Van Somer, length $2\frac{1}{4}$ in., breadth $1\frac{1}{2}$ in." It may be considered as a somewhat flattering, certainly a favourable portrait, of this "shambling, thick-speaking, big-headed, goggle-eyed, extraordinary Scottish individual." The epithets are not mine but those of a countryman of James'.

The full length portrait of him as a boy, holding a hawk on his wrist, and described, "*Jacobus Dei Gratia Rex Scotorum Etatis Sue (?) 8. 1574,*" is particularly interesting from the fact of its being at Hardwick, with the tradition that it was sent there when Mary was in the keeping of the then owners—the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. There is little doubt that this was a picture sent to Mary, so that she might see what her boy was like—that boy who learnt so thoroughly the lessons of dissimulation instilled into him in his youth.

This may be compared with the picture of James at the age of six, which is now at Milton, a seat of the FitzWilliam family, and has a history that makes it a relic, as well as a portrait of the greatest value.

The inscription at the back of it relates that on the morning of her execution Mary Stuart sent for Sir William FitzWilliam and thanked him for his kindness and his courtesy, he being then Governor of Fotheringhay, and, by the way, one of the ablest of Elizabeth's Viceroyes. The Queen of Scots told him she would like to leave him a souvenir, but said that she had nothing to give him, unless he thought the portrait of her son, which hung above her bed, was worth his having. Needless to say the picture was accepted, and has been in the family ever since. It is now in the possession of Mr. George Charles FitzWilliam, to whose courtesy I am indebted for its reproduction in this book. The picture, which is on panel, and is circular, measures nine-and-a-half inches each way. The young King is wearing a fawn-coloured hat, with a narrow ribbon of gold round the crown of it, bearing a design of thistles and fleur-de-lys. In the front a white feather is fastened with a diamond shaped jewel. His ruff is bordered by deep fine point lace, and the velvet dress is of bronze green and gold; James' eyes are of a dark grey-blue, the complexion fair and



LVI.

JAMES I. AS A BOY.





LVII.

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, AGED FOURTEEN.

Oliver.

rather pale, and the hair a warm medium brown. "*Ætatis Sue VI.*" is the only inscription on the front of this deeply interesting work.

Portraits of James are numerous, there are four in the National Portrait Gallery, representing him between the ages of eight and fifty-five, and there are others in our various Royal Palaces, by Van Somer and Marc Gheeraedts; but the most characteristic picture of James with which I am acquainted belongs to the Marquis of Lothian and hangs at Newbattle. It represents him full length, holding the jewel of the garter in his right hand. He is in red hose. His ungainly figure, red nose, and shrunken legs are not concealed in this picture, which is said to be the work of G. Jamesone, though this ascription is doubted by some. But whoever painted it, one cannot but make comparison between the uncouthness of James as therein shown, and the dignity of his son as depicted on the canvases of Van Dyck.



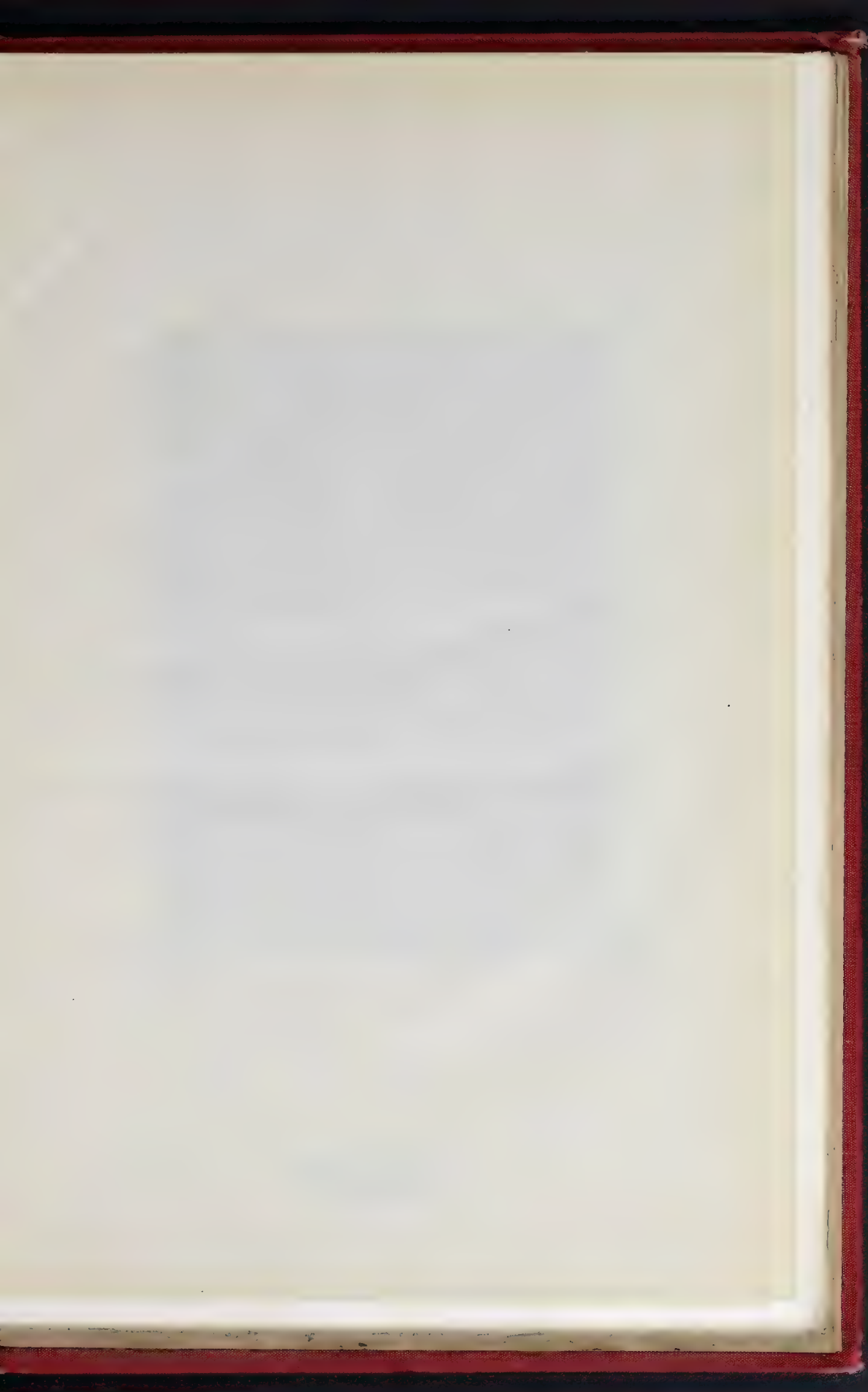


CHAPTER X

CHARLES I



WHILST the reign of "the most high and mighty Prince James," that "most dread sovereign," as he is termed in the Authorised Version of the Bible, was a time of tranquillity in England, at any rate, the days of his successor proved to be very different. Charles I. was fated to pass through that crisis of morals, of religion, and of government, commonly known as the Great Rebellion. Upon the son fell the consequences of that unwise treatment of the Commons from which the father seemed to be unable to refrain. In the words of an old writer, "James, by debauching Parliaments and breaking his word did so far irritate no lesse than impoverish the subject, as his son was forced to give concession to one rendered indissolvable but by their own will: a





LVIII
THREE HEADS OF CHARLES I.
Sir A. Van Dyck.



LIV.

HENRIETTA MARIA.
Str A Van Dyck.



mischiefe could never have befallen England had King James left them in the same temper he found them at the death of the Queene."

Charles never seemed to realise that the root of English sovereignty is in the people, and he paid the penalty of his want of insight. He became the victim of the changes through which the body politic passed: from feudalism to constitutional government: from the dominance of a state church to religious anarchy: from divine right to the liberty of the subject, and all that flowed from such momentous transformations. It may be true that England did not desire a fundamental change in her political institutions, but a change of dynasty became a necessity from the attitude assumed by Charles. Thus it came to pass that the years 1642 to 1649 were crowded with events, so that the drama of history was played on a great scale, and in a fashion to strike the imagination of each successive generation.

Anything like a comprehensive account of the numerous characters who crossed the stage during this period, or even a summary of what occurred, is beyond the compass of a book dealing with the Stuarts as shown in Art, but Charles can hardly be left as a solitary figure, and so to what I have to say about him, I shall add some account of his family, and of a few of those with whom he was brought in contact in his passage from a throne to a scaffold.

Seventy years ago Samuel Taylor Coleridge exclaimed, "How many books are still written and published about Charles I. and his times!" During the past generation the materials out of which history is composed have become much more accessible, and the difficulty of selection has increased in equal proportion. The accumulated matter which has now to be sorted and sifted is bewildering in its mass and complexity. The great thinker whom I have just quoted complained that the books which appeared in such numbers were none of them "works of any genius or imagination"; not one of their authors he says "seems to be able to throw himself back into that age," "if they did," he adds, "there would be less praise and less blame bestowed on both sides." Now, without any attempt to champion the writers of the present time as against the historians of whom Coleridge speaks, it may be asserted that there is a disposition in these days to take less extreme, and therefore more reasonable, views of the characters and motives of the many great men who were the contemporaries of Charles I. Whichever way our sympathies may incline we see now that the issues at

stake were most momentous; they were not merely of ephemeral importance, for the future of England depended upon them. We are more ready to admit now that there were great souls on both sides. We see that amidst the din and turmoil of the strife in which they were engaged it was not possible for the combatants to realise all the aspects of the causes for which they contended. Their doubts were many, and the light given whereby to solve them was often dim; yet they strove manfully for what seemed to them to be the common weal, God's will, or the dictates of conscience, of loyalty, and of truth.

If therefore indulgence is due to the men who took prominent parts, whether on the one side or the other, in this great struggle, how much more does the unfortunate Charles merit commiseration, seeing that he was the centre round which the conflicting forces raged. If there is one thing more clear than another about his character, it may be said to be this: that he was above all things unfitted, both by his education and by his temperament, for the position to which destiny called him. He may have been, as Clarendon says of him in his eulogy, "the worthiest Gentleman, the best Master, the best Friend, the best Husband, the best Father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced," but from first to last he seems never to have understood his people, nor the tendencies of the times in which he lived. Of political sagacity he seems not to have had a trace; of obstinacy in the wrong place and at the wrong time he was full. Graces of mind which would have adorned any station short of that of a monarch, domestic virtues, refinement of taste, purity of life, scrupulous observance of the ordinances of religion, dignity, affectionate attachment to his friends, all these qualities may be readily conceded to him; moreover he is credited with considerable capacity for business, but these gifts proved useless, they were ropes quite unable to hold the bark of his fortunes to its moorings when the tempest came down upon it; and when the King was swept away, the fortunes of his friends and followers were wrecked with him.

As the seventeenth century dawned, Charles, the second and favourite son of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, was born at Dunfermline. When a child he was so delicate that he was not expected to live; for a long time, it is said, he could only crawl on hands and knees, whilst his speech could with difficulty be understood, as he inherited his father's stammer. It has been plausibly urged that the undoubted physical



LX.

CHARLES I. IN ARMOUR

Sir A. Van Dyck.



weakness of his childhood was, in some measure, the source of his want of resolution in later years. On the other hand, as he grew older, his bodily health greatly improved, and we find him bearing the hardships of the campaigns of the Civil War with the hardiest and strongest of his troops. But diffidence of manner and slowness of speech clung to him all his life. He was ever, as Robert Browning has it, "the man with mild voice and mournful eyes," and a general air of melancholy, which Van Dyck has perpetuated on numberless canvases. "Of the 753 still extant portraits of Charles I," Carlyle somewhere asks, "What are they intrinsically worth to thee? Was it much nourishment that thy soul derived from looking never so deep into that man, or was it little or almost none?" The same writer has thus outlined Charles' mental and physical aspect: "This King," he says, "is of fine and delicate fibre, too fine for his place and would have suited better as a woman. With Queen Bess for a husband how happy it had been. There is a real selectness, if little nobleness of nature in him . . . a somewhat too headlong man. The long deep-browed visage, shaded with love-locks, terminating in delicate moustache and peaked beard, is not without elegance and an air of pride or Royal superciliousness, shaded you would say with sorrow—wholly the great man except the soul. . . . This man has not achieved greatness; he has been born great, in gesture, decoration, place, and bearing. His elegant, thin, hazel eyes seem very rapid and very deep."

And again: "This man, somewhat knock-kneed, tongue-tied, of a hasty temper and stuttering speech. The Royal line, as used to be well known, had a kind of flaw in the very starting of it. Elizabeth Muir, the mother or grandmother of them all . . . being by some considered an improper or partially improper female, whose children came before marriage."

In stature Charles was about the middle height, with chestnut-coloured hair, and high and narrow forehead; his eyes were grey, his nose large. His smile was winning, his manners to those whom he esteemed at once dignified and cordial, as all the Stuarts could be. There seems, however, to have been nothing dutiful in the demeanour of Charles I. to his father. Coleridge terms him "a very disagreeable personage during James' life," and the following letter goes to bear out this statement:

My dearest Sonne I sent you a comendement long ago^e
 not to loose tyme, quhair ye are, but ather to bring
 quithe hoame your mistresse, quiche is my
 earnest desyre, but if no bettir maye be, rather
 then to linger any longer thaire, to come withou^t
 her, quiche for manie important reasons I am
 now forcid to renewe, & thairfor I charge you upon
 my blessing, to come quithe ather with her or ^{out} with¹
 her, I knowe your love to her person hath enforcid
 you to delaye the putting in execution of my former
 comendement, I confesse it is my cheifest wordlie
 ioye, that ye love her, but the necessitie of my affair,
 enforcieth me to tell you, that ye muste preferre the
 obedience to a father to the love ye carrie to a
 mistresse & so god blese you.

James

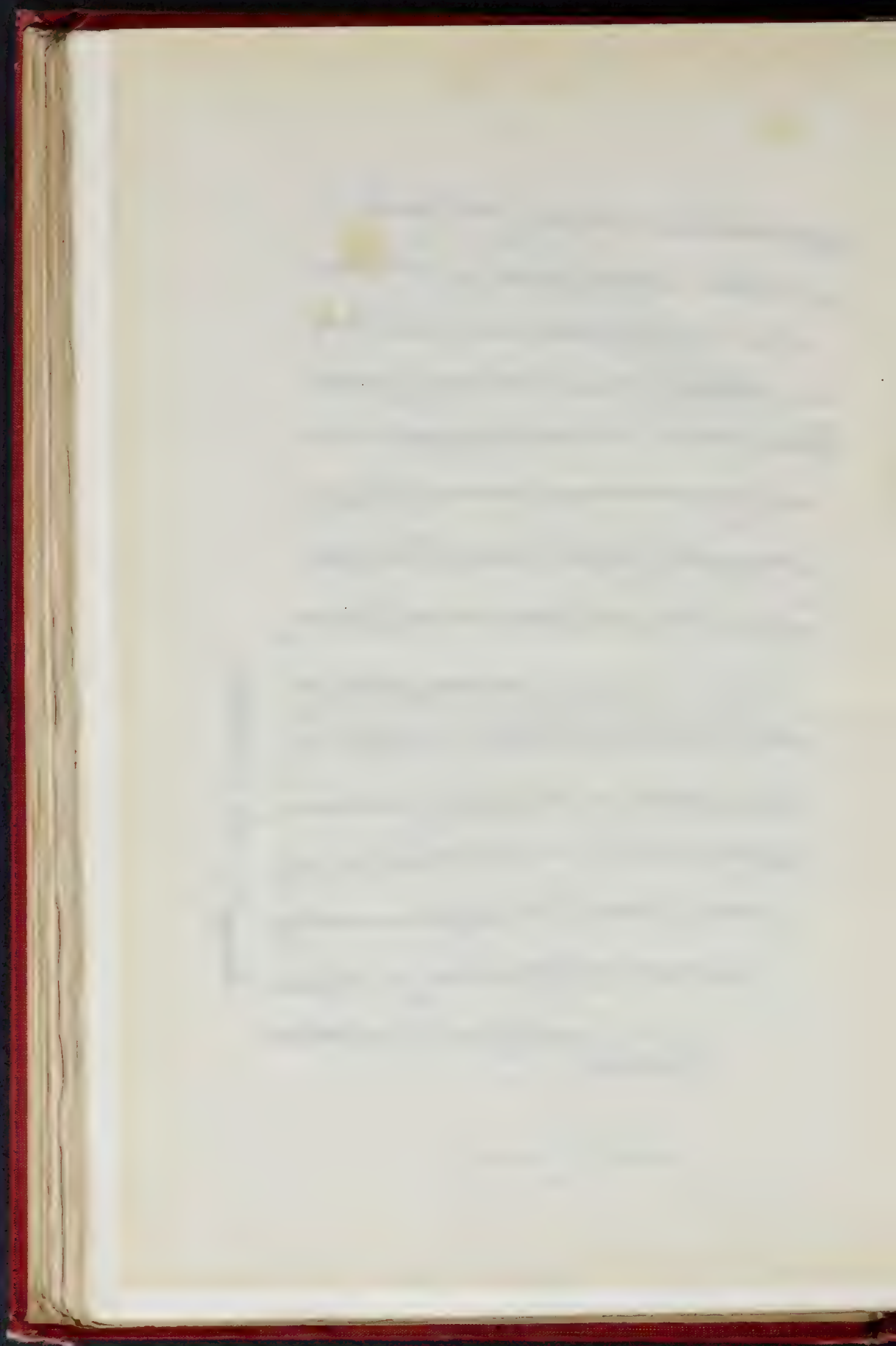
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LVI.

HENRIETTA MARIA ON HORSEBACK.

H. David.





The pranks of Charles, Prince of Wales, and Buckingham in Spain, were regarded as matters of much moment at the time, and the Spanish match had an importance in the eyes of English people in those days which it is not easy for us to fully estimate. Nothing came of the romantic escapade, the story of which reads more like the adventures of a knight-errant than the doings one might expect from the heir to the throne of England. Without going into all the details of a visit which lasted several months we may glance at the lady who was the object of it.

Toby Mathew has left us a very attractive picture of the Infanta, who had now entered upon her seventeenth year.

"Her features were not beautiful, but the sweetness of her disposition found expression in her face, and her fair complexion, and her delicate white hands, drew forth rapturous admiration from the contrast which they presented to the olive tints of the ladies by whom she was surrounded.

"The mingled dignity and gentleness of her bearing made her an especial favourite with her brother. Her life was moulded after the best type of the devotional piety of her church. Two hours of every day she spent in prayer. Twice every week she confessed and partook of the Holy Communion. Her chief delight was in meditating on the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and preparing lint for the use of hospitals. The money which her brother allowed her to be spent at play, she carefully set aside for the relief of the poor. Her character was as remarkable for its self-possession as for its gentleness. Excepting when she was in private amongst her ladies, her words were few; and although those who knew her well were aware that she felt unkindness deeply, she never betrayed her emotion by speaking harshly of those by whom she had been wronged. Any one who had hoped to afford her amusement by repeating the scandal and gossip of the Court, was soon taught by visible tokens of her disapprobation, to avoid such subjects for the future. When she had made up her mind where the path of duty lay, no temptation would induce her to swerve from it by a hair's breadth. Nor was her physical courage less conspicuous than her moral firmness.

"At a Court entertainment a fire broke out among the scaffolding which supported the benches upon which the spectators were seated. In an instant the whole place was in confusion. Amongst the screaming through the Infanta alone retained her presence of mind. Calling Olivares

to her help, that he might keep off the pressure of the crowd, she made her escape without quickening her usual pace."

Elsewhere she is recorded to have been, "though small of stature, of the greatest beauty, virtue, gallantry, and prudence that were at that day extant in womankind." But her sentiments towards "the heretic Prince" were the reverse of complimentary. In the eyes of this devout young princess, he must have been anathema, or something akin thereto, and she told her friends that she loathed his person and detested his religion. With the "characteristic obstinacy of his race," he followed his suit for a long time, but disenchantment came at last, and Charles, who had made promises and concessions he would never have been able to fulfil, gladly made his escape. Here is Carlyle's sketch of the episode: "The brown beautiful Infanta, though her lips were somewhat large, blushed beautifully when she saw him on the Prado, again fled, beautifully screaming, when he leapt the garden wall to have a word with her, but it all came to nothing. . . . The Infanta got another husband, this Prince another wife," and so, "in August, bonfires blaze and steeple bells ring joyful all over England for the Prince's return from Spain. . . . An unspeakable mercy, the dark Maelström of Antichrist has not sucked into its abysses this hopeful Prince. Thank heaven we have our own again, and no thick-lipped Infanta, Austrian daughter of the Devil."

But though the Spanish match thus came to naught, Charles was fated to wed a Romanist princess; and it may safely be said that his subsequent troubles were due in part to this circumstance.

On their way to Madrid he and Buckingham passed through Paris, where Henrietta Maria had been pointed out to them, but they do not appear to have been impressed. The new Envoy, however, waxed warm in her praise, and wrote to Buckingham, "She is a sweet young creature, growth not yet great, but shape perfect." A little later he wrote to Charles that for beauty and goodness she was an angel, and added that Henrietta having borrowed a miniature of the Prince, that hung about his neck, opened it with such haste as "showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant of her own guiltiness."

The historian of the French Revolution pictures her thus: "A beautiful creature she, too, if the Ritter Van Dyke lie not to us, beautiful and sprightly, with her bright hazel eyes, with her long, white fingers, and dainty looks and ways, the daughter of the Great French Henry,

LXII.

(a)

HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

Simon Luttechuys

(b)

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

S. Cooper.

(c)

A DAUGHTER OF HENRIETTA OF ORLEANS.

P. Mignard.

(d)

PERCY, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

J. Hoskins.



but born to a fate not happy. She, like him, was unfortunate in her religion."

Whatever Henrietta Maria was as a wife to Charles, as Queen Consort, she seems to have been as unfortunate a choice as could well have been made. Doubtless in his troubles she behaved with rare spirit and devotion, but she had no small share in aggravating the differences between the King and his subjects. As a foreigner, and above all as a Romanist, this daughter of Mary de Medici was from the first distasteful to Puritan England. She was but sixteen when Charles, then Prince of Wales, married her by proxy in 1625. She is described as "nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and in a word a brave lady, though perhaps a little touched with sickness. Her figure was *petite*." When Charles first met her, he cast his eyes upon her feet, as if suspecting she had made use of artificial means to heighten her stature, whereupon she raised her toe, and, pointing to it, said, "Sir, I stand upon mine own feet, I have no helps of art: thus high I am, and am neither higher nor lower."

Her *entourage* was a source of annoyance to Charles almost from the day of her landing. A contemporary letter relates how "on Munday last about three after noone, the King passing into the Queen's side, and finding some Frenchmen her servants unreverently dancing and curvetting in her presence, tooke her by the hand, and led her into his lodgings, locking the doore after him, and shutting out all save onely the Queen." Meade, writing to Sir Martin Stuteville, speaks of mass being performed at Denmark House; "The chapel goes on again," he says, "she has twenty-nine priests, besides a bishop, a young man under thirty years old." At the end of 1625 Charles writes to Buckingham, who was then in Paris, and tells him that he has "cause enufe to put away the Mounsters," but he seems to have borne with them until the midsummer following, when the Frenchmen in the Queen's lodgings were peremptorily sent to Somerset House, prior to being conveyed out of the kingdom.

In the Harleian MSS. there is a letter entirely in the King's own handwriting, in which very plain instructions are given to the Duke, as witness the following:

"Steenie,

"I have received your letter by Dic Greame. This is my answer. I command you to send all the French to-morrow out of the Towne. If

you can, by fair means (but stike not longe in disputing), otherwise force them away, dryving them away lyke so manie wyld beastes untill ye have shipped them, and so the Devill goe with them. Lett me heare no answer bot of the performance of my command.

"So I rest,

"Your faithfull constant loving frend,

"CHARLES R."

"Oakny, the 7th of August, 1626."

"The women howled and lamented as if they had been going to execution, but all in vaine, for the Yeomen of the Guard thrust them and all their countryfolks out of the Queen's lodgings, and locked the doors after them. It is said that the Queen when she understood the designe, grewe very impatient, and brake the glass windowes with her fiste, but since, I hear that her rage is appeased, and the King and shee, since they went to Nonsuch, have been very jocund together." They seem on the whole to have been a united couple. I give a contemporary glimpse of their relations, in a letter from the Harleian MSS., dated Decr. 1632 :

"On Satturday also his Majesty having taken colde, after he had heatt himselfe at Tennis, some redd spottes appeared on his face and breast, which by Sunday morning were converted into the Small Poxe; yet the Queen, as I heard a Frenchman of the Court affirme, laye with him both those nights, and since allso, in the daye time, will never be out of his company. This disease makes him not continually to keep his bedd; but all the day long hee is up in a warme room with a furred gowne on his back, and is merry, and eats and drinkes hartily, and recreates himselfe with some game or other."

Compassion for the sore trouble which overtook this high-spirited descendant of a line of kings, need not blind us to her faults. Bigoted she clearly was, and her submission to her Confessor is thought to be shown by a curious print inserted in a copy of Pennant's "Old London" in the British Museum, which represents Henrietta on her knees, doing penance beneath a triangular gallows at Tyburn. Footmen with torches, and a coach with six horses, await her. A *flagellum* hangs at her waist.

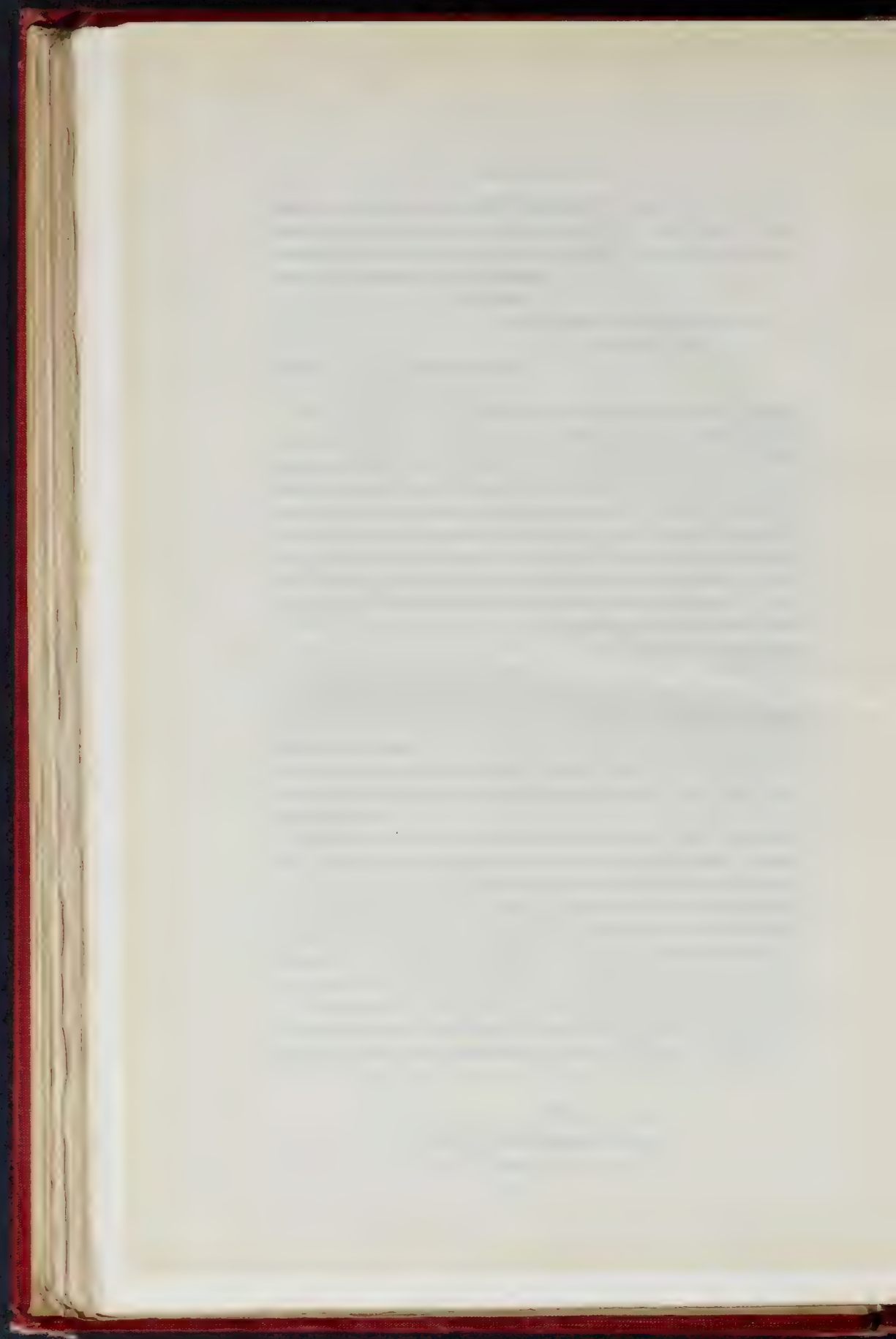
She possessed a temperament somewhat fiery, but frivolous withal. The contemporary writer I have quoted above has left us a graphic little picture of Henrietta's manners and customs. He says: "The Queene



LXIII.

CHARLES I. AND JAMES DUKE OF YORK.

Sir A. Van Dyck





howsoever very little of stature, yet of pleasing countenance (if she be pleased), but full of spirit and vigor, and seems of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at White Hall to see her, (being at dinner and the roome somewhat overheated with the fire and companie), she drave us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a Queene could have cast such a scowl."

The treatment of her children was equally determined. Ellis prints a letter, written in her own hand, to her "deare sone the Prince," which shows this clearly:

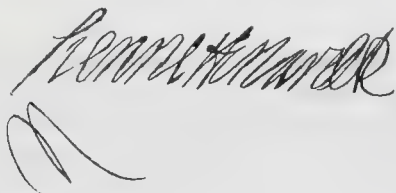
"Charles, j am sore that I most begin my first letter with chiding you, because j heere that you will not take phisike. I hope it was onlei for this day and that to morrowe you will doe it, for yf you will not j most come to you and make you take it for it is for your healthe. I have given order to my Lord Newcastell to send mi worde tonight whether you will or not, therefore j hope you will not give mi the paines to goe and so j rest

"Your affectionat mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R."

"To my deare sone the Prince."

The following signature is from a letter preserved at Badminton.



It was however, her meddlesomeness which wrought most mischief in her husband's affairs. Her influence at that supreme crisis when Charles sought to lay hands on the Five Members was disastrous in the extreme. But for her, the King would not have taken that fatal step, for we know his heart failed him when the morning came. He went to the Queen's apartment early, and finding Lady Carlisle with her (that perfidious Lady Carlisle), led her Majesty into her closet, and there, having put to her all the hazards of the attempt, and all the probable consequences, declared he must abandon it; and this was her rash and petulant reply:

"Allez, Poltron! go pull these rogues out by the ears ou ne me renvoyez jamais." But the "rogues" had flown, and within a few hours Henrietta and her husband had left Whitehall themselves—practically fugitives.

The King was destined not to behold it again for many a long day, and when he came back to what had been his palace and his home, it was to mount the steps of a scaffold. The Queen did not return for twenty years. Pepys saw her after the Restoration (November 1660), and described her as "a very plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect or garbe than any ordinary woman."

There is good reason to believe that Henrietta realised in after years how fatal her impetuosity and her counsels were to her husband. Madame de Motteville bears pathetic testimony in her *Memoirs* to the loyal, unshaken affection Charles bore his wife. She relates how the Queen was wont to say, "Never did he treat me for a moment with less kindness than before it happened, though I had ruined him." It is hardly necessary to speak of the King's well-known devotion to his children; they live for ever upon the canvas of Van Dyck, one of whose most beautiful pictures is the group of the Royal children. The original is at Windsor, and there are numerous repetitions elsewhere, one being in the Turin Gallery. This last-named famous work, I may remark, contains three figures only: Charles, Mary, and James. The issue of the marriage was eight children, several of whom may be said to have been marks for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." The first-born, "a sweet royall budde that had no time to bloom," died on the day of his birth. Of Charles, Prince of Wales: of James, Duke of York: and of Henry, Duke of Gloucester, we shall treat in due course. There remain the four daughters. Of these Mary married the Prince of Orange, and was mother of William III. Anne died in infancy, and was buried in the vault at Westminster wherein seventeen little Stuarts, the offspring of Queen Anne and George, Prince of Denmark, were laid in after years. The fate of the other two sisters cannot but move us to pity, Henrietta coming to an untimely end in the full flush of her beauty, whilst Elizabeth died in her sixteenth year a prisoner at Carisbrook.

The last-named Princess was buried in Newport Church, and Queen Victoria erected a monument to her. It is the work of Marochetti and represents her as she was found dead, with her cheek resting on an open



LNIV.

THREE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

Sir A. Van Dyck.





LXVI.

PRINCESS HENRIETTA ANNE DAUGHTER OF
CHARLES I.

Sir A. Van Dyck.



Bible. The portrait of Elizabeth which I show is a beautiful example of Lely, now at Syon House. The Princess is represented in a light blue slashed dress, and the picture would not lead us to suppose she was the invalid that she was. From the Royal collection at Windsor I append a miniature attributed to Samuel Cooper which gives an impression far more in harmony with her reported sickly constitution; it represents her as prematurely old.

It may be noted that the hair of this unfortunate Princess was a warm brown, her eyes of a deep blue, with little or no colour in her face. The ascription of this portrait of Elizabeth is made upon the authority of Mr. Richard Holmes, the Royal librarian, who accounts for the old look upon her features, otherwise at variance with her tender years, by the fact that she was a confirmed invalid. She died from the effects of a chill, caught, I believe, in playing bowls, a week after her arrival at Carisbrook.

Still more tragic was the fate of Charles' youngest daughter—the famous beauty known as “la belle Henriette.” She was born at Exeter in June 1644, that is to say, some two years after the outbreak of the Rebellion. When the Princess was but fourteen days old her mother fled to France, and the babe was entrusted to the care of Anne, Countess of Morton. In 1646, Lady Morton, in her turn, fled across the Channel with her Royal charge.

This Lady Morton was a renowned beauty. Her portrait in the prime of life, or perhaps a little past the meridian, painted by Van Dyck, is now at Syon House. In the disguise of a poor French peasant she landed at Ostend, and started on foot to join the Queen in Paris. De Retz has told us of the poverty in which the two Henriettas—mother and daughter—were compelled to live in France—albeit daughter and grand-daughter of Henry IV. In such want were they, that they were forced to lie in bed together for warmth, because, in bitter weather, they had no money to buy coals withal. Of the Queen, Madame de Motteville has recorded in her *Memoirs*: “Elle mit toute ses piereries en gage. Nous luy avons veu vendre toutes les meubles, et engager jusques aux moindres choses pour pouvoir subsister quelques jours de plus.” Notwithstanding straits such as these, the Princess, when but sixteen years old, could boast of the King of France as an admirer. But whilst Louis XV. did but dance with her, his uncle Philip, Duke of Orleans, married her in 1661. The union between the bride of seventeen and the second son of Louis XIII.

and Anne of Austria, the dissipated brother of "le Grand Monarque," was a most unhappy one. Her sudden death when she was only twenty-five years of age, was attributed to poison, and was laid at the door of her husband; but this, like many charges of a similar nature, has never been proved. The Duke bears the reputation of being worthless and feeble, addicted to sensual pleasures, but kind-hearted and of a mild disposition. They had two children, the eldest of whom married Charles II. of Spain; the other, Anne Marie, was wedded to Victor of Savoy. There is a fine group by Mignard at Windsor, from which I take one of the children, a demure little lady of bewitching sweetness. Henrietta of Orleans, without being positively handsome, had the air of a great princess: her complexion was fresh, her forehead high and broad, her eyes sparkling, but too near together. She was tall and graceful in figure. The portrait of her as a girl of sixteen given in this work can hardly fail to be admired, and may be regarded as a beautiful example of Van Dyck's female portraiture, less mannered than is his wont. In it the likeness to Charles seems, to the writer, to be remarkable. The fate of her unfortunate father, and the closing scenes of his career, must be reserved for the next volume.





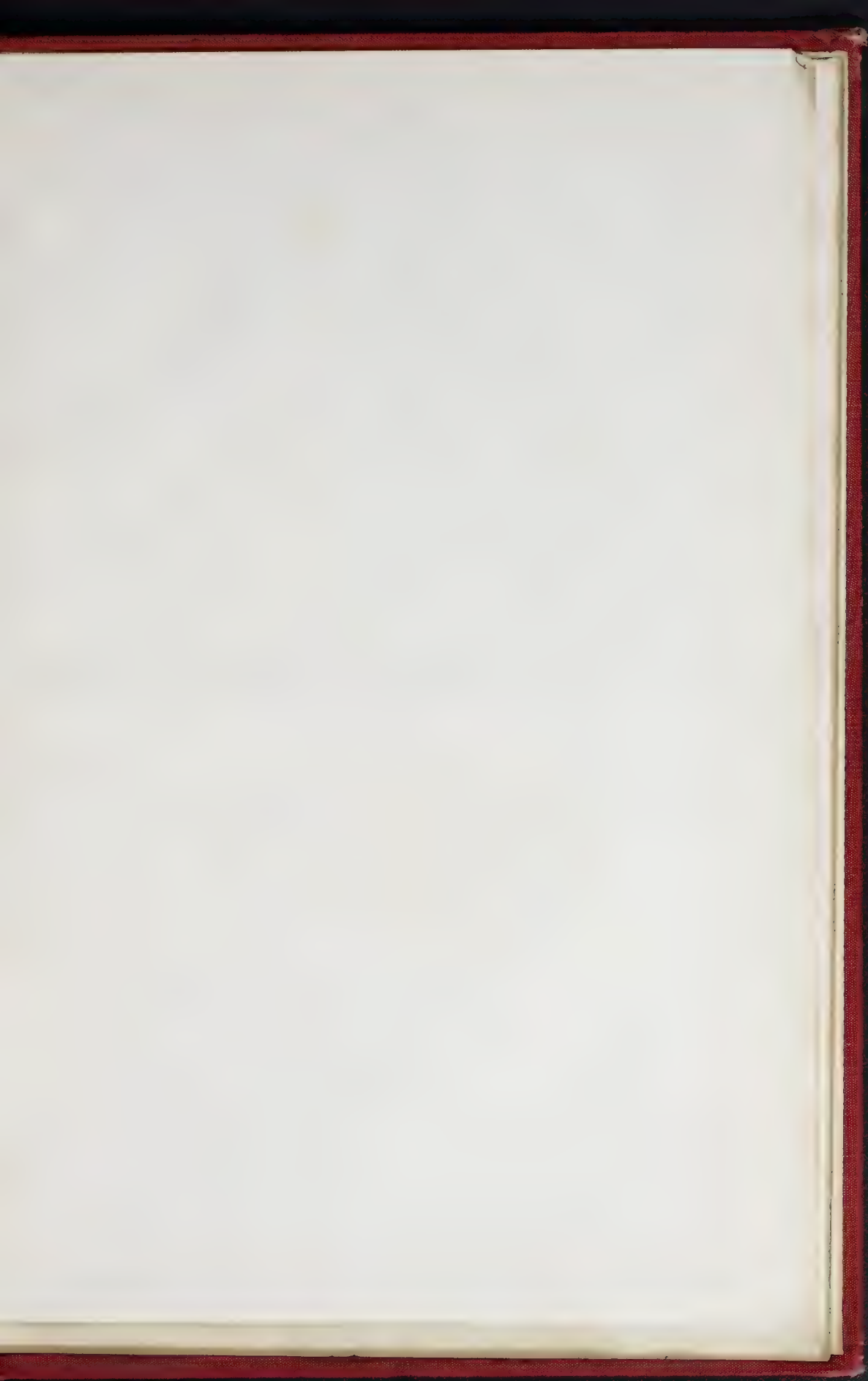
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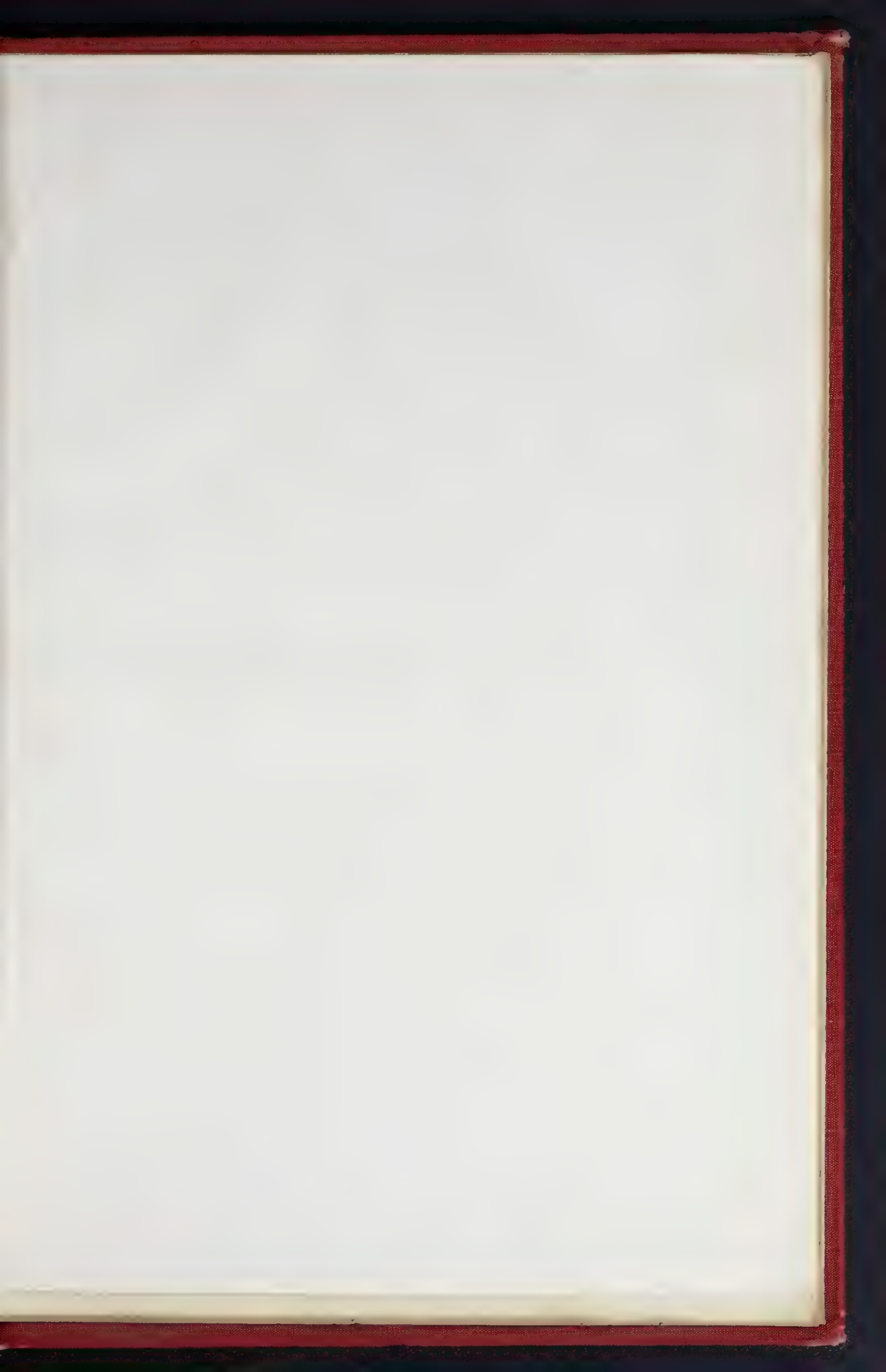


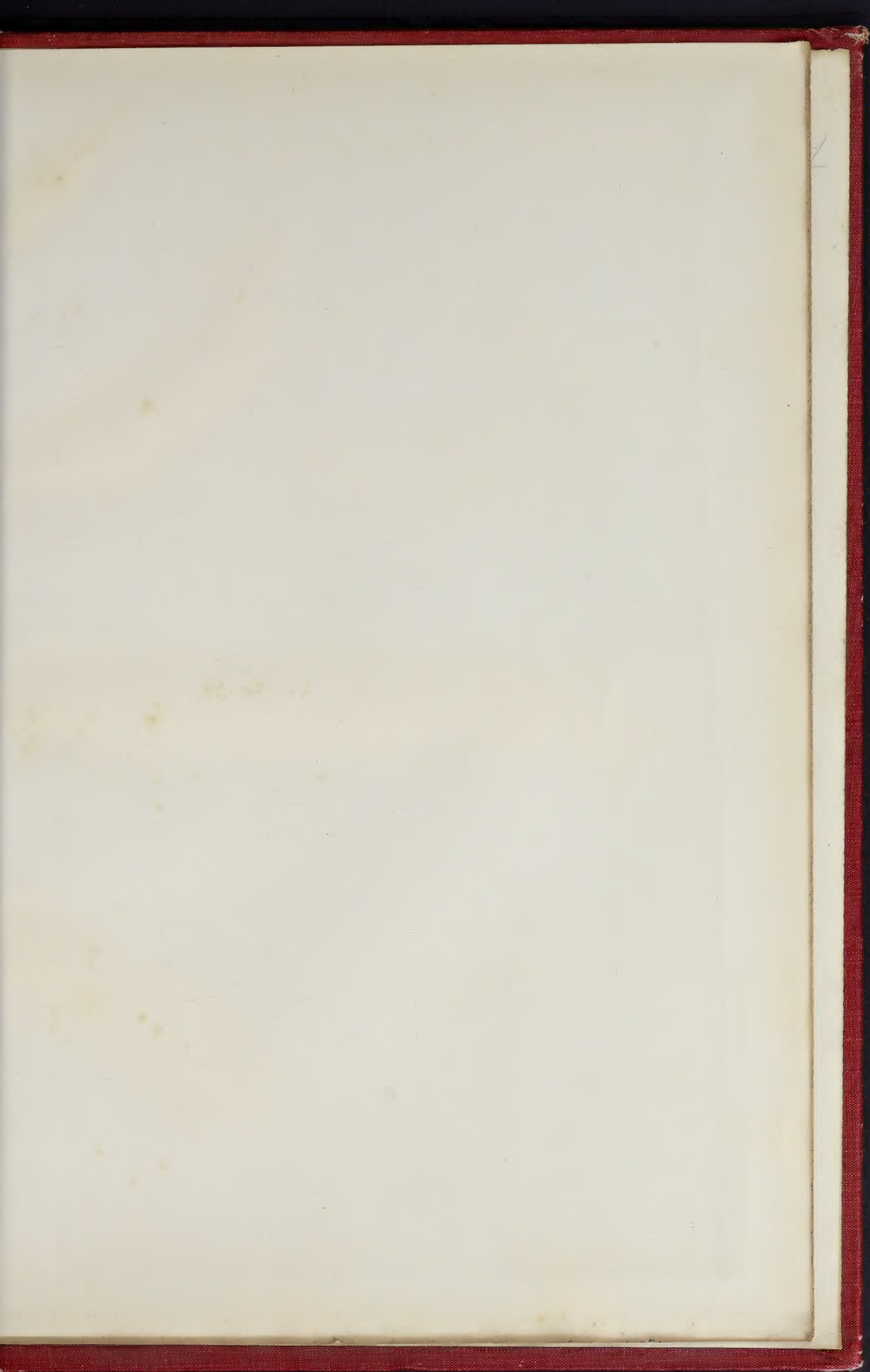
IXV.

VIEW OF THE BANQUETING HOUSE, WHITEHALL.

From an Old Print







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